MEMORABILIA

and Anectodal Reminiscences
of Columbia, South Carolina

By JULIAN A. SELBY

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MEMORABILIA

And Anecdotal Reminiscences *of* Columbia, S. C., *and* Incidents Connected Therewith.

BY

JULIAN A. SELBY.

Columbia, S. C.
The R. L. Bryan Company.
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PROLOGUE—A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

How the Idea of Publication Originated.

Being blessed with a retentive memory, and disposed to inquire into matters and things generally; often called upon to give information on different subjects to parties in various parts of the State—from the establishment of a library chartered by the General Assembly in 1805; the occupants of the premises northeast corner of Richardson (or Main) and Taylor streets in 1820; any particulars as to Count von Hassel, whom the party thought might be a relative; and the killing of an individual in 1872—these are merely samples, taken at random. To the first I could not give a definite answer; but suggested, that it was known that a charter had been granted for a library, and one would reasonably suppose the organizers had carried out their ideas. The second I happened to know from reading an advertisement in *The Times and Gazette* of about that date, that the "Indian Queen Tavern" was located on that spot, and the name of the proprietor (who proved to be the individual about whom the information was wanted). As to the third, the party was informed that Count von Hassel took an overdose of laudanum, died and was buried in Trinity Church-yard; that his widow soon after gave up a flourishing seminary, located in a large building which stood opposite to where her husband was laid to rest, went away and died at the North soon after; that there was no property to be disposed of (the Count's estates having been confiscated, it was understood); and as these events had occurred nearly sixty years ago, I couldn't see any reason for further inquiry. The last I satisfied the inquirer was a similarity of names —the one having died in 1858, naturally.

I have from earliest childhood been fond of listening to conversations between and anecdotes told by elderly people, and storing these statements away on memory's shelves, and it is wonderful how fresh they keep—turning them over occasionally and airing some that have been quietly reposing for numberless years. Many evenings I have spent with my old friend, Mrs. Mary Hillegas—reading to her news and advertisements from files of old papers, and listening to her interesting comments. Her memory was wonderful, and I have been enabled to corroborate some of her information in such a satisfactory manner, that I take the balance

as literally true. We would seat ourselves—the old lady taking a pinch of snuff, wiping her nose with a red silk handkerchief, holding her head aside, and then deftly using a handsome linen one conspicuously. The reading would then begin and the replies to queries be brought out, besides voluntary information. There are several other elderly acquaintances from whom I have obtained intelligence at different times, and I have reason to conclude they were communicating what they believed was the truth. So that I can safely venture considerably beyond my own times.

Quite a number of individuals, aware of this fad of mine, and also the memory, have suggested that I get these reminiscences or bits of information together, put them in readable shape, and lay them before the world. This I have endeavored to do in this volume. Have not pretended to give them chronologically, but just as they happened to be brought to mind, without actual connection, but in anecdotal salmagundi shape.

A great many circumstances I am aware of that would be read with zest and curiosity by some, but cause pain and an opening up of old wounds to others, so I have omitted reference to them. As a good priest once said to a dying man, who desired to make a statement of painful circumstances of which he was aware: "My son, if you can do no good in your fast-ebbing life, do no harm; I prefer not to hear your communication." And he was right. I don't mean to intimate that this applies to *my* case, for I have just passed two or three years over the three-score-and-ten mark, and hope to see the four-score; but if the powers above order differently, I have an abiding faith in the idea that my shortcomings may be counterbalanced by some good points, and that I will be able—as with my grammar lessons at school—to pass, through the kindness of my Master. And with this apology, I put forth what I may term this MEMORABILIA.

That in this conglomeration
(Plain talk and versification),
I've hurt no man's reputation,
True—needs no verification.
If it meets your approbation
(S'pose might say, appreciation)—
Testify glorification
By subscribing—demonstration.

COLUMBIA, S. C., September, 1905. JULIAN A. SELBY.

MEMORABILIA.

EXCELLENT MEMORY—DOUBTERS CONVINCED.

Three to Four Years of Age.

My recollection is unusually good—at least, many people so think. On some occasions, after relating circumstances that occurred when I was but three and four years of age, I have had insinuations made as to my data. One instance in particular in proof of my assertions I recall: The good Father Birmingham (afterwards Vicar General of the Catholic Church in South Carolina) was in charge of St. Peter's Church in this town in 1837, and for several years before and after that. The old gentleman must have been a lover of children and unusually pleasant—children are excellent readers of dispositions, and generally govern themselves accordingly. I distinctly remember his looks—square black cap on head, and black gown, walking slowly around the church-yard, missal in hand, and conversing freely with me. The fence enclosing the church premises in front was unusually low, and I would almost daily clamber over to pay a visit to Rev. Mr. B. I was then three years of age; the record says I was born February 6, 1833. To corroborate my statement as to age: during the early seventies, the Holy Father paid what, I believe, he knew would be his last visit to his old parishioners here and elsewhere. I should have stated that he would occasionally minister to his religious brethren in different sections—Camden, Newberry, Edgefield, etc.—where there were no regular houses of worship. I even remember the appearance of the reverend gentleman on his raw-boned horse—an unusually large animal, while the Father was a rather small-sized man—with his old-fashioned saddle-bags, on his labor-of-love journeys, as I would occasionally see him depart. During the morning service on the occasion referred to, the Rev. Mr. B. spoke from the altar very pleasantly about my mother and myself, and told of my visits and perambulations around the church-yard with him, while I was in my third year. That settled the "Doubting Thomases"—even though at a very late date. Father Birmingham made his rounds among his old parishioners, and returned to his home in

Charleston, where he soon afterwards died, at an extreme old age—not, however, before the completion of the pretty little chapel on Sullivan's Island, "Star of the Sea," which he was so much interested in. I paid several flying visits to him, and shaking his cane at me, he would often threaten to knock some of my old Methodistical ideas out of me.

To Charleston by Stage and Railroad.

On the fourth anniversary of my birth—February, 1837—my mother and a party paid a visit to Charleston during the famous "Race Week." Some went by steamboat from Granby down the Congaree to the Santee, then through the Santee Canal to Cooper River, and so to the "City by the Sea." The others took the land route—stage coach to Branchville, then by steam cars—passenger coaches, short seats running across (something like our summer electric cars) and a footboard on the outside for the accommodation of the conductor. There were some freight cars attached—short, light affairs, with wooden frames and cloth sides. The rain poured during nearly the entire trip. Hogabook Swamp, a few miles below Columbia, was almost impassable, I heard said. On reaching our quarters in the city, we were asked whether we came by land or water, when "Smart Ike" I promptly replied "Water." "No, my son," my mother put in; "we came by land." I responded, in an unsatisfied way, "Well, it rained all the time." During our peregrinations around the city, I received several presents from lady clerks in the stores, among them a "false-face." I merely speak of this to show that my memory is all right. In my hurry to "scare" the inmates of our boarding house with the mask, I tripped, fell and thoroughly demolished the nose, and gave my own something of a bat.

An elderly gentleman in the house took quite a fancy to me, and trotted me over the city almost daily—visiting the shipping (and the masts of the vessels looked thick as dead trees in a swamp) and other objects of interest—invariably winding up our morning excursion with a visit to the old "French Coffee House," on the north side of the Bay, near Broad street, where I was regaled with a wee glass of "Perfect Love" cordial and a slight lunch. In those days, I am informed, Madeira and Sherry wines, Hock and Port; Maraschino, Noyau, Curacoa and other cordials and liqueurs, were considered "the thing." I was particularly attracted by the paper on the wall—life-size battle scenes, etc. Although the building was used for various purposes in after years, including a newspaper

office, it happened that I never went in it again until some time during the seventies, when I was struck with the familiar appearance of the wall papering, and a gentleman remarked that this paper had been on the walls since the place had been used as the "French Coffee House," forty or fifty years before. My old friend seemed to be afraid that I would get away from him, and so he invariably, before we started out, tied his handkerchief around the wrist of each of us, and so we would sally forth.

The Charleston Hotel was then being constructed, and the scaffolding was still around the immense structure. Speaking of the matter a few years ago before a latter-day Charlestonian, he remarked that I had made a mistake as to dates—that the Charleston Hotel was not commenced until the forties. My reply was, "See Mr. M. H. Berry when you next come to Columbia, and he will prove to you by his memoranda that he was sent to Charleston by his employers in Newark, New Jersey, with furniture, curtains, etc., for the new hotel in the winter of 1838." He made the inquiry but never afterwards referred to the subject.

Stage Upset—His Stuttering Saved Him.

Returning from the before-mentioned trip to Charleston, we had an upset; but fortunately no one was seriously hurt. There were four or five ladies in the stage-coach, and in being lifted from the overturned vehicle, they left their low-quartered shoes behind. Gaiters were unknown then for young people; elderly ladies wore cloth shoes, which were laced up over the ankles, called prunellas—but whether the name referred to the shoe or the material is beyond my ken. The jar extinguished the oil lamps, and as matches were not much in vogue, the ladies had a time of it in selecting their foot apparel, when Mr. Lemond (a Scotch gentleman living in Fairfield) had gathered up the slippers and dumped them on the ground. The shoeless ones felt with their toes, and finally secured their property. One little lady declared that she had gotten hold of one which would hold both her feet; when my mother, who was a larger specimen of humanity, said she had one which she could not get two of her toes into comfortably—they exchanged.

A short time before the upset, one of our passengers, an out-and-out Yankee, by his questions, carried a box very carefully on his knees, and was thought to be a surveyor, complained that his legs were so badly cramped that he would like to get out and walk awhile. He was a terrible stutterer. An elderly gentleman, who

carried a heavy cane, offered to look after the precious box, if he would like to try the road. He availed himself at once of the offer. The driver directed him to keep to the right, there was no danger of getting lost, as the river was in sight all the way. The horses were walking slowly and the little man soon got considerably ahead of the vehicle. The upset occurred, but the old coach was soon righted, the baggage re-packed; and we began jogging along again, when somebody commented on our not overtaking the walker. Another said that when the little fellow heard of our mishap his first inquiry would be about his property. "If he says a word about his box, before he inquires about the passengers, or at least the ladies, I'll thrash him with this stick," holding up his bone-breaker. Just after daylight, near the Congaree Bridge, we came up with our stuttering passenger, who was waiting for us on the side of the road. "Hello, driver," he said, with a stammer; "what's the matter?" "Upset," replied our Jehu, gruffly. "Is my b-b-b—anybody hurt?" was the next inquiry. There was a roar from the amused passengers at the break in his inquiry. "Lucky for you," put in the elderly party, "that you stammered; for if you had inquired about your box before you did about the passengers—or the ladies at least—you would have been forced to go under a surgeon's hands before I got through with you." The Yankee's property was uninjured. I should have stated that our Scotchman, after things were made right, exclaimed earnestly, "We all kem doon in a loomp thegither," which was indelibly impressed on my memory.

Happy Jack and Elizabeth.

"Happy" Jack was the sobriquet of our driver, and I saw him many times afterwards—a hearty, good-natured soul. His wife had a comfortable home near Sandy Run, I think. It was said that at one point the road passed within a mile of the house but a turn required over two miles to reach it. The good dame would prepare coffee, biscuits, meat, etc., bank the fire in the big fireplace and retire. When Jack with his vehicle reached the nearest point, he would blow "The White Cockade and the Black Cockade," or some other simple air, on his horn, give a loud wind-up toot, and yell "Elizabeth!" which would have the effect of arousing his passengers and waking up his faithful helpmate. By the time the stage arrived, a hot breakfast would be on the table—much to the gratification of the weary travelers and the pecuniary advantage of Elizabeth.

THE OLD COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Tragedy, Song, Dance and Farce.

In the good old days, "'fore de wah," as the darkies express it, in all dramatic performances, there was a comedy or tragedy, followed by a song, dance and farce. The elder Booth (Junius Brutus), Dan Marble, Ned Forrest, Wm. H. Crisp and other heavy men (and women, too, for that matter) have played engagements here in "stock" companies. One season, T. G. Booth (the only comedian in the family) was the comic singer. His father had an engagement, and finding that his son was *disgracing* himself by such employment, attempted to break his contract; but found he could not do so. He pocketed the affront and went on with the performance. "The Used-up Man," the popular song of the day, was frequently given, with such emendations and local gags as the singer could ring in. The following is a specimen of the original:

I aint got no steady home,
  Nor nothing else, I s'pose,
Misfortune follows me
  Wherever about I goes.
I supposes when I dies,
  From Satan I'll be driven,
And made to wander round
  Outside the walls of Heaven,
With none to take me in,
  No critter for to greet me,
And when I wants a drink,
  Not a soul to treat me.

The "Exchange" saloon was an extensive establishment and well kept—first class, in every way; and was situated on Main, below Washington, where David's restaurant now is. Messrs. William Beard, Thomas Baker and Charles Neuffer were the partners—the latter silent, as he was then a candidate for Sheriff, an office that he was elected to and satisfactorily filled. Mr. N. was present at the theatre one night, a little "loaded," and was so pleased at the rendition of the following verse, that he stepped forward and extended this invitation in a loud tone of voice: "You come to the 'Exchange,' after the show, tell 'em Charley Neuffer send you, and you get all the peach and honey you want. Bring your friends." The incident "brought down the house," and ready compliance followed:

I aint got no good friends,
  Likewise short of money,
Baker and Beard won't trust
  For their peach and honey.

The same season, Wise, the famous aeronaut, was to make a

skyward voyage in a large balloon filled with gas. Mr. Fayette Howe, a school-teacher, obtained permission, and made the ascension successfully. Booth, that night, added this to "The Used-up Man"—the recollections of the Harrison campaign had not yet died out:

We aint got no log cabins,
No hard cider nor no coons,
But have way of traveling
In smashing big balloons;
It would not take up Wise,
And so to stop a row,
They sent off a schoolmaster,
His name was spelt some Howe.

Of course, hearty applause was the response. The reference to a row arose from this circumstance: A so-called balloonist came through here, strapped, and succeeded in getting some gullible parties to advance the necessary funds to construct an aerial apparatus. The fellow evidently knew something about the business, employed a number of females to work on the job, and at the promised time a presentable-looking balloon was brought out of "Carolina Hall." But a slip-up was made in the varnish to cover and protect the apparatus. It was carried to Coleman's Circus lot, where an immense crowd had gathered to witness the ascent. The "Professor" made a short, descriptive speech, and the inflation began. As soon as the balloon was expanded with the gas, queer sounds were heard, and rents made in numerous places in the airy vessel. The crowd got unruly, broke through the ropes and soon destroyed the flimsy affair. The "Professor" escaped through the back way with the entrance money and disappeared. Mr. Howe became infatuated with ballooning, and took up making airy flights as a business. He made several successful ascensions in different places, and finally drifted to Columbus, Georgia, where resided Mrs. Beach (*nee* Miss Caroline Neuffer), a young and handsome woman, whom he had attempted to address in Columbia some time before, but she declined his attentions. This was his last aeronautic effort. He ascended, his light support disappeared, and sixty years have elapsed, but his return to terra firma has never been recorded. He literally went "Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon."

An Actor at the Age of Ninety-Six.

C. Toler Wolfe, "a general utility man," who, like the late Eugene Cramer, was good in tragedy, farce or comedy, played here several seasons. He remained on the stage until he was ninety-six years of age, and then, although seldom out of an engagement, died poor. He "had a skeleton in his closet," which kept him down.

W. C. Forbes and his wife, with a fine company, played here two seasons. They afterwards attempted a performance in a town in Florida, but a party of Indians made a raid on them, killed several of the actors and carried off the costumes and properties. The military authorities sent soldiers to punish them; so when they came across a buck with a fancy garment on, they shot him down. This raid broke Forbes, and he wound up his career in New York. Laura Keene, the well-known English actress, played in Forbes' company for a short time; and it was terrible to hear her hollow cough while taking the rollicking part of Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance." She returned to New York, built a theatre, which was named for her, played a celebrated engagement with Joe Jefferson and Sothern in the "American Cousin," lost her theatre through some trickery, and died. Actors are unfortunate proprietors. Lester Wallack made a failure with his theatres, and Edwin Booth was equally troubled.

Joe Jefferson's First Appearance Here.

Jefferson & Ellsler (Joseph Jefferson and John Ellsler), with their wives and an unusually good company of comedians, played an engagement here the winter and spring of 1849-50—first in the old theatre and then in American Hall, the site of the building now occupied by Sligh & Allen. They depended on their company and had no "stars." The town authorities were so delighted with the performance that they refunded the license fee of $10 a day for the entire season. Joseph Jefferson, Jr., was disappointed when he discovered that he was two years older than he thought himself.

I had a pleasant chat with Mr. Ellsler on his last visit to Columbia, six years ago, with his daughter, Effie. Notwithstanding his years, he took the part of "Adam," in "As You Like It." He remembered me perfectly—owing to a pleasant circumstance which occurred during their engagement here. As I was about to leave, he took one of my hands in both of his, and feelingly said, "When you visit New York again, come straight to my house, so that we can talk of old times before we cross the river." He crossed.

I called on Mr. Jefferson in his car two years ago, and was pleasantly received. I told him, that night, if never before, he would play to three generations—myself and wife, several children and grand-children. He proffered me "passes," but I assured him I had secured tickets several days before. In response to a curtain call that night, he referred to his having been the manager of a theatre here in 1851, and that he was pleased to say that in one case,

at least, he had played to three generations that night. The old partners, Jefferson & Ellsler, were not long separated. Mr. Ellsler died about two years ago, and Mr. Jefferson recently. My earnest wish is that they may meet in a better land, and if not permitted to enact parts as in our world, to pass as satisfactorily before the bar of the Great Judge as they did that of public opinion here.

It was principally through Mr. Jefferson's influence that the Church of the Transfiguration, in New York City, was brought prominently before the world, and obtained the sobriquet of "The Little Church Around the Corner." Mr. George Jordan, a well-known comedian, died, and as he had been a frequent attendant at a church on Fifth avenue about 27th street (called by the "boys" "The Church of the Holy Chicken Cock," from the fact that the vane on the steeple was a rooster), Mr. Jefferson, with a committee of actors, applied to the rector for permission to have the funeral services performed there. The reverend gentleman objected on account of the profession of the deceased; but suggested that there was a little church around the corner where they might be accommodated. "God bless the little church around the corner," was Mr. Jefferson's fervent reply. Dr. Houghton politely agreed to their request, and the services over the dead actor were performed there. Edwin Booth and other eminent actors and actresses of note have been buried from the beautiful edifice. Mr. Booth has a handsome memorial window there.

An Old Landmark Removed.

The removal of the theatre, situated on the northwestern corner of Assembly and Plain streets, was regretted sincerely by the residents of Columbia—it was looked upon as a landmark and one of the oldest buildings in the town. It was erected in the early twenties, I am informed, by a Dr. Harrison, and was originally a three-story building—the upper floor to be used as a ball-room; but it was thought to be unsafe, and the upper story was taken down.

An Unfortunate Manager.

Mr. De Camp, a prominent actor from England, managed the Charleston, Savannah and Columbia Theatres. He is said to have been Frenchy in his manners, dressed well, and was very genial. He would personally deliver his theatrical programmes, but in such a suave manner as to make himself unusually popular. Col. John S. Preston became very intimate with the Frenchified English gentleman, and was a constant attendant at the theatre. De Camp had a coach and four, and traveled from city to city in grand style. His

wife was said to have been a beautiful woman, and her husband much attached to her. She was taken suddenly ill and died in two or three days. De Camp appeared to be almost heart-broken. The bereaved man had the corpse packed in saltpetre and buried temporarily, as he thought, in rear of the theatre, to be transported to England when the theatrical season was over. But misfortune overtook the manager, and the saltpetred woman still reposes in her narrow bed on the lot in rear of the Ursuline Convent—although efforts have been made to disinter it, but without success, as the spot was unmarked. De Camp quietly left these parts and nothing was heard of him for several years. Col. Preston was returning from New Orleans by boat, and when about stepping ashore at Mobile, he recognized De Camp, who was coming aboard to deliver milk—having added the business of milkman to that of acting. Col. P. shook hands cordially with his old acquaintance, who greeted him heartily and insisted on his driving out to his farm with him (his vehicle was in the next street, so he informed the Colonel), a few miles from the city, and partaking of an excellent breakfast. The invitation was politely declined, but the old actor persisted, and before Col. P. could take in the situation thoroughly, he was pushed into a milk wagon, with a number of vessels containing the lacteal fluid. Resistance was useless, so he made the best of it, and for an hour or two was compelled to ride around Mobile—De Camp keeping up an incessant chatter, getting only monosyllables in reply, until his stock was delivered to his numerous customers, when the promised breakfast was partaken of. At the time, the work of the former manager was unusually heavy. He arose before daylight in the morning and milked his cows; delivered his supply in the city; came back to breakfast; then to the theatre to rehearse; back to dinner, and again to the theatre in the evening. At the age of seventy he died. Poor old De Camp.

Didn't Approve of Such Tragedy.

A company of English players—Hart and Carter—next put in an appearance, with Charles Young as stage manager and a Mr. Field as "the heavy man"—and heavy he was, too. These were the days of oil lamps. One night, in playing, Mr. Field slipped and struck the floor in a very natural manner, but not in approved theatrical style; the jar extinguished the footlights. When the disconcerted actor got behind the scenes he was soundly reprimanded by the stage manager, who inquired in a sneering manner, "What do you call that?" "Tragedy, sir," was the cool reply. "Damn such tragedy!"

was the indignant answer, and thus the episode ended. Mr. Young and his daughter remained in Columbia after the company left, and lived in the rear of the theatre, cultivated a garden, and the aged actor passed away quietly after a few years.

Three-Year-Old Actor.

My connection with the theatre—if such it may be called—commenced with the Hart-Carters. When a child was needed in "Pizarro," "The Bleeding Nun" and other tragic representations, my services were in request. The students of the South Carolina College used to promenade Richardson street every afternoon in parties of three and four, and being very often on the sidewalk in front of the hotel—"The Mansion House"—where Lorick & Lowrance are now quartered, I got quite "chummy" with the young men, and was the constant recipient of "fourpences," fruit, candy and pinders. As Cora's child, on one occasion, I was presumed to be asleep, and was the sole occupant of the stage for a few minutes. The collegians recognized me, and began calling, "Wake up, Jule," etc., throwing oranges, apples and candy to me (the young men of those days carried such things and gave them away freely to children). Notwithstanding my instructions to remain perfectly still, I could not resist the temptation, but jumped up and began to collect the toothsome things with one hand, the other holding my skirt as a receptacle. Cora finally rushed out, carried me off, and the curtain was rung down until quiet was restored.

Murder Will Out.

A company of four (with their mother) would pay us two visits a year, going and returning from the more Southern States—the party invariably arriving by night in a large Jersey wagon, and leaving after dark. It was what might be termed a vaudeville troupe, and gave a pleasing performance, as I have heard older heads say. They called themselves Chapman—William, John, Lucretia and Abigail—the two latter beautiful young women, the one light complected, the other dark. There was a mystery about them. Finally it became known (this was before the days of telegraphing and fast railroad trains, therefore news traveled slowly,) that they were from Philadelphia; that the father had been poisoned, and that a taxidermist, a friend of the mother's, had been hanged, being convicted of the murder, while the wife, who was believed to have been the most guilty of the two, escaped; and it was said the supposed murderess ever after avoided the light of day as much as possible—passing the time in sleep when she could. On one occasion, the children arrived

here in daytime, dressed in deep mourning. But it was their last appearance—the story of the murder evidently operating against them, and they drifted into the great unknown.

No One-Night Business in Old Times.

By-the-way, I should state, that while a theatrical troupe would generally play through an entire season of three or four months (with the aid of an occasional "star"), circuses, menageries and other road shows would remain from three days to a week—John Robinson's shows invariably put in a week. Three generations of Robinsons have visited this section in the last sixty-five years—Old John, Jack, and John, Jr. A minstrel troupe put in a week, and were forced to stay a week longer. From here they staged to Camden, and declared afterwards that they could hardly get away from that hospitable town. Old John Robinson, like his fellow-showman, Phineas T. Barnum, died seized and possessed of an immense fortune, both starting in life poor.

P. T. Barnum Began His "Show Life" Here.

Barnum, it may as well be mentioned in this connection, began his career as showman in Columbia. He was advance agent for Napoleon Turner's Circus in 1837, which company disbanded here, and Barnum reorganized it and continued on a route through the Southwest.

Excellent Driver, Policeman and Captain.

Mr. Wm. H. Casson drove a wagon for this show, so as to reach Columbia at small expense, where he was to take a place as stage-driver for McLean & Co. (Daniel, John and Hugh), who were mail contractors, and ran coaches to Branchville, Augusta and other points, and were succeeded by Douglas & Ward. Capt. Ward, with his pet mare, Black Bess, is well remembered by many of the present generation. (The Captain used to declare that he knew the road so thoroughly from Columbia to Augusta that he could lay down in the bottom of the stage, and locate every stump between the two cities. Capt. W. firmly believed that he could repeat Jack Sheppard's ride from London to York on the namesake of Jack's famous animal.)

Capt. Casson used to tell a number of his experiences during his trip with Turner's show, which are corroborated in Barnum's printed "Life." The circus reached Columbia the day Col. Pierce M. Butler was inaugurated Governor, and to make as great a display as possible, the band was secured to serenade his Excellency. Capt.

Casson was a fiddler—and a good one, too—but not a manipulator of brass instruments. The leader of the band wanted his young friend to enjoy the frolic, so suggested that he carry an extra instrument and "keep up with the procession," which he did. Of course, the first business was to take the party to a saloon to "wet their whistles." The Northern musicians were used to plain whiskey, rum, etc., and the multiplicity of the names of the fancy compounds confused them—"Hot Apple Toddy," "Peach and Honey," "Flip," "Cherry Bounce," etc. However, they decided to follow the lead of the Southerners and take them all in; the result was, that by the time the serenade was over they were all full, as other parties beside the Governor had been honored. Capt. C. says that was the first and only time he was ever intoxicated.

Capt. Casson was an excellent drill officer, but his rendition of the King's English was sometimes after the order of Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridian's "Rivals." For instance, he and his command were stationed on Morris Island. The steamer "Star of the West" was expected to make an attempt to enter Charleston harbor, when Capt. C. informed his men that they "Must bivouhauk right there, as they expected the enemy every minute annually." On another occasion, in Richmond, Va., when his boys had just finished an unusually fine bit of drilling, he informed them, in all seriousness, "That they had done that admirally." If the Captain's opportunities for an education were short, he certainly had thoroughly learned and practiced right from wrong, and passed from this world with the just reputation of being an earnest, honest man and a good friend to the poor. His greatest pleasure seemed to be to seat himself comfortably in the evening, with his fiddle, and produce such airs as "Pea Patch," "Old Rosin the Beau," "Taffy was a Welshman," "Big Foot Nigger," and other airs unknown to this generation, until it was almost impossible to keep one's feet still.

Mr. Casson served some time acceptably on the police force; but his energy nearly cost him his life. Mr. John Altee, at his well-known grocery, southeast corner Gervais and Gates streets, was suspected of selling liquor to negroes, but had never been detected, although a close watch was set over him. Policeman C. disguised himself as a darkey, went to Mr. A. and attempted to purchase liquor. Whether Mr. A. was provoked at the suspicion of his being guilty of the offence, or recognized the white man through his supposed disguise, I don't know; but he promptly seized an axe-handle, and so severely frailed his would-be customer, that had not assistance been forthcoming, the days of the energetic policeman would

have been numbered; as it was, he was laid up several weeks. All sorts of measures were resorted to in order to detect these liquor-sellers; one was to furnish a negro with the necessary money to purchase a drink, then put a piece of sponge in his mouth, and when he came out, taste the simple detective.

A Valuable Slumber Robe.

About this time, the students and young men of the town were stirred up over the graceful dancing of Miss Clara Fisher, and the theatre was nightly crowded during her engagement. She and her mother were, of course, guests of Mrs. Hillegas. In cleaning up the room and changing the bedding upon the departure of the famous danseuse and her parent, a discarded slumber robe belonging to the young woman was discovered, and Aunt Dolly picked up several dollars from infatuated parties by cutting up the garment and disposing of it at twenty-five cents for a sample. Martha, a jealous chambermaid, who did not share in the proceeds of the treasure, declared that linen enough was disposed of to make several slumber robes. Perhaps Dolly was like Jack, in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," with reference to souvenirs of Mar's Hill, where Paul had preached: "As long as there are pebbles in Indiana, I'll have relics of the hill."

Another dancer created quite a sensation among young Columbians—Miss Emeline Gannon. In after years, I inquired about them in New York. Miss Fisher got too stout to pirouette around, so she turned her attention to the drama; became an excellent actress, married a Mr. Maeder, and had a son who made quite a reputation as a comedian. Miss Gannon took up comedy, and was for a number of years leading lady in Lester Wallack's famous company. She died suddenly about twenty-five years ago. I remember seeing her in Wallack's well known comedy, "Rosedale."

Christ Between the Two Thieves.

In the good old days, St. Peter's (Catholic) Church had on the right a circus building and, on the left the theatre. The irreverent used to express it, "Christ between the two thieves." Isaac Coleman was the owner of the circus lot and building, and on holidays would give a fine display of fireworks of his own make. I remember the fight between the Constitution and Guerriere, on one occasion—when the Constitution's balls not only cleared the decks of her opponent, but also the seats of the lookers-on. Nobody was seriously hurt, but the spectators scattered. The building was finally converted into a ten-pin alley, and some of our best people would manipulate the

balls. Mr. I. D. Mordecai would occasionally take a hand. He would select the largest ball, rush half way down the alley, let the ball go, gesticulate violently and not bring down a pin; if by accident one or two were tumbled, he would chuckle over his luck for half an hour. The venture was not a success, and the building was torn down, the old timbers being used in the erection of several cottages on its site, and they are in good condition at this time.

The Grand Finale—Burial of Calhoun.

The last use made of the theatre was a moving (dionamic-cosmorama, or an equally expressive term) representation of the funeral of Senator John C. Calhoun in Charleston—the arrival of the steamer "Governor Dudley," from Wilmington, N. C., escorted by the "Metamora" and other steam craft in port; the procession and finally the interment of the body, in the plot in the rear of the Circular Church, on Church street. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the subject, laughter was caused by the machinery not working properly—the soldiers would take a rapid step or two and stop, then another start, with similar irregular movements by the horsemen and vehicles. Joe Randall, the colored trumpeter, at the head of the dragoons, was recognized by the small boys and cheered. Randall, though a resident of Columbia, was deemed essential to the parades of the mounted men of Charleston, as he was an excellent trumpeter.

Bring Out Your Blamed Lion.

Some old-timers well remember Mr. Aleck Brodie and his wife, who used to ride around in a sulkey, the fashion of a hundred years ago. They lived at the northeast corner of Main and Richland streets. The old gentleman's face looked like the moon at the full, and he was generally in that condition. They had no children, but were very attentive to those of other folks. Mr. B. was a Scotchman of pugnacious breed, for with him it was a word and a blow. One afternoon while walking around in a menagerie with his favorite bull-terrier, "Tige," the animal attempted to reach a lion in his cage when a keeper gave him a kick, which so enraged Mr. B. that he promptly knocked the man down, stepped back, with his arms on guard, and called out, "Bring out your blamed old lion; 'Tige' can lick him and I can lick you." The bystanders interfered, quiet was restored, and Mr. B. and his dog walked proudly out of the tent. The old gentleman kept a number of goats, and many a delightful afternoon I have passed riding the animals, under the careful guardianship of the man-of-all-work, Adam. The old couple passed from the stage of life but a few weeks apart.

ANECDOTES ABOUT GOOD PEOPLE.

A Successful and Skillful Physician.

Dr. Robert W. Gibbes, Sr., was a scientist in every sense of the word, a very skillful physician and surgeon, an able writer on varied subjects, and a genial, charitable gentleman; besides being a valued member of many foreign as well as American literary associations.

When Dr. H. H. Toland decided to take up his abode in California, Dr. G. succeeded to his professional business and removed to Dr. T.'s home, northeast corner Sumter and Plain streets. His old homestead was on the northwest corner of Marion and Lady streets. Our venerated friend took up Dr. Toland's practice among the Hampton negroes; and Gen. H., commenting on his practice, under the new *regime*, declared that Gibbes saved him fully $5,000 a year in slaves. "Toland lanceted them to death, while Gibbes lifened them with quinine." Among the other legacies obtained by Dr. G. in the Toland transfer was *The Palmetto State Banner*, which was being extravagantly run by Mr. I. C. Morgan. Instead of receiving interest on the mortgage, he was constantly being called upon to put out money for expenses, and was finally compelled to foreclose. By proper management and his extraordinary business tact, Dr. Gibbes made a success of the paper, both daily and weekly, and swallowed *The South Carolinian*, in 1852, when my business relations began with him. I can back up Gen. Hampton's statement as to the lancing—I have several reminders on my left arm. Dr. Gibbes, with his other duties, edited the paper, assisted by his eldest son, James G., Esq., succeeded by poor Frank Gaillard, a pleasing, forcible writer, who lost his life on the battle-fields of Virginia. It was during this time that trouble occurred between Capt. James D. Tradewell and Editor Frank Gaillard, and a challenge passed. Mr. G. would write up his editorials several days ahead (for he wielded his pen with the greatest facility) occasionally, and go off on a courting trip to Winnsboro—maybe it was to see his children by a deceased wife. I looked after the news matter and the general management of the office. During one of these trips, an imperative note was received at the office from Capt. T. I telegraphed Mr. G. and he promptly returned to Columbia. The officials got hold of the matter and attempted to arrest the parties. Capt. T. "hid out," and Mr. G., with his bosom friends, Dr. Junius Nott and Beverly Means, secured quarters in an out-of-the-way part of the Congaree House (site of the Jerome). Although not responsible in any way

about the matter, I was terribly worried during the two or three intervening days. A Board of Honor took the affair in hand and it was amicably adjusted.

Dr. Gibbes was fond of puns and *double entendres,* but insisted that *italics* should never be used. "If a point is so weak that the reader cannot see, it must be poor," he would say. On one occasion, the famous singer, Parodi, gave a concert here, which very much pleased the editor-doctor, and in commenting on it, he said the boys on their way home Parodied the singing. Forgetting directions, I put it *Parodi*-ed—making him repeat his wishes more explicitly. It never again occurred. His printing office, on Washington street, near Richardson, was totally destroyed by fire, soon after midnight. The next morning, his son, James, was off to Charleston, to have necessary legislative printing done, while the Doctor was looking after other important matters and arrangements for rebuilding.

It Might Make a Difference.

During the past year, two former would-be combatants—Col. Wm. Wallace and Maj. Jas. G. Gibbes—have passed away. Maj. Gibbes was acting as editor of his father's paper—*The South Carolinian*—during the absence of the old gentleman at the North. The trouble grew out of a discussion as to the Lunatic Asylum. Dr. D. H. Trezevant, Sr., and other go-ahead parties wanted either to modernize the old building or erect new ones, which were greatly needed, as two additions had been made to the eastern and western ends of the antiquated home for the insane. A beginning had been made at the time referred to, as expressed in the Christmas address of the carrier of the paper:

> Nor must the Asylum be forgot,
> They have obtained the Taylor lot,
> On which the Regents will, they say,
> Build something grand for those who pay;
> That other nuisance overgrown
> Must still send forth its pauper moan, etc.

Andrew Wallace, Esq., was one of the Regents, and in the sharp discussion of the subject, it was thought that a reflection had been made on the integrity of those officials through the columns of the *Carolinian.* Col. Wallace, in defence of his father's character, challenged Maj. Gibbes to fight a duel; it was accepted, parties selected, and Fair Bluff, N. C., chosen as the duelling ground. At the appointed time, Col. W. and his friends quietly departed by the public road, and reached the objective point. Maj. G. and his second, Capt. Jas. U. Adams, went by railroad train. Sheriff Jesse E. Dent got wind of the matter, slipped into the wash-room of the

passenger car and remained out of sight until Kingville was reached. As the suspected parties were about to board the Wilmington and Manchester cars, which would soon carry them beyond Sheriff D.'s jurisdiction, he arrested Maj. G. and Capt. A. on a charge of attempting to violate the laws of the State. Capt. A. was disposed to resist the arrest, on the ground that their opponents having avoided the authorities, would meet the appointment, and it might be a reflection on his principal. But Mr. Flowers, a matter-of-fact employee of the railroad, said to this gentleman: "Capt. Jim, you know I think a heap of you, and would do all I could for you; but you are kicking against the State of South Carolina. Sheriff Dent can call on any man to help him carry out the law, and put you in jail. You better stop right there." Capt. A. reluctantly yielded to the inevitable, and the train for North Carolina moved off. Maj. G. was an excellent shot, and during their enforced waiting for the up Charleston train, he exhibited his skill with his pistol —cutting twigs, penetrating small coins, etc. Mr. Flowers' comment was characteristic of the man: "Maj. Jeems, if Capt. Wallace was in front of you with one of them big-mouthed pistols, do you think you could shoot as straight as that?" "Perhaps not—I don't know," was the reply. The unpleasant affair was amicably adjusted by mutual friends. The Northern papers commented on the aptness of the name of the proposed fighting ground, "Fair Bluff." But those who knew the parties were satisfied as to their pluck. The one was said to be as cool as a cucumber and feared nothing, while the other, it was charged, would "tackle a buzz-saw." A year or two ago I met the two to-be duellists in the State House, where they were engaged in business for the State, and were chatting pleasantly together; the old trouble had been forgotten, and rightfully.

Caught Up With a Flighty Husband.

Adjacent to the First Presbyterian Church-yard, known as the Stanley lot, surrounded by a number of relatives—husband, parents, child, grand-child, nephews, nieces, and a half-brother—will be found the grave of Mrs. Mary Hillegas, who in her youthful days was considered the belle of Columbia, and who exhibited evidences of her beauty up to the time of her death, December, 1858. The slab gives her birth-place simply in Virginia, and her age as about ninety; but as she was the widow of two Revolutionary officers (Dr. Hendrick and Mr. Howell), I think the date a little short. The old lady had been married four times—the two parties above mentioned and Chestine Williamson and William Hillegas. The belief

is that she would have taken a fifth helpmate, but being thrown from her carriage, and meeting with the compound accident of a broken nose and dislocated collar-bone, she thought her beauty spoilt, and withdrew from the matrimonial market. Of her first two husbands I have heard nothing unfavorable; the third—"Teny" Williamson, as he was commonly called—spent nearly all of the rich wife's money that he could get hold of. The square on which the First Presbyterian Church stands, and considerable adjacent property, formerly belonged to her; she retained only the burial plot.

In a scrap-book prepared in childhood days—which, fortunately, was not all pasted over—are a number of charges against Chestine Williamson for spirits and rubbers at cards, which showed conclusively how the money went. The scrap-book was a ledger used by the proprietor of Green's Tavern, formerly Rives'—the first erected in Columbia. There are also charges against William Preston, of Virginia; W. Scott, of Virginia, and other parties who have since gained prominence. The pasting ends about where the charges in pounds, shillings and pence were being entered in dollars and cents.

Mrs. Williamson was so reduced by her husband's extravagance that she was compelled to open a boarding house, on the southeast corner of Taylor and Main streets. The Judges boarded with her, and so continued up to the time of her retirement. Mr. Williamson was a "gay boy." On one occasion there was to be a "tony" ball at the State House, which the couple were to attend. The gay Lothario thought he could fly around the girls to better advantage when alone than if accompanied by his handsome wife. So while the latter was seeing after the removal of the supper things, Mr. Williamson remarked that he had a slight headache, and if she did not particularly care, proposed they remain at home. The dutiful wife promptly acceded to his proposition, and at once gave up all idea of joining the gay throng. The delighted husband then carelessly remarked that while she was clearing up he would walk around the square and smoke a cigar. An hour passed and he did not return. In the meantime, David J. McCord, Esq., then a prominent young lawyer, called to pay his respects to the distinguished legal gentlemen then quartered in the house. Much surprised, he inquired of Mrs. Williamson as to her absence from the ball. The reply was, "Mr. Williamson complained of a headache, and we decided to stay at home." "Headache!" was the surprised exclamation. "Well, he's dancing around with the girls in a lively way.

Suppose you put on your ball attire, and I will accompany you to the Capitol." "All right," was the response of the slighted wife, and while Mrs. W. was bedecking herself in her best rig, Mr. McCord paid his call. They then proceeded to the State House, and about the first individual to appear before them on their arrival was the guilty husband, waltzing with a handsome "grass widow." His excuses availed nothing—the angry wife would have none of him. She danced with different gentlemen, went to supper with Mr. McC., who accompanied her home at the proper time, the snubbed husband following soon after.

Mrs. Williamson was the half-sister of Capt. William B. Stanley, and this relationship afterwards existed between them: he married her grand-daughter, Miss Harriet Zimmerman. It is a little singular that three important events in the gallant Captain's life occurred on three adjacent blocks on Bull street: his short married life, the birth and death of his only child and that of his wife, occurred in the house on the southwest corner of Bull and Plain streets (still standing—the only dwelling which escaped Sherman's burning on that square); the next below, which contains his burial spot, and the one immediately south of it, where he ended his days—northwest corner of Gervais and Bull streets.

The fourth husband of our old friend was Mr. William Hillegas, a happy-go-lucky soul, who occupied his time principally in picking up bargains at auction. The garret of their residence was filled with these accumulations—many of them literally useless. On one occasion, during the temporary absence of the lazy husband, Mrs. H. packed the stuff off to an auction house, where after a time they were disposed of in a lump, Mr. H. being the lucky purchaser. The delighted bargain-seeker told of his fortunate investment, and much to the disgust of the wife, the garret was soon again filled with the useless accumulations.

Miss Jane and Her Novel Parasol.

Miss Jane Bryce was one of the salt of the earth, and passed her time principally in giving poor children an educational start. She would look up waifs from every section of the town, see that they were properly dressed, and look after them in her school during the week as well as Sunday. Miss Jane, and her brother, Robert, were much attached to one another, and both noted for their eccentricities and apparent inattention to surroundings. They would frequently go to and from church together. One morning the brother and sister became interested in some subject they were discussing, and

as they were leaving the house, she picked up what she evidently thought was a parasol, but it proved to be a fly-brush. Holding it carefully overhead, they walked all the way to church without either noticing the substituted article. On arriving at their place of worship, the Methodist Church, an intimate friend inquired whether flies had become numerous in the sacred edifice. In her rapid way she began to explain the circumstance, but put it on the plea of interest in the subject they were discussing.

Wouldn't Disturb the Cow.

Cows were formerly allowed to roam at will in the streets, and they would sometimes recline on the sidewalks. Miss Jane was homeward bound, saw a cow in the way, and with the idea that she would not disturb the bovine, attempted to step over. The swish of the stiffened garments startled Madam Cow, and she hurriedly got up, giving Miss Jane a ride of a few steps, when the lady fell off, but, fortunately, not hurting herself. Miss Jane finally removed to Spartanburg with her brother's family, and died there at a ripe old age, regretted by her new as well as many old friends.

Had a "Scrap" with a Countryman.

Messrs. P. & R. Bryce, whose well known business house was at the southwest corner of Richardson and Blanding streets, stood high in this community and surrounding country—what they said about their goods (they kept a general stock) could be strictly depended upon. One day, a slight misunderstanding occurred between Mr. Peter Bryce and a country customer, and they came to blows. Mr. Robert Bryce, surprised at the extraordinary affair, rushed forward to separate the combatants, when the countryman, seeing the approach of reinforcements, whipped out his knife and prepared to do battle valiantly. Mr. R. B. had a peculiar lisp or defect in his voice, and when he spoke rapidly, which he sometimes attempted, made himself almost unintelligible. On this occasion, seeing the knife, he called out excitedly, "Let him go, Bud Peter; let him go! He's got out his knife and is cutting and slashing at a fellow like a hero!" No blood was spilt, and the clerks soon separated the combatants.

Downed the Post Commandant.

Mr. William G. Simms, the poet and historical story-writer, was the most genial gentleman I have ever known (unless I except Gov. Zeb Vance, of North Carolina). He edited *The Phoenix* for me, and was disposed to call a spade by its proper name. I would some-

times suggest a little toning down of his articles, which would generally be done. During my absence on one occasion, Mr. S. ventilated Gen. Hartwell (formerly Colonel of a colored regiment), who commanded this department, and warmed him up pretty thoroughly. A corporal and squad of soldiers waited on Mr. Simms that day, with a summons to appear at once before the offended General, at his headquarters, northwest corner Bull and Gervais streets. Of course, the order was obeyed. Entering the room where military law was being dispensed, Mr. Simms embraced the opportunity of a temporary lull in the proceedings, to request to be allowed to seat himself, as he was well advanced in years; and he was permitted so to do—an orderly quietly handing him a chair. His turn soon came, Mr. G. was placed directly in front of the General, and the trial began. In a very short time the charge was dismissed, and Mr. S. was invited to partake of an elegant luncheon in an adjoining room, which he politely accepted. When Mr. Simms returned to his quarters, it was in Gen. Hartwell's carriage, with a large basket filled with champagne and canned delicacies. The General expressed himself to Col. Haughton (of the Ohio Veteran Volunteers) the next day, to the effect that if Mr. S. was a specimen of the South Carolina gentleman, he would never enter into a tilt with one of them again. "He out-talked me, out-drank me, and very clearly and politely showed me that I lacked proper respect for the aged." "I told you so," was Haughton's reply. Gen. Ames, Col. Haughton, Captains Lockwood, Carlton and other officers were great admirers of Mr. Simms, and two or three would drop in every day—ostensibly to read the papers, but really to chat with that delightful conversationalist.

You Mean My Hair, Sir.

Mrs. Margaret Maxwell Martin, wife of the Rev. William Martin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a talented, genial and highly appreciated lady. Descendants of the aged couple, who passed away many years ago, still live in the old homestead, southeast corner of Blanding and Henderson streets. Mrs. M. had very bright eyes and beautiful auburn hair, and they were maintained, I believe, to the end of her long and useful life. In her youthful days, while paying a visit to Charleston, and as she was stepping into a carriage on King street, a would-be smartey approached her, raised his hat, and said, "Will you oblige me by allowing me to ignite my cigar by the light of your eyes?" "You mean my hair, sir, I suppose?" she responded sharply, entered the vehicle and was driven off. Mrs.

M. was the composer of several very touching and pretty pieces of poetry. "To a Highland Laddie," I distinctly remember—on receipt of a picture of a Highlander in native costume.

Her eldest son, William, volunteered in the Columbia Artillery, and it is claimed that his was the first life sacrificed in the service of his native State—died from a cold contracted on Morris Island. He inherited his mother's hair, eyes and her poetic inspiration. A volume of his poems has been published—the themes being usually of a lively and amusing character—as the "Under Dog in the Fight."

"Uncle Billy" and the Carrots.

"Uncle" Billy Maybin, as he was familiarly called, was the proprietor of the Congaree House (site of the present Jerome) for a number of years. The old gentleman would sometimes get a little too much in the spiritual line, and by attempting to hide it, would make it the more apparent. His wife, good soul, would make no reference to his condition, but rather attempt to veil it. He was a great lover of carrots, and on one occasion they did not suit his taste; so he called to Mrs. M., seated at the other end of the long table, "My dear, when carrots are properly cooked, should they be as hard as a rock?" "No, Mr. Maybin," was the quiet reply; "they should be as soft as mush." "Then," replied Uncle Billy, with a near approach to an oath, "the next time I buy carrots, I'll buy a carrot cook."

President Polk and the Boots.

The portly gentleman decided to apply for the position of Postmaster of Columbia, made vacant by the death of the venerable Mr. Benjamin Rawls, and very foolishly sent a pair of boots to President Polk as a present; evidently possessed with the idea that the high-minded Tennesseean could be influenced through the medium of a pair of one-hundred-dollar foot-covers—for that was the amount paid to Dougal & Young for them. They were beauties. The present was promptly returned, without any written accompaniment, and Major Adney H. Gladden, of then Mexican war reputation—obtained at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, Garita de Belen and other battles (where the gallant little Major commanded after the death of Col. P. M. Butler and Lieut. Col. J. P. Dickinson). It was the storming of the castle of Chapultepec that won glory for the South Carolina and New York regiments To travel back to the boots: They met the ignoble fate of being disposed of by raffle; and, strange to say, Shields Hussey, a dandyish young clerk, on the last throw of the dice by eighteen—beating

seventeen. Col. (then Gen.) Gladden lost his life at Shiloh, where he remained in command of his forces with a broken arm, until another bullet deprived him of life. There are many old residents who remember him, as he used to ride around on his pony with a huge Mexican saddle, spurs and equipments.

The Alligator Spoke, so Dan Declared.

About this time a monster alligator was wounded and captured in what was then known as Joyner's Pond, on the Lexington side of the Congaree River. The saurian was brought to Columbia and lodged in the lot in rear of Kinsler & McGregor's store, northwest corner of Main and Taylor streets. The size of the beast was noised abroad, and several showmen put in an appearance to purchase the monster, if possible. As the wounds had an ugly appearance, the would-be-purchasers put off making bids until the result of the injuries could be seen. The 'gator retained his appetite, and it was a novelty to see one of his keepers raise his upper jaw with an axe-handle while another would throw a pig or a puppy into the opening, and the jaws would come together with a snap—the half-open eyes seemed to express gratification. Many useless curs were thus disposed of, as the small boy was allowed to see the show by bringing a puppy. Not a sound was heard after the jaws came together. It died within a fortnight of its capture.

Dan. Tradewell, a would-be Beau Brummel, who enjoyed a joke heartily, tried the dangerous experiment of "rigging" Uncle Billy. Hurrying down to the hotel, he found his victim sauntering up and down the piazza, with his hands under his coat-tails. Dan. excitedly called out: "Uncle Billy, have you heard the news?" "What news?" was the instant response; "have I got the appointment?" "Naw," replied the joker; "but the alligator's dead." "What do I care about the alligator?" snarled Uncle Billy. "Well, a wonderful thing occurred just as it was about to draw its last breath—it spoke." "Stuff!" said Uncle Billy. Dan. persisted in his remarks excitedly until his listener was forced to make some comment or inquiry as to the singular event. "Well, what did the d—d brute say?" Dan. stepped lightly down the steps, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes, replied: "Just as he drew his last breath, he said distinctly 'Boots!'" Before the irascible gentleman could get over the intervening space, Dan. was half a block away—evidently having business elsewhere.

Dan. had trouble with a man named Marshall, and received a slight bullet wound in the hip. The hole showed conspicuously in

the ash-colored pants, and he was evidently proud of it, for he wore those pants until his death.

John "Dictionary" Brown.

In the old days, we had a well known character—he manufactured words to suit himself, and was generally known as "John Dictionary Brown," and his better-half was similarly afflicted. Mr. B. acted as deputy sheriff for a time, and was entrusted with a warrant for the arrest of an escaped prisoner. Mr. B. followed his man to a swamp which was formerly located a few miles below Columbia, and there lost him. His return on the warrant was, *Non comatibus in swampo*"—which the lawyers pronounced good dog Latin.

The Resurrection, etc.

"Dictionary" and his good wife had relatives living in Lancaster, and they determined to pay a visit to that remote section. Seated in a sulkey, with a favorite servant, Sam, on the floor, his feet swinging, they started on their journey. There were indications of an insurrection among the slaves soon after their arrival—the threatened trouble, by the way, was fifteen miles off. The visit was cut short, and the visitors returned home, full of excitement. On their arrival, Mrs. Brown, in grandiloquent style, gave out the intelligence: "Pappy and me was in fifteen miles of the resurrection; and if Sam had knowed anything about it, he'd a been in the midst of the conflabberation!"

Mr. B. had set out a lot of cabbage plants, of which he was very proud. A heavy frost nipped them. On going through his garden the next morning, he was completely upset. Returning into the house, he saluted his wife with the astounding assertion, "Sallie, take it up one side and down the other, it appears to me as if the Lord does 'bout as much harm as he does good—every derned one of my cabbage plants is dead!"

It appears that in those good old days, if a member violated a church rule unintentionally, his name would be penciled through, and he would be suspended for six months. In Brother Brown's case, this rule was carried out to this extent—his name was erased, but nothing was said to him about it, being regarded merely as a matter of form. The church book was carelessly left on the desk, so that any one could read the entries. One Sunday morning, before service (frequently merely the reading a chapter in the Bible and a hymn being sung, as there was no regular preacher), Mr. B. strolled up and turned over the leaves. Presently his eyes flashed,

and he called out in an excited tone to his wife, "Sallie, I'll be derned if they aint struck my name off the books—let's go home!" And off they went, and never returned.

Hyatt's Park—A Retrospect.

Mr. Joseph Newman, a genial gentleman and wonderful inventor, passed many years of his life, with his family, on the premises now known as Hyatt's Park. He occupied himself with piano tuning and repairing—had formerly manufactured these instruments in Baltimore. He was a hospitable man, and had a hearty welcome for one and all. Nothing pleased him more than to have a "surprise party" pay him a visit, and he had a good many, as the "surprisers" knew they were always welcome. Family prayers were held nightly, and Mr. N. would sometimes get so warmed up in his appeal to the Supreme Being that he extended his remarks to an unlimited length, so that when he got through, and was about to give out a hymn, there would be no one present to sing; but, nothing daunted, he started it up, and immediately the deserters sheepishly came sidling in. Mr. N. frequently declared that in the course of time a park, with a fish-pond, etc., might adorn these grounds, and he hoped that he would have the means to do it; but he departed this life before his ideas could be carried out. A member of his family retains a sketch or plat he prepared of his contemplated park and improvements. It is hoped that in the mystical land he will keep informed of the success of his prognostications. These ideas were suggested by an occurrence at the park aforesaid recently:

At Hyatt's Park the other night
(Electrics all extinguish'd),
Persons two feet off, by dim light,
Could scarce be distinguished;
When before my surprised gaze
Came a form that seem'd human—
I recognized through the haze
My old friend, Joseph Newman—
Who left this world long years ago,
Regretted by old and young;
Better soul ne'er lived, I trow—
One freer from intended wrong.
The features, as in days of yore,
Wore a pleased expression—
Ideas he talk'd of years before,
When he was in possession
Of the lovely elevation
Where the Auditorium stands,
And Eau Claire new trolley station,
Besides the adjacent lands,
Which have been put in condition—
Made a large and handsome park,
And a wonderful addition
(By day as well's after dark)

To attractions for towns near by,
  Now brought in close connection
By good dirt roads and "line trolley"—
  'Bout this there's no deception.
To see that what he'd prophecied
  Away back in the sixties,
Was being fully verified—
  One of the occult myst'ries.
And Smith's Branch road, which brought us here
  Thro' sand beds and o'er rough hills,
Can now be travers'd without fear
  Of break-downs and other ills.
Thanks to wide-'wake Manager Clark
  Of the Electric Railway
(At figures, too, not *a la* shark),
  We've vaud'villes at close of day,
And on each Sunday afternoon,
  During the swelt'ring weather,
With instruments in perfect tune,
  Musicians come together;
Sweet singers, too, of sexes both,
  Delight the crowds attending—
Some listen, others pledge their troth,
  The music sweetly blending.
At dewy eve they separate,
  Each to his home returning;
Doors are closed, not the great gate,
  And the 'lectrics are burning.

She Was Satisfied.

Miss Mary Hennessee, who resided with her parents on the northeast corner of Plain and Assembly streets, a "poetess," as she was pleased occasionally to designate herself, used to annoy Editor Adam Summer, of *The South Carolinian,* with her lucubrations. He gave the following brief introduction to a "poem:" "Tasso, Burns and Tustenuggeepokehoko, the big Indian, have each wailed forth their lamentations. The first to the clear sunny skies of fair Italia; the second in commendation of his bonnie Scotland; the third to the alligators and pelicans of the everglades of Florida; but it has remained for Columbia to produce the original and only 'Young Gentleman's Lament:'"

Fair lady, at thy stern request,
  I now from thee depart;
But oh, within my anxious breast
  There beats an aching heart.
The syren god dealt treach'rously,
  Alas, alas, for me;
For, oh, he gave my dearest part
  To beauty's fairest, sweetest maid,
Who now holds fast my heart.

And so on for forty or fifty lines. The young lady was nervous about the reference to the Indian, and came over to give me a blast about my employer. I listened to her angry words with evident

surprise, and when she stopped to get fresh breath, I put in, to the effect that it was strange that she had never heard of the famous Tustenuggeepokehoko, the only known poet of the Seminoles, who had been presented with a blanket and a jug of whiskey for one of his recent productions—the most valued articles an Indian could receive. This mollified the lady somewhat, and then the mother clinched the matter by adding: "Mary, I told you that Julian could explain it all right to you. Col. Summer thinks too much of your poetry to fling at you." Miss Mary was satisfied. She was setting her cap for Dr. H. H. Toland, but the doctor was putting his best foot foremost to secure the wealthy Widow Brevard, one of the largest land-holders in Richland District, besides owning a number of negroes. Somebody joked our poetess about the matter, when she broke forth with the following:

> They tell me he love me, but how can it be,
> After courting the widow, to think of me;
> To think of me who am but four feet high,
> While he is full six feet three.

The doctor pulled up and went to California; but whether it should be attributed to making no impression on the heart of the widow, or Miss Mary's persistent calls upon him professionally for imaginary ills, is a query I cannot answer.

The Caldwell Brothers—Hungry.

John Caldwell, Esq., at one time President of the South Carolina Railroad and an extensive cotton buyer, was a very matter-of-fact sort of an individual. On his way home from New York, on one occasion, he took the steamboat at Baltimore for Norfolk. When the gong sounded for supper, he overhauled his pockets for the necessary coin, but it was missing. "Julian," he remarked, in relating the circumstance, "I was hungry." He could have made himself known to the officials, but that did not suit his notions of business propriety. About that time a gentleman stepped up to him, and said, "Mr. John Caldwell, of Columbia, S. C., I believe?" "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" replied Mr. C. "I have a package of money for your brother-in-law, Mr. Jonathan Blakeley, and would be glad if you would deliver it to him. I intended to express it at Norfolk," said the stranger. "Certainly," was Mr. C.'s response, receiving the money, examining the contents and giving the necessary receipt. To use his own expression, "I got to my state-room in a hurry, soon had the necessary money and went to supper."

Never Saw my Brother Jack.

Mr. John Caldwell was not noted for beauty, but his integrity and honesty of purpose could not be doubted. His brother, Robert, was walking slowly along Main street, one day, when two young women overtook him. As they passed, one of them, in a pert voice, intended to be overheard by the gentleman, said, "Mary, there goes the homeliest man in town." "Young ladies," quietly answered Mr. Robert, "you never saw my brother Jack." They were squelched—and looked it.

Knew How to Utilize His Steps.

Mr. Smith Hoyt, a "down East" carpenter, who lived at the northwest corner of Richardson and Medium streets (now College), used his appendages to make correct and simple measurements. Being called upon to bid for the erection of a building, and arrange as to the dimensions, he would step here and there, apparently exercising himself, and by the time his would-be employer had finished his directions, Hoyt would be ready with the proposition—having stepped off and found the necessary space to be covered.

Why Not Say Christianized?

Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Pollock were great friends and fond of shopping. On one occasion, Mrs. S. priced an article in Nichols' crockery store, and it being higher than she anticipated, she, without intending any offense to her female companion, replied, "I'll have to Jew you, Mr. Nichols." "Wouldn't Christianize have been equally as appropriate?" inquired Mrs. P. All parties smiled in a quaint way.

Mrs. M. W. Stratton, of the "Washington House," northeast corner of Gervais and Assembly streets, wrote poetry and prose, which was universally read and admired. Her "Shadows on the Fence" was such a poetical and yet literal delineation of parties, that they were recognized without further explanation, and furnished a deal of amusement. "Keep Me Awake, Mother," rated as equal to its companion piece, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was set to music by Mr. Joseph Hart Denck, and had a large sale. A volume of Mrs. Stratton's literary work was about to be published, but the breaking out of the war caused the matter to drop. She was a graduate of the famous Barhamville Institute, and although reaching close to the three-score-and-ten era, she was active, and had never used spectacles, although addicted to reading and writing until a late hour nightly. She died about twenty years ago, leaving a large family.

Mrs. Rebecca Pollock was an English lady of refinement, who with her husband, Elias Pollock, came to Columbia and located about 1825. They reared a family of ten children, all of whom reached the years of maturity and brought up families, but have, with one exception, since departed this life, and their children have nearly all gone elsewhere—an apt illustration of "the dispersed of Judah" idea. A few years ago, in Savannah, Ga., I was recognized by one of the former servants of the family, who had heard nothing from his old home in many years. When I gave him the result of death's doings, he burst into tears, and declared that he wouldn't eat any supper that night; but whether from grief or lack of the wherewithal, I could not tell. A "quarter" caused him to cheer up, however.

Old Rabb—Afraid of Snakes, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Rabb formerly kept the half-way house between Columbia and Camden, and the horses for the stages were changed there. The fare was plain, and some of the passengers used to complain that it was a little too much so. The old lady was always very apt in her replies about the food—if you had only been here yesterday, we had such a nice dinner, etc. The old man, in the meantime, would attack the bacon and collards (which was believed to be the daily dish), saying that anybody who did not eat collards, didn't know what was good. Mr. Rabb would come to town occasionally, ostensibly to sell some of his superabundant sheep or lambs, but really to impregnate his frame with spirits. His stopping-place was Hunt's Hotel, and as he told stories credibly, generally met with a pleasant reception from the boarders and loungers. He was always the hero—never implicated anybody else. Mr. Rabb was terribly afraid of snakes. One day he had been working in the field, wearing a pair of old shoes that exposed his great toe. In getting over the rail fence, carrying a hoe over his shoulder, as he was putting one leg across, he looked down and saw what he supposed was a copper-head snake. He hurriedly raised the hoe, struck—and cut off his great toe. That was the snake he had seen.

The old man dreaded thunder and lightning, and when a storm came up, he would crawl into a ditch and get under a little bridge over it. One day he had been imbibing too freely from a bottle he had carried from town, and he fell asleep. A heavy rain fell and he was drowned, to all intents and purposes. He was hauled out, and his wife and two or three darkies rolled and turned his head down the hill, and finally got five gallons of fluid, by actual measurement, out of him—so Mr. R. afterwards declared.

He Obeyed His Father.

Messrs. Frank and Levi Root came to Columbia from Connecticut, in 1840, and carried on a tinning business for a time. Frank married Miss Mary Heise, while Levi remained a bachelor. In due time the married pair had a son, John by name, and a bright lad he proved to be. When John was about four years of age, he became addicted to straying away from home and spending the day. His mother punished him, but without avail. Finally she reported him to his father, who summoned the boy before him, and with a stern face, ordered him not to leave the premises again without asking his mother. The next day, John was off once more, and the disobedience was reported to the father. John was called and promptly appeared. "What did I tell you about going out?" "You said, ask your mother." "Well, why didn't you ask her?" "I did, sir." "Root, he did no such thing," was Mrs. Root's indignant contradiction. "Yes, ma, I did," was the reply of the youngster. Light began to break in on the father. "Well, what did she say, when you asked her?" "She said *no*," John answered. The parents were nonplussed. Poor Levi suicided, and Frank died in our Lunatic Asylum. John lived to manhood—was a rollicking, honest, hard-working man; served through the Confederate war; moved West; returned to his old home on a visit a few years ago, and died soon afterwards. There were other children. John left a family.

Nat. Joined the Temperance Society.

Nat. Monteith was a good-natured, free-and-easy individual from boyhood up. He was a great lover of "pot-liquor," and whenever cabbage would be prepared for dinner, the cook would invariably call to him when she'd hear his well known footsteps, to come and get some of the homely beverage. There had been quite a revival among the advocates of temperance, and a "Cold Water Army," for the benefit of the boys, had been organized—backed by a barbecue in the Court House grounds, northeast corner Main and Washington streets. Next day, the cook called to him, that she had his "pot-liquor" ready. "No, Aunt Jane, can't take it; joined the temperance society." The school-boys got hold of the story and attempted to guy Nat., but they soon stopped it—he had a serviceable pair of fists, and would use them.

Nat. volunteered in the War Between the States, and his regiment was stationed on Morris Island. He obtained a furlough, went over to Charleston—had a jolly time, and was returning to the island by the "Caldwell," when he dropped an axe overboard. He at once

whipped out his knife and commenced to cut a notch in the railing, and when reprimanded by one of the officers of the boat, curtly replied, that he was marking the place, so that he could look for it when he had more time. Poor Nat. lost his life in Virginia.

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Had a "Slapdamicus" for Him.

Our old friend, Sheriff Charles Neuffer, had a warrant for a man, charged with some trifling offence, who, when he found that officer was after him, determined to give him a long chase. Both were mounted, but the offender had the better horse, and kept just far enough ahead of the officer to annoy him. He took the Garner's Ferry road, and when Sheriff N. got in calling distance, he would let off a volley of rough remarks at the discomfited officer. Finally they reached the boundary line between Sumter and Richland, when the delighted law-breaker drew rein, and addressed the officer as a "Bull-headed Dutchman," declaring that he was now beyond his jurisdiction, and dared him to attempt to arrest him. "Guess not," replied the angry Sheriff; "I've got a 'Slapdamicus' for you, and you'll come, I bet." "The devil you have," was the surprised response, and he returned to Richland District, quietly submitting to service of the warrant. "What's a 'Slapdamicus?'" inquired a curious individual, who had listened to the Sheriff's account of the arrest. "D—d if I know," said Sheriff N. "I thought the big word would scare him into coming back, and I had no more trouble with him."

Austere Man—Didn't Need the Plates.

The death of Gen. Johnson Hagood was being discussed, when one of the party said that he was a fine disciplinarian, and a brave, just man, but rather austere. Mr. Constantine, a Greek, who had cooked for the General on Sullivan's Island, was passing at the time and overheard the comment. "That is so," he put in; "the General love oyster, and I cook 'em for him many time. Sometimes I take too much spirits, and go to sleep. When the General see me, he say, 'Constantine, stop dat; drink little, but not too much. Go and cook me some oyster,' and I go. You bet he love 'em." There was a quiet smile, and the ex-cook moved off.

An old sporting man, named Swan, was an admirer of General Hagood, and placed great reliance on the thorough-breds raised by that gentleman. Mr. S. had a set of "plates" (thin shoes used on race-horses) which had carried many an animal to victory. On his death-bed, he sent the plates to his honored friend, saying he was

going to a land where they would be no use to him, and he hoped that they would prove as successful in the General's possession as they had been in his.

Got Even With Judge Melton.

I was once requested by Judge Samuel W. Melton to testify in a case he was interested in, and he impressed it on me to testify only as to what I knew—no hearsay; I promised that I would do so. I was subpœnaed, and being put upon the witness stand, the first question was: "What is your name?" "I'm called Julian A. Selby." "What is your name?" repeated Judge M., in an abrupt manner. "I've answerd your question as near as I can," I responded. "What is your age?" followed. "I don't know," I quietly replied. "What's the reason you don't know?" fired Judge M. "Well, I was at the borning, but was too young to speak knowingly. You particularly instructed me to testify only as to what I knew of my own knowledge, and I shall endeavor to do so. The whole community know me and the question is superfluous." The Judge was "riled," and when I came down, said in an undertone, "You think you are d—d smart?"

Only One Speaker—Maxcey Gregg.

Maxcey Gregg, Esq. (afterwards General) was an ardent Secessionist. Previous to the Convention of 1852, public meetings were held all over the State, at which prominent orators—Co-operationists and Secessionists—held forth to large audiences. Arrangements were made for an immense demonstration here, in the College Campus, at which a number of politicians were expected to ventilate themselves. The day came and so did crowds of people, but not the speakers. Mr. Gregg, as Chairman of the meeting, exhibited some uneasiness and annoyance at the non-appearance of the wordy combatants. With a short apology for the absentees, the Chairman got up and in a speech of nearly two hours, so enthused his immense audience that they applauded vociferously, and many rushed upon the platform to compliment the speaker for his unanswerable remarks.

She Could Carry a Fan.

Mrs. Peckham was fond of attending picnics. One very warm day, her would-be cynical son-in-law, "Fancy" Bill Brown, finding she was preparing to go on one of her enjoyable frolics, snarled, "Mother, I believe if there was a picnic in the bottomless pit, you'd go." "Certainly, William; I could carry a fan," she quietly replied.

SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE AFFAIRS.

"Old Prex" Wasn't Left.

President Maxcey was termed by the collegians "Old Prex." Some of the boys planned to take the family carriage, run it down to "Turkey Point" (two or three hundred yards below the college, where chickens, pigs, etc., which happened to get into their possession, were willingly prepared by one of the college cooks), remove the wheels and hide all among the scrub oaks, which grew in profusion in the neighborhood. By some means, "Old Prex" heard of the affair. A short time before the appointed hour he entered the carriage house, lowered the long curtains and quietly seated himself in the vehicle. The boys were on hand soon after and proceeded to their work. Not a word was uttered until they were some distance from the walls. Arriving at their destination they were about to remove the wheels, when, calling them by name, they were told to return with the vehicle to its proper place. The silence was profound. The ropes were manned and slowly up the hill the cumbersome vehicle was propelled. Of course, the story leaked out, but the boys were not reprimanded. They had been punished sufficiently.

Junior Class Tricks.

Professor Brumby, who was a Professor in the College towards the close of the forties, got into trouble with the Junior Class, which was adjusted in a day or two. The young men of the class withdrew in a body, and the night of the day in which the affair occurred, they paraded the streets singing:

Old Brumby said to go,
But it was no use, you know,
For Junior Class rose at las'
And swore they would not go.

Not much in the way of rhythm or rhyme, but it accomplished the purpose. The Professor, as I understand, was popular with the class.

The Class Was Democratic.

Dr. Priestly Cooper was an eccentric but very talented Professor in the College, and his recitations were heard in the third story of the building, directly opposite the Chapel. His class conceived the brilliant idea of playing a joke on the worthy gentleman, and so they procured a venerable goat and strapped him in the Professor's chair, where, with spectacles on nose and an open book before him, he presented a very dignified appearance. Dr. Cooper came in smiling

pleasantly and nodding to the assemblage. Seeing the goat, he turned coolly around and with the remark, "Young gentlemen, getting democratic in your ideas, elevating one of your number to the chair. I'll leave you together," and soberly marched out, locking the door behind him. The door was an extra heavy one and the lock in good condition, and the jokers were left in confinement until late in the afternoon.

The Famous Students' Row.

About 1854, a party of students connected with the South Carolina College got into trouble with the city police, and several were arrested, but through the intervention of the Faculty were released. Young Albert Rhett was the principal in the affair, backed by his brother John (afterwards Mayor of the city). The *South Carolinian* office was located on Washington street, near Sumter, and there was an open lot on the east side. The students were in the habit of promenading up and down Main street in parties of three and four, during the afternoons and evenings; but, much to my surprise, the promenaders were out in full force that morning, going up Sumter street. After seeing so many passing at that unusual hour, and apparently very quiet, I suspected the cause—that they were collecting in the upper part of the city and intended making a descent on the guard house and police in force. I immediately notified the officials, but not a minute too soon, for in a short time large numbers attacked the police, and Chief John Burdell was badly beaten, but stood his ground, the policemen present aiding him. Chief Burdell seized a gun and kept the party at bay, and the alarm bell was rung. Sheriff Jesse E. Dent arrived promptly and the *posse comitatus* was summoned and at once supplied with muskets loaded with a ball and three buckshot—an upper room in the building being an armory. The belligerent students hurriedly retired, but soon returned—evidently they had gone to the campus to procure their guns (as the young men had a well drilled and equipped military company); but the college officials had taken the precaution to secure and remove the weapons to a safe place. Nothing daunted, the boys yelled "College!" and their ranks were materially augmented; but when they found several hundred armed citizens, extending from Plain street down Main and around into Washington, they were taken completely aback, and they confined themselves to the east side, while the *posse* stood ready for orders on the west. Influential citizens and professors from the college mingled in the crowd of excited students and attempted to calm them; while others

begged the Sheriff to restrain his force. His simple reply was, the men will not fire until I order them to do so, and that will not be done unless we are attacked. The rioters were finally induced to return to the college walls. Their spirits seemed completely broken, when they found citizens in such numbers prepared to enforce the law. Sheriff Dent appeared as cool as the proverbial cucumber. The military companies were under arms all night and ununiformed soldiers patrolled the streets, while the Columbia Flying Artillery (their pieces loaded with trace-trains, ready to clear the streets, if necessary), quartered silently and in darkness in their gun-shed until daylight the next morning. The Rhetts and a number of other students left the college, the afternoon promenades up and down Main street were discontinued, the military company (College Cadets) was disbanded, and so the affair ended, much to the gratification of all parties. There had been serious trouble with these young men once or twice before, but armed citizens had not been called out; many of our people were much incensed, and expressions of a determination to put an end to these troubles had been freely expressed.

Headed off the Professor of Greek.

Col. Chris. Suber, of Newberry, was not a great lover of study—of Greek, more particularly. When the time for his graduation rolled around, he felt that his chances for obtaining a diploma would be terribly slim, on account of his deficiency in the ancient language above referred to. After due deliberation, he decided to go to Prof. Henry, the Professor of Greek, throw himself on his mercy, and persuade him to allow the backward one take the first hundred words in the Greek lesson, study them carefully, and thus be enabled to get through. The old gentleman was very indignant at the proposal, and refused in the nearest approach to anger that the good soul could possibly exhibit. Suber retired, but a lucky idea struck him. Perhaps the Professor would call on him to begin with the second hundred. With his usual dependence upon luck, he studied and learned the second hundred. On examination day, as he had hoped, Professor Henry called on him for the second hundred, which he got through without a break, and was highly complimented by the gratified Professor.

Reasonable Objection.

At a fire in New Dublin (the site of Parker's Hall, and some distance to the north), occupied mostly by Irish families, several houses had been destroyed, when it was suggested by Prof. Twiss

to blow up with gun-powder one or two small buildings to the south, in an attempt to stop the spread of the flames in that direction. It was done and the fire was stopped. But in the blowing up Prof. T. and another one of the Professors were elevated but not seriously hurt. A countryman, who had a son in attendance in the college, was highly indignant and declared that his son should no longer go to a college where the teachers could not take care of themselves. No explanation would suffice, and the boy was withdrawn.

Took Salt in His Tea.

A plucky old farmer from the upper part of the State paid a visit to his son at the South Carolina College, and took supper with him in the Steward's Hall. The salt was in a peculiarly shaped vessel, and he put several spoonfuls of it in his tea. Some of the boys in his vicinity snickered, but Mr. Farmer paid no attention to them, saw he had blundered and determined to get ahead of them. He drank his tea, called for another cup, salted it, and calmly swallowed it. The boys were nonplussed and couldn't hold in. "Put salt in your tea, sir?" asked one of the more inquisitive ones. "Always do," was the reply. He didn't like the idea of his son being guyed.

Long Enough Before I Get Another.

Professor M. J. Williams was crossing the campus one day, when he met Chris. Suber carelessly decked in an unusually short dressing gown. "Why, Suber, your gown is too short," said the critical Professor. "Long enough before I get another," was the drawling response. This so amused the old gentleman, that he hurried home to tell the joke to his family. Entering the reception room with a broad grin on his face, he blurted out: "I didn't know Suber was such a witty fellow. I met him on the campus just now, and commented on an unusually short morning gown which he had on. His reply was, 'that it will be some time before I get another' "— bursting out into a laugh. The others did not change countenance; so the Professor saw that he had made a mistake somewhere. "Well, it sounded very funny just now."

Not Satisfied with his Resting Place.

A party of students sauntering through old Potter's Field many years ago came across the grave of one of their number who was interred in 1815. It was decided to remove him and reinter in Elmwood Cemetery. It was done.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Peculiar Occurrences in this Vicinity.

That truth is strange—at times stranger than fiction—I am prepared to demonstrate by several incidents, or accidents, which have occurred in this city and neighborhood. We read frequently of the happening of singular events, and the assertion is not uncommon, "Oh! that is impossible." "That is simply fiction," etc. A perusal of the following paragraphs, which can be relied upon for their correctness, will prove the assertion above made as strictly true:

The Same Name.

About twenty-five years ago there was a double christening in the Presbyterian Church of this city (now known as the First Church), Rev. Dr. Bryson, pastor. One infant was handed to the clergyman, and he proceeded with the ceremony, to the intense chagrin of the other parents, who attempted to stop Dr. B., but he continued: "Samuel Buchanan, I baptize thee in the name," etc., and returned the newly-named babe to the nurse—much to the amusement of the friends of the other youngster, who, of course, supposed there was a blunder. Dr. Bryson then took No. 2, and began, "Samuel Buchanan," etc. The two children, unknown to the parents (who were only slightly acquainted), were furnished with similar names—the one for a relative of Mrs. Love residing in New York, and the other for a former friend of the McMaster's, residing in Fairfield. They were the children, respectively, of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Love and Col. and Mrs. F. W. McMaster. The boys are alive and well, but only one of the parents survives—Mrs. Love.

Strange Fatality.

Capt. Tom O'Sullivan, a Federal soldier, who fought through the Civil War, settled in Columbia in the early seventies. After a short time he was appointed a mail agent on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and made many friends, old and young, by his kindness and geniality—in fact, was almost universally called "Uncle Tom," especially by the children. He attended to his official duties carefully, and would pass out mail matter at points along the road away from a post office: distribute papers in sparsely settled neighborhoods, etc. He seemed particularly gratified when able to accommodate any one—acquaintance or stranger. At Belton, on one occasion, where the railroad to Anderson and Walhalla connects with the main line (Anderson being the end of his run), Captain O'S.

was requested to stop for the night, and be present at a frolic to be given there. He declined, as he had to come out the next morning with his mail from Anderson. His friends insisted, asserting that a special was to pass some hours later, and he could go through on that, or that he should be carried up in a buggy, if the special failed. He still declined, when several of his friends by main force detained him, and the train rolled off without the mail agent. Broadaway Creek, a dangerous stream at times, ordinarily only a few feet wide, suddenly arose, washed away the trestle or bridge, the train was submerged and all on board were drowned. Capt. O'Sullivan lost his position some time afterward, returned to Columbia and worked successfully several months at his trade—watch and clock repairing. One night as he was leaving Heitsch's restaurant, a pistol shot was fired, and the Captain fell dead—a bullet ranging upwards through his heart. A colored man who held the weapon was arrested, but persisted in the assertion that the weapon exploded accidentally, and was pointing downwards. A careful examination of the pavement showed that the ball struck, glanced upwards, and killed the unfortunate man. The suspected man was released.

A tragic affair of a similar nature occurred to a colored man named Goodwin. As he was attempting to escape from a policeman, opposite the post office, the officer pointed his pistol towards the ground and fired, in order to frighten the prisoner; but the bullet struck the pavement, glanced, hit the fleeing man and killed him. A coroner's jury exonerated the officer, as it was a clear case of accidental homicide.

Teachers in the Old Homestead.

For many years, beginning in the early forties, what is known as the Hampton Mansion was occupied by Gen. John S. Preston and his family. A life-long intimacy existed between the eldest daughter, Miss Mary (afterwards Mrs. John T. Darby), and Miss Isabel Martin, the daughter of highly esteemed neighbors, and the two were nearly inseparable—in fact, the mansion was almost the home of the neighbor friend. At the close of the war, Gen. Preston decided to go abroad and reside with his family—he really feared confiscation of his valuable property. After a several years residence and travel in Europe, the Prestons returned to America. Dr. and Mrs. Darby located in New York, where the doctor built up a lucrative practice, and was also chosen professor in a prominent medical college. Blood poisoning from a careless operation caused his death, and his wife and children returned to Columbia. In the

meantime, the homestead had changed hands several times—being first occupied by the notorious Governor Franklin J. Moses, then by the Rev. Mr. Dodge and family, then by the Catholics as a Nunnery, and was finally purchased by the Presbyterians, and converted into a Female College.

Gen. Preston's property disappeared; he and his wife died, and his daughter, Mrs. Darby, and her friend, Miss I. D. Martin, took positions in the old homestead as teachers. Who will say that Columbia cannot furnish wonderful changes and peculiar circumstances?

"A Slick Duck"—W. W. Walker, Jr.

We had a young man here in the fifties who was troubled with the "drop of the eyes"—couldn't look you straight in the face—Wm. W. Walker, Jr. He was connected with the Washington Street Church and led the choir for a time. He was looked upon as studious, religiously inclined, and some even thought he was quietly preparing for the ministry. His father was of the well known firm of Stephenson & Walker, merchant tailors. About 1855, an advertisement appeared in the London *Times*, and in the New York *Times*, notifying William W. Walker, Jr., that he had fallen heir to a large estate in England. Some of us could not understand how a younger son could inherit over an elder brother; this Willie explained after a fashion, but not altogether satisfactory. Papers were soon afterwards received from England bearing a number of crown-covered seals, etc. On the faith of this apparently official evidence, Walker raised money without difficulty—a firm of private bankers in Charleston advanced him something over $1,000, while smaller amounts were obtained from different parties. Various excuses were given as to why he did not go across the water and get possession of his inheritance, until the money-lenders began to get suspicious and the trap was sprung. Willie was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Athenaeum, a reading room which had been started through the liberality of Hon. Wm. C. Preston, who donated his valuable library to it, aided by other citizens who contributed until there was quite a respectable display of books. The whole of the second story of the brick building on the southeast corner of Main and Washington streets (now occupied by the Skyscraper) was secured for library and exhibition purposes—the hall on the left and the library on the right as you entered. Everything was moving along satisfactorily, and additions of books and manuscripts were being constantly made by purchase and donation. Mr. John M.

Allen, one of the Directors, whose store was in the first story (Allen & Phillips), was informed by the out-door Clerk of the Branch Bank, Mr. "Mark" Brown, that the Athenaeum funds had been removed from that depository, and the officers were curious as to the cause. Mr. Brown was informed that he knew nothing about the matter, but would inquire. Mr. A. immediately went up stairs to communicate with the Treasurer, who expressed surprise at this information, and said it was altogether a mistake. Picking up his hat, Walker suggested that Mr. Allen should accompany him to the bank and have an explanation from the officials as to the matter. This he declined to do, saying it was unnecessary; Walker insisted, and Mr. A. finally declared that he didn't care anything about the matter; that Walker could make it all right. This was Saturday morning, and Mr. A. thought nothing more of the affair. On Monday the Athenaeum rooms were not opened, and inquirers at Walker's house were informed that he had not been seen since Saturday noon. The funds had been removed from the bank, but found lodgment in Walker's pockets. Nothing more was seen of the delinquent. It was found upon investigation that a man had been sent to London, who by some means had gotten hold of necessary legal papers, forms, etc., and shrewdly worked up a very plausible story and exhibit—publishing the advertisements before referred to. Walker, the scheming thief, had been paying attention to a young lady from Charleston, and one day took her out for a drive. Being unskilled in the management of a horse, he succeeded in throwing her out of the vehicle, and she was made a cripple for life.

History of a Household—The Neuffer Family.

An old and tried friend was Mr. Charles Neuffer, a well known German citizen, who was the Sheriff of the District for several terms. His first wife, Miss Sarah Geiger, died, and left him with three children—Harman, Charles and Sallie. He some years afterwards married another Miss Geiger, of Lexington, a relative of his first wife. About the time the parties were to have been married, the prospective bride had a dangerous attack of fever, during which at times her mind was somewhat affected. In one of these spells she seriously lacerated her throat. She finally recovered and ever afterwards wore a high collar, to hide the scar in her neck. Soon after their marriage the old-fashioned residence, with a piazza extending the entire length, on the east side of Sumter street, between Gervais and Lady, was purchased and the family occupied it—the elderly

mother of the bride accompanying them. Two children—Adam and Dorothy—were born to the Neuffers, and the two sets of children appeared to get along remarkably well. Harman and Charles, Jr.—two bright and popular young men—went into the army. Harman died, and his remains were brought to Columbia for interment. (The father had procured a sutler's position so as to be near his boys.) Charles, Jr., disappeared at Gettysburg, and Sam Bunch, a comrade, claimed that he knew that he was killed and could find the body; but he was unsuccessful in his search. The health of the father soon gave way—he contracted a terrible cold, which, with the death of two of his sons, carried him off. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Geiger, died soon after, followed by her grand-daughter, Dorothy, from diphtheria. Adam, the son by the second wife, who had volunteered and was doing duty on the coast, was killed at Adams Run. The slaves (and they had a large number) were emancipated; then followed Sherman's uncalled for work, and the family residence was destroyed. The widow was left an orphan in every sense of the word—father, mother, husband, children, and property being taken from her. She succeeded in raising money enough to build a two-room shelter on the site of the homestead, where, assisted by friends, and materially aided by faithful servants, who were quartered on the opposite side of the street, she eked out an existence for ten years. Two brothers living in Alabama, who were said to be in rather straitened circumstances, offered to take care of the bereaved widow if she would come to them. This she peremptorily refused to do, and she died on the loved spot. The only child (Sallie) of the two sets, married Mr. James Kenneth, a former resident of the city, and removed to St. Louis, Mo., where they were still living at last accounts. This is literally the "History of a Household."

Mr. Charles Neuffer was the nephew of Mr. John Neuffer, an aged butcher, who formerly lived on the northeast corner of Main and Blanding streets. At his death his widow and three children—Caroline, John and Charles—removed to Columbus, Ga. Caroline married a Beech, and died, leaving children; John was drowned; Charles was killed in Virginia. A brother of Mr. Charles Neuffer, Gaudaloupe, married and lived in Orangeburg, where he left descendants.

Lived Two Hours with a Wound in the Heart.

John Sloan, a respectably-connected young man from the up-country, got into a difficulty with J. M. Sharpe, of this District, in the basement saloon of D. Caldwell's Hotel, during which Sloan was

stabbed in the heart, causing a wound nearly an inch long. The weapon, so witnesses testified, was a pocket knife; but the surgeons who held the *post mortem* examination, declared that it was impossible for such a wound to have been made with such an instrument. As soon as possible after the cutting (or stab) Sloan was conducted to Dr. A. W. Kennedy's office, directly opposite, the blood spurting in jets. The doctor informed the injured man that he was mortally wounded and could live but a few minutes "That's hard," was the sad reply. Leaning on the arm of a friend, Sloan walked to his room in the rear of the hotel, and lay down on his bed. Much to the surprise of attending physicians, the poor fellow lived nearly two hours. His heart was afterwards removed and put into a large-mouthed bottle filled with alcohol, and was kept in Dr. R. W. Gibbes' office. The alcohol finally evaporated and the heart had to be buried. The case was commented on by a number of medical journals—some expressing doubt as to the correctness of the statement. Sharpe was acquitted. He was defended by Capt. James D. Tradewell and F. J. Moses, Esq. (afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court). Solicitor Simeon Fair prosecuted the case.

Singular Circumstances.

A few years ago, while visiting the Government Medical Museum, in Washington, with a lady who was interested in medicine and surgery, one of the attendants called attention to a number of specimens of wounds, contained in jars—some of them of the heart. I told him that South Carolina was in the lead, and described as well as I could John Sloan's case; but he evidently thought I was mistaken. In the course of our peregrinations, we came to a leg which was pretty well jagged, and he remarked that the owner was still alive. In reply to a question as to who the party was, he smiled and said it was No. 700. A little later he added, apologetically, that the owner of the leg was known to me, perhaps—that it was Gen. Daniel E. Sickles. "Yes," I replied, "he was once head of the military division of South Carolina." I had seen him several times in Charleston. (An Irishman who had been too severely punished, as he thought, for some offense, when informed who his judge was, turned and hurled the sneering remark at the officer: "I'm not surprised at anything you do—you are the man who killed his best friend"—referring to Philip Barton Key). That evening—a rainy, sleety one—while coming out of the waiting room at the Pennsylvania depot, I came up with an elderly gentleman on crutches. I assisted him down the steps, with the excuse that they were damp and slip-

pery. When we reached the pavement, the one-legged man turned and abruptly said, "Thank you." Although he had aged considerably, I thought I recognized him as Gen. Sickles. Turning to a reverend-looking colored man just behind, I asked if that was Gen. Sickles? "That's Daniel," he replied.

Silent Clock Struck 1—Sick Man Died.

Mr. William Hillegas died at a late hour of the night. On the mantelpiece in his bed-room stood an old time-piece which had not been running for nearly twenty years. As the hour of 1 came around, the dumb clock pealed *one*. The sick man was aroused by the singular occurrence; said it was a bad sign for him, and soon after gave up the ghost.

Light Went Out, so Did a Life.

Another instance of what proved to be a forerunner of death occurs to me. Willie DeBruhl, the only son of Mr. Jessie DeBruhl by his first wife, while shooting bull-bats, received a load of small shot in the head from a gun in the hands of a young man named Bird, a very gentlemanly appearing stranger. (Mr. B. introduced fancily painted oil-cloth table covers here—something new.) It was clearly an accident, but poor Bird was completely broken down by it. I was present when the shooting occurred. We were boarding at the time at the Globe Hotel, kept by Mr. William Reeder and his wife, where the post office now stands. Fearful of worrying young DeBruhl's relatives by his appearing at the house, he engaged me to go twice a day to inquire about the wounded youngster. The patient seemed to be doing very well, although the physicians could see no hopes for his recovery. This was in the oil lamp days. One night while the solitary lamp in the sick room was apparently burning all right, it suddenly went out. Young DeBruhl noticed it, turned to his mother and said quietly, "I know what that sign means—good-bye," and died before the lamp could be relighted. Dr. Samuel Fair, of Newberry, who had graduated in Paris and lately begun the practice of medicine in Columbia, attended the young man, and afterwards married his sister. The grave is unmarked in the Presbyterian Church-yard.

Life is Truly Uncertain.

About 1853, a ruddy-complected, stout-built Irishman, Mike Hogan by name, married the eldest daughter of Mr. William Beard. The bride was delicate, and many individuals prophesied a short matrimonial career. They had one daughter, Marie. Soon after

the birth of the child, the hearty-appearing father was taken off by typhoid fever. The child grew to womanhood, and married Paul Joyner, a counterpart in looks and size of the wife and father. A child was born to them. After several years, Mrs. J. and the child died. Paul afterwards married a woman from the West, through a matrimonial agency. He went to meet his expected bride at the train, rushed in on the arrival of the cars, and the first female he saw, embraced and kissed her. "Is this Dr. S.?" said the stranger. "No, I'm Mr. Joyner." A scream followed and then an explanation. The proper individual was discovered, and in due time the parties were married. In a year or two the Westerner tired of her husband, and a peculiar death resulted—and some folks were cruel enough to suspect the woman, but there was no investigation. The delicate wife lived to see hearty individuals taken away many years before her call came.

Lost Family of Five Children in Five Weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Squier, kind-hearted, religious, charitable people, had an unusually sad experience with their children. During the absence of the father on business at the North (he was a clothing and furniture dealer, as well as undertaker), the baby died of scarlet fever. As the absent parent was daily expected to reach home, the corpse was kept unburied for several days. The other children contracted the disease, and the following Sunday two were buried; the Sunday after, the last two—five in all—who attended the double funeral the week before, were laid to rest. A family of five children carried off in five weeks. In years following they were blessed with five more little ones, but sudden death carried off three of them—one was killed by the falling of a wall at the burning of Gregg's Hall, southwest corner Main and Taylor streets, while two others died from different causes.

A Chapter of Accidents.

A well known citizen and church member has been unusually unfortunate. While cutting the root of a bamboo brier (famous for walking canes), his knife slipped and penetrated the brain of a young comrade, killing him instantly. In Fort Moultrie, at the beginning of the war, he and a youthful soldier were handling a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged and the youngster was killed. Several years ago, while in a store, there was an explosion which demolished the window glasses, and slightly hurt several clerks. The supposition is that fire from his cigar must

by some means have been communicated to a can of gunpowder, with the result mentioned. Soon after that, while cleaning his gun on a hunting frolic, accompanied by an elderly man, he filled the barrel with hot water and gave it a shake. The gun proved to be loaded; was accidentally discharged, and the water and other contents passed a short distance above his companion's head, who took his equipments and went home. Our friend certainly has a touch of "Murad the Unlucky" in his composition. It is to be hoped that he has passed the line, and will now have better luck.

Cases Somewhat Like Baby Farming.

Columbia can "keep up with the procession" in a variety of ways —not alone in improvements. Jack, the well known blind boy, is one of the instances referred to. The young child of a mother, a little off color, died, and as there was another infant that parties desired looked after, he was substituted for the dead one—not exactly as in the case of baby farming recorded in "Pinafore." The child's eyes were neglected, opthalmia resulted, and the unfortunate creature is hopelessly blind. The parties interested in trying to hide the parentage of the innocent little being, overshot the mark. The nurse was cornered, questioned as to the substitution, got very angry, "shot off her mouth," and gave the name of the mother. Other proof obtained settled the matter so clearly, that it is generally given up that the child is pure white.

The two foundlings discovered the same night—one at the door of Lee Roberts and the other at Dad Wadlow's—were accidentally changed. The one bore such a resemblance to the mother that many recognized her; while the other was furnished with a letter—"not to be opened until you are of age"—which properly belonged to the first. The one married, and is believed to be living in New York; while the other married and died here.

Two Similar Sums.

Two or three years after the close of the war, Mrs. Thos. P. Walker, widow of the elder brother of William W. Walker, a defaulter, received a notification from a courtly official in Connecticut, that by death of W. W. Walker, a resident of that town, Thos. P. Walker was entitled to a legacy of seventeen hundred and some odd dollars. The same mail brought a notice from the Census Bureau in Washington, that the claim of Thos. P. Walker, for services in taking the census in Richland District, S. C., in 1860, had been favorably acted upon, and the money, seventeen and some hundred

dollars, was subject to his order. The cash in both cases was received in due time. Two similar sums of money from different sources to be notified about the same day, was certainly singular. But truth, etc., you know.

Terrible Night—Stopped the Clock.

Dick W. was a genial, witty individual, devoted to his business during the day, but addicted to night drinking and eating eggs as a strengthener. Scientists claim that a superabundance of egg food affects the brain. A dozen and on one occasion a dozen and a half eggs, Dick had been known to consume at a sitting. He made threats about committing suicide on several occasions, but never treated his wife badly except on one memorable occasion. He came home one night, in a nervous and apparently unhappy frame of mind. After making an attempt at eating supper, he seated himself quietly before the fire-place. His wife joined him soon afterwards, with a bit of needle-work in her hands. In a few minutes, Dick looked up at the clock, and remarked in an audible, steady tone of voice, that when the hands of the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to 12, he intended to kill her, the children and himself, producing a six-shooter pistol; that he had been robbed of everything he had in the world, and he would not leave his family to starve after he was gone. Just then the dog in the yard began to bark savagely. "There," was the comment, "some scoundrel is trying to rob us of the little we have." With that he got up and went out into the yard, carrying his pistol with him. The long-headed, thoughtful wife immediately raised up and stopped the clock. One would have supposed that she rushed into the street and called for help. But no. The loaded weapon in the desperate man's hands made her aware of the danger of such a proceeding—he could kill the children and himself before help could be obtained. Dick, on his return, seated himself and occasionally looked up at the clock—fully impressed with his murderous idea, but not noticing that the time-keeper was not recording the weary hours. Daylight finally appeared, when the partially sobered man took a final look at the clock and said, "My dear, it's daylight; see about my breakfast. I must get to the gallery." And yet the hair of the faithful wife was not "turned white in a single night," as might have been surmised. Poor Dick suicided soon afterwards, and the terrible story related above was told by the afflicted widow at the coroner's inquest. The verdict of the jury was that the act had been committed while the deceased was temporarily insane. The life insurance was paid without serious objection by the company.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

Shivernell, Johnston, McWhirter and Others.

Henry Shivernell was one of that class. On his tramps he wore an old-fashioned beaver that looked as if it had passed through several St. Patrick's celebrations. He thought nothing of a walk from Columbia to Charleston and back, when he got an industrial fit, and printing was at a low ebb here, or fish didn't bite satisfactorily. His wife generally put a shirt in his hat, and off he would start on his 110 mile walk. Stopping at a branch which crosses the main road about six miles out of the old city (near the supposed site of Fisher slaughter-house of eighty years ago), would wash his soiled garment, spread it on the grass to dry, eat his lunch, take a short nap, put the cleansed garment in the "tile," and then complete his journey. He decided finally to take a trip to New York, using his natural propellers. Arriving in Trenton, N. J., he secured temporary employment. After working two weeks and no money forthcoming, "Shove" whipped the proprietor, knocked his type into pi, and continued his march to Gotham; but he remained there only a short time, giving as an excuse that it "was too far to the woods," and he couldn't fish in the new-fangled style. He packed his hat and returned to Columbia by his line—not by stealing railroad rides.

"Shove" went to Mexico as a volunteer. While crossing the Gulf of Mexico, he got into a difficulty with one of his officers, knocked him down, and when an attempt was made to arrest him, jumped overboard and struck out—where he didn't know. He was rescued, but the officer declined to press the matter. He had been presented with a Bible (as were all the company) by Dr. Benj. M. Palmer; he put the good book in an inner pocket, and thought no more of it. At the Churubusco fight, a bullet struck him and penetrated the Bible more than half through. His comment was that he always heard the good book "was a means of saving grace"—it certainly saved "Shove." On his return he got control of "The Lighthouse," northeast corner of Gervais and Lincoln streets—recently removed by the Seaboard Railroad authorities—where he dispensed fluids and manipulated "short cards."

A "Stiff Dummy."

Mrs. Sarah Brown, a woman connected with a good family in Camden, whose husband was postmaster in that town, and was killed in a difficulty with Dick Brunson, removed to Columbia, with her young son, John, and opened a house of questionable reputation on

Gervais street (now occupied by the Murray Drug Co.) John died, and "Shove" had the corpse carried to his saloon, where he was "laid out" up stairs. The three sitters-up got tired of talking, and a game of "dummy" whist was proposed, "Shove" agreeing to take the corpse as his partner. The novelty of the idea pleased the other spiritualists. Brown's stiffening body was strapped in a chair, and the game proceeded. Luck ran against the corpse-partner, when "Shove" slapped it, and used strong language about his being "no good." The ex-soldier was really a kind-hearted man, but famous for his out-of-the way proceedings.

Fishing First, Work Afterwards.

"Shove" was a great fisherman, as was his employer, Mr. Albert Sidney Johnston, for whom our former park was named. Employed and employer would take a notion to go fishing, when hurried work was on hand, and even take the colored pressman, Peter, along—to get bait, prepare the tackle and look after lunch. The foreman would be horrified, but Mr. J. was boss. Mr. Johnston's sole reply would be: "Monsieur, work can wait, but Shivernell cannot; and I require a little recreation."

Wonderful Pumpkins in Virginia.

My first recollection of Mr. Johnston was the wonderful stories he would tell about Virginia. "Lightwood Knot Springs" was a sort of resort for Columbians. It was run by Mr. Stephen Smith and his wife. The springs are still there—a few miles from town, on the now Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad—but the cottages have disappeared. Mr. Johnston was a young man at the time and newly arrived from Virginia; ran a printing office, and in connection with Mr. DuBose, of Fairfield, published *The Telescope*. One of his stories impressed me as something truly wonderful. It was to this effect: His father had a brood sow of fine stock, which suddenly disappeared. Search was made for her, and finally they found an immense pumpkin vine growing on the banks of a creek running through his farm. The vine was of unusual size and extended across the creek aforesaid—so large, in fact, that Mr. Johnston, Sr., had no trouble in using it as a bridge. He crossed and after a walk of several hundred yards, came to an immense pumpkin; hearing grunting and similar noises, he walked around the monster vegetable, and there, comfortably ensconsed within its shell, was his lost hog and thirteen pigs. The animal had eaten the inside and left the shell only.

Doctors No Good, Mr. Lindfors Thought.

Mr. C. J. Lindfors and his clerk, Diedrick, occupied rooms adjacent to Mr. Johnston, on Stanley's alley, on the site of the Bryan Printing Co. Mr. L. had an ugly wound on the leg, caused by a "snag," and Dr. Fair had given him directions as to a peculiar poultice to be applied to the wound when he was ready for bed. Diedrick and Mr. L. were celebrating some German festival, and evidently got a little mixed when putting on the medicament. In the morning, Mr. Lindfors "raised Cain" and aroused the neighboring sleepers—declared doctors were no good, and that instead of the poultice helping his wounded leg, it had made the other sore. Mr. Johnston, attracted by the unusual noise, dressed and visited his neighbor's room, and made the discovery that the preparation intended to relieve the bad leg had been put on the good one. Mr. Johnston, as was his inevitable custom, put his hands under his coattails and stalked out. Mr. Lindfors calmed down.

"Up in a Balloon."

Bob McWhirter was a noted "sport" and all-around good fellow, who made Columbia his headquarters for a time during the fifties. One day, in company with a number of friends, he was boasting of what he could do, and the fun-loving butcher, Mr. Nathaniel Pope, offered to bet him a race-horse against $3 that he wouldn't go up in a balloon. A hot-air aeronaut, Wells, was to make an ascension next day, from the hill on which the upper reservoir is now located, on the southeast corner of Richland and Gates streets. An arrangement was made with Wells, and McWhirter prepared himself for his dangerous feat by getting "full." He contracted to distribute a lot of circulars during his flight; but as the smoky vessel shot upward, a rope caught, the basket tilted, and McWhirter had to hold on like grim death—the circulars were distributed without trouble. The amateur aeronaut ascended somewhat intoxicated, but when he came down he was thoroughly sobered. The balloon lodged in a tree in the cemetery, and McWhirter reached terra firma unhurt. Mr. Pope's comment on the fool-hardy exploit was: "McWhirter, you're a d—d—er fool than I thought you were; come and get the horse." The winner magnanimously returned the animal for $25.

When the war came on, McWhirter volunteered in Capt. Tom Taylor's troop of mounted men. His "green cloth" and his famous horse, "Gimlet," were well known. While on a scout with Capt.

James McFee, their little squad rode out into the "open," and half a mile off loomed up a regiment of Federal mounted men. The order was quietly given to retire; they soon heard the yells of the pursuers, and then it was "every man for himself." Mc.'s horse was not equal to the emergency, and was soon left behind. "Good-bye, Cads; Gimlet's give out!" yelled Mc., and was soon overhauled. He made two attempts to escape and nearly reached Richmond, but was recaptured. I heard nothing more of him until some years after the close of the war, when in Charlotte, N. C., I recognized him, and inquired "if he was not the man who went up in a balloon from Columbia, S. C., about 1857?" "Yes," was the reply. "Come here and tell these d—d cusses about it—they don't believe me." I satisfied them by my account of the affair, which highly gratified the hero of the event.

Mr. Mc. changed his green cloth to Lancaster, S. C. He had as a servant a colored boy whom he thoroughly relied upon; but the temptation of a fancy pair of pants, with $300 in the pocket, was too much for the "brother," and he skipped, but was soon afterwards caught and imprisoned. McWhirter was furious at the loss of his pants, didn't care a cuss about the money, as he could get more, and vowed vengeance against the criminal; but when the poor fellow promised never to steal again, Mc. restored him to his good graces, after exploding a few strong epithets, and giving as an excuse for his leniency, "That all men would steal if they got a chance, and the scads were big in amount." Mc. died a few years ago in Lancaster.

Wore One Pair Wedding Gloves Thrice.

My old friend, Mrs. Jane Reeder, was married three times—Charles Oliver, William C. Reeder and Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga. It is of the last marriage I propose to speak. It was a terribly cold night. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mrs. M. W. Stratton, a cousin, on the northeast corner of Gervais and Assembly streets. The bride was arrayed in full dress, with low neck and short sleeves. The groom wore a suit of Kentucky jeans, a pair of brown woolen gloves covering his hands. After the conclusion of the ceremony, and while the assembled friends were playing the agreeable, the Doctor blurted out, "My dear, I can say what you can't—these gloves," holding up his hands, "have performed the same duty twice before." Imagine the feelings of the handsomely attired bride. The groom was noted for his carelessness in dress.

The third Mrs. Thompson only lived about three years. Dr. T. married again. Years afterwards I met the old gentleman in the lobby of the Kimball House, of which he was the principal owner. I did not recognize him, but heard some one address me by name; he came forward and saluted me, saying, pleasantly, that my not recognizing him was due to his change of style of dress—or his "good clothes," as he expressed it. Wife No. 4 looked after his apparel, and cured him thoroughly of his careless habits. He was decked in a broadcloth suit, and there were no tobacco stains around the corners of his mouth.

Dr. Thompson owned a large amount of land in the then village of Atlanta, and held on to it, until he realized excellent prices. He was the proprietor of the first hotel erected there—the Trout House, the eating place for railroad passengers for many years entering the "Gate City," as it was soon dubbed. One day, a traveler had eaten dinner, and stopped to pay for the satisfactory meal. "Landlord," he said, pleasantly, "what do you charge for dinner?" "We charge one dollar; but cash fifty cents," was the reply of Boniface. "Well, charge it, then," and he sauntered out. The account is still open. "I never jested with passengers after that," added the ex-landlord.

Landlord and Yellow Fever Guest.

Mr. A. M. Hunt, of the United States Hotel, located on the south-east corner of Main and Lady streets, was a landlord of the old Virginia style—everything clean and comfortable, and food well prepared. His good wife aided him materially. A guest was strictly a guest, was the old gentleman's idea, sick or well. During a yellow fever epidemic in Charleston, a stranger came up and quartered with Mr. Hunt. He was taken ill that night, and his physician pronounced it yellow fever. The case was reported to the Board of Health, and those officials ordered the patient removed to quarters which would be prepared for him. This Mr. H. refused to allow, saying the man was his guest, and would stay where he was until he got well or died. The Town Council was called together and issued a peremptory order of removal. In the meantime, Mr. Hunt had loaded his double-barreled gun with buck-shot, and stationed himself at the sick man's door. Beverly Nash, his major domo, was sent into the room to nurse the patient. The officials soon arrived and gave the orders of the Council; to which Mr. Hunt replied, there was no danger, as yellow fever could not live here. The officers insisted—saying their orders were peremptory. Mr.

H. replied, that there were thirty buck-shot in each barrel (patting his fowling-piece), and the first man who attempted to interfere with anybody in his house, would get one or both. He was then informed that all his boarders would leave if the fever patient remained. The reply was, that they could leave and be d—d. The sober second-thought, backed up by the gun, prevailed. The guests decided, that if the landlord was not afraid of the contagion, they shouldn't be, and none left. The patient recovered. The affair occurred when I was quite a youngster; so, to be sure that I was correct in my recollection, I asked Nash about it. He said, in reply, that he was scared nearly to death and thought of jumping out of the window; but he knew old marster's disposition, and that shot could fly faster than he could jump, so he remained.

It is due to Beverly Nash to say that he assisted in the support of Mrs. Hunt during the balance of her life. He didn't "hanker after" old marster, however.

Recognizing a Peculiar Habit.

John Robinson, the veteran showman, put in an appearance here a few months before his death, and made inquiries about numbers of his old acquaintances. The name of a hotel man he could not recollect, but got up from his chair, and stepped around rapidly, looking at the ceiling. I understood at once, and replied, "Mr. Davis Caldwell." "That's it; how did you guess?" he queried. It was Mr. Caldwell's habit when trying to sneeze to run out and look at the sun. It made no difference whether engaged in conversation or whatever he might be doing, he must have his sneeze.

Knew the Lord's Prayer.

"Dad" Wadlow was a good-hearted, all-around Baltimore sporting man, who would take chances on anything—from a fly alighting on a lump of sugar to a little pair of deuces at poker. "Dad" claimed to have been brought up by religious parents, and that he was a regular attendant at Sunday School. "Bet you $5 that you can't say the Lord's Prayer," was the reply of a listener. "Now I lay me down to sleep," began the witty man. "Here's your money," replied his opponent; "but I'll get even with you." He would divide his last dollar with a distressed individual. A great friend of his (Lou. C.), a fellow-sport, died, and "Dad" wrote a letter, directed to his Satanic Majesty, and put it in the dead man's hands, placed a similar direction on the ace of spades and nailed it to the coffin. And yet he was not of a heartless nature by any

means, but only wanted to put on a dare-devil air. The Lord's Prayer story may have originated elsewhere, but "Dad" certainly got it off and pocketed the money. Like a joke attributed to Mr. James L. Petigru, who replied in his squeaky voice, "Sheridan was credited with that joke a hundred years ago, and it was believed that he stole it."

Editorials—Lengthy vs. Short.

Mr. Samuel Weir established and edited *The Chronicle,* and he made it warm for parties who opposed him. Col. A. H. Pemberton, of *The South Carolinian,* would occasionally have a spat with Mr. Weir. At one time they went into personalities. Mr. W. and his wife did not agree and she left him and returned to her Pennsylvania home, leaving her two children—George and Catharine—here. Mr. P. and his mother disagreed, and she returned to her old home. Col. P. would publish an editorial of from one to three columns in length, while Mr. Weir could ventilate any subject in from twenty to fifty lines—seldom more. Col. P., in one of his lengthy articles, charged Mr. W. with whipping his wife and running her off. Mr. W. replied in a few terse lines, to the effect that it *was* bad for a man to whip his wife, and some parties might believe the false report; but if it was bad to beat a wife, how much worse was it to whip the mother that bore you, and throw her into a well. As soon as he read this article, Col. P. grasped a cowhide and limped down to the office of the offender; but friends of the parties were on hand and prevented any belligerent act. The breach was patched up—Mr. W. saying he rather thought one report was about as true as the other. Occasionally *The Chronicle* editor would meet with a Roland, who would match his Oliver; but didn't hesitate to publish these communications, even though some of them were caustic. An opponent ventured into doggerel to this effect:

> Then Weir and his d—d Chronicle
> May go to Texas or to Hell.

Mr. W. had a deep bass voice—which would have called for a rasp to smooth it down, while his daughter, Miss Kitty, sang remarkably sweet. Mr. W. was a great temperance man, and attended the meetings of the "Total Abstinence Society" regularly. They adopted the plan of having certain speakers, and after these "regulars" had finished, volunteers could ventilate themselves, while the officials would pass through the room—Carolina Hall—and obtain signatures to the pledge. The subject of a choir was discussed several times, but no definite action was taken. One night,

during a lull in the proceedings, a loud voice, aided by a pretty sounding soprano, "Oh, Come, Come, Away," etc., was heard. The choir was organized before the next meeting. This youngster was invited to join the choir, but without practice; he made only one appearance—was never asked to come again.

Drew the Line at Unnecessary Articles.

Mr. O. Z. Bates was very methodical in all his actions. At 12 o'clock he would go to dinner, and some of his neighbors declared that they could tell midday better through Mr. Bates than by referring to the clock. He made it a point to give credit to any individual who showed a disposition to work and meet his obligations, but surprised one of his debtors on one occasion. Christmas was approaching, and the man was having an order put up. He mentioned nutmegs. "Can't have that," exclaimed Mr. Bates; "I promised to furnish you with necessary supplies; nutmegs are not necessary." The nonplussed countryman explained that he only wanted flavoring for his Christmas Cake. "No," said the grocer; "I won't credit you for such useless articles, but I'll give you enough to flavor your cake." This he did.

Woe-betide the individual who attempted to inquire into his affairs, or to question any of his proceedings—they would get more than they bargained for. "Well," was his favorite expression—a sort of starter for any question that he felt disposed to talk about. Mr. Bates filled the position of Warden of the town for several terms; he was also Treasurer of Elmwood Cemetery for a number of years. He was truly an honest man—acting on the "square," in all of his undertakings. Two of his boys served through the war. Ben kept his old uniform, and would proudly show several bullet-holes in the garments. He soon followed his father to the grave.

Fell From Grace—Havis Gladden.

Rev. Manning Brown, an earnest and successful evangelist (who died several years ago in the lunatic asylum, from an overworked brain and religious excitement), was doing very efficient work in Columbia and elsewhere. Among his converts was Mr. Havis Gladden (a brother of the gallant General), a firm believer in the adage, "Have all the amusement you can in this world." Mr. G. kept up well for several months; he would talk earnestly on religion, and for the time avoided "stimulants." There came an unusually cold spell, and Fisher's Pond (then a respectably-sized body of water) was frozen over. A number of individuals went down to try their luck

at sliding, and a few to exhibit their skill in skating. A party of friends met Mr. G. and invited him to join them. He willingly consented. On passing "Johnny Stork's" comfortable little saloon, it was proposed to go in and partake of a hot punch. The proposition was acceded to, and, of course, several drinks followed—the hot spirits and the nipping weather having a bad effect on Mr. G., causing him to forget his good resolutions. Arriving at the pond, the fun immediately commenced, and several slip-ups were recorded—some even breaking through the thin ice near the middle. Mr. G. could not resist the temptation of a trial of the exciting sport, and ventured on the ice, carefully at first; but, gaining confidence, he made a strike-out, his feet flew from under him, down he came, and struck his head and the back of his neck on the unyielding ice. As soon as he recovered from the effects of the jar, he raised himself to a half-sitting position, and slowly muttered, "Haven't I played the devil; fell from grace and broke my d—d neck." He never fully recovered from the effects of the fall.

Not Such Seats as These.

Many old residents will remember Mrs. Peckham (*nee* Beard), a former resident of Columbia, who would "touch the beam at 300 pounds." On the occasion of a trip to the flowery land many years ago, as she was getting in the stage to go from Micanopy to Alligator, one of the passengers was Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, member of Congress from Alabama, who weighed nearly 450 pounds (when he attempted to take his place among the nation's law-makers, it was found that no chair would hold him, so one had to be built expressly for his use); some one called out, "Seats for nine." "But not such seats as these," replied Mrs. P., looking at Mr. Lewis pleasantly. Three to a seat was the stage allowance.

Wouldn't Stand Him Off.

Mr. John O'Hanlon was a "sport" of the old style. He owned a livery stable, was a great lover of horses, would bet on anything, and was hard to beat in a horse trade. One day he was riding slowly along Main street on his favorite mare, and a little loaded spiritually. A friend hailed him, with an inquiry as to the price of the animal he bestrode. "$275," was the prompt answer. "I'll give you $75," replied the inquirer, in a bantering tone. "She's yours," said Mr. O'H.; "I never let $200 stand me off in a horse trade," as he threw his leg over the saddle. "Three fingers" settled the matter satisfactorily.

MEXICAN VOLUNTEERS.

Necessary to Hold Up His Trousers.

Pat Leonard, a gallant Irishman, served faithfully in the Mexican war, and was severely wounded. In one of the battles—Contreras, I believe—several flag-carriers were shot down, and finally the staff was broken short off, and the flag partially torn away. Pat seized the colors, tied them around his waist, and carried them in that position through the fight. He was wounded severely in the hip, which caused him to limp for the rest of his days. He died on Sullivan's Island, and his remains were interred in the sand there. At a reception, barbecue and presentation to the returned Mexican volunteers on the campus of the South Carolina College, John S. Preston, Esq., was the orator of the day. Many individuals were called upon and made short responses, Pat Leonard among them. Pat got up, smiling pleasantly as he looked around upon the immense assemblage gathered to do them honor; then picking up Mr. Preston's hat, which stood near, said: "My friends, I'm not much on speaking; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll hold the hat of the finest gentleman and the best speaker in South Carolina, while he talks for me a little." He was loudly applauded and Mr. Preston responded very aptly, during which he referred in complimentary and deserving words to the bravery of the Irishman, and the tying the colors around his waist as a last resort. "Whist, your Honor," was the reply of the bashful Irishman to this statement: "it was to hold up my breeches." Which, of course, brought thunders of applause, and Pat disappeared.

Swords Not Received.

It was at this reception that swords with silver scabbards were to be presented to the officers of the regiment, while the privates were to receive silver medals. The privates obtained their medals, but the officers, with the exception of four (Major Moye, of Chester, being one), never received their swords. The four referred to were obtained from Messrs. Glaze & Radcliffe to be used for presentation purposes; but the last four to receive the swords construed literally and retained possession. The jewelers were paid for the four presentation weapons; but as to the others, I never could get at the reason of the failure to comply with the Act of the Legislature.

Gen. Shields' Sword with Gold Scabbard.

The handsome blade, with a gold scabbard, presented by this State

to Gen. Shields, in whose brigade the Palmetto Regiment fought gallantly in the war with Mexico, is exhibited in its handsome case in the government museum in Washington. Gen. Shields complimented them highly for their bravery—particularly the storming of the Castle of Chapultepec. Some of the soldiers who fought *under* Gen. S. in Mexico, fought *against* him in the "War Between the States," and it is said the General greatly regretted it. Gen. S. was shot through the body in one of the Mexican battles, but was satisfactorily attended by a Mexican surgeon.

"Who Kapes the Kayes?"

A good-natured Irishman, "Sugaroo" Kelly, was an excellent soldier in Mexico unless he got hold of pulque. He was captured by the Mexicans, but his eccentric actions caused them to think he was crazy and they released him. On his return to Columbia, at the close of the hostilities, he met with a warm reception, went to his home and attempted to make up for lost time, but it was a vain effort. His regular rig was a blue suit of ancient style, but his hat was a curiosity—it certainly belonged to a long past age. "Sug." rode a mule that evidently knew how to balance his master, as the old man was never landed on the ground. Mr. D. Caldwell had given him an invitation to stop at his hotel whenever he was in town—for really "Sug." was a drawing card; his witty sayings were proverbial and a crowd was generally on hand when he was known to be there. He misbehaved in the dining room one day, Mr. C. thought, and he quietly walked the offender out. "Sug." returned, closed the door between the dining room and the office, but without putting down the bolt, turned and pocketed the key, then going around by an open window on the north side of the building he shook the key, and called out, "Mr. Davis Caldwell, you're a very foine man, but I'd like to know who kapes the kayes?" mounted his mule and started for home—never appearing in Columbia again, as he was carried off by fever in a few days.

Consumption Cured—Dr. Barkuloo.

A young man, named Barkuloo, apparently far gone in consumption, volunteered in Capt. Wm. D. DeSaussure's company to help clean out the Mexicans. Objection was made to receiving the delicate man, but Capt. D. said the climate might benefit him, and he would make him his clerk. Mr. B. shouldered his musket several times, and performed his duty on the field of battle. At Churubusco, he was struck in the chest with a copper shot and severely wounded.

A captured Mexican surgeon undertook to look after the wounded man. Pus exuded from the wound in the chest—the breast-bone was stove in—and the surgeon thought he must have been wounded the day before and mortification had set in; but on examination of the parts found the lungs in bad condition. The wound was at once looked after, the lung cleaned thoroughly, necessary ointment applied, and in a few weeks the soldier was a well man. He returned to Columbia, married a daughter of Mr. Stephen DeBruhl, formed a copartnership in the drug business with Dr. Boatwright, and remained here until the death of his wife, when he located in Macon, Ga., and lived in his Georgia home for a number of years.

Mexican War Survivors—Who will Get the Vase?

The possession of the famous Jackson silver vase will, doubtless, soon be decided. Gen. Andrew Jackson presented a gold snuff box to the State of New York, to be awarded to the soldier from that State who should prove to be the bravest man in a war with any foreign power; while to the State of South Carolina (his place of birth) was awarded a handsome silver vase, with similar directions. The vase was left in the hands of Capt. W. B. Stanley for a number of years. Finally, at a meeting of the Mexican veterans, it was decided to put the vase in charge of the State officials, to be held temporarily, then turned over to the last survivor, as an heir-loom. There are but few of the vets. left. Major J. D. Blanding, of Sumter; Mr. Orlando Levy, of Charleston, and Mr. Spencer Percival, of Richland, are all that I can hear of.

From Columbia, S. C., to Savannah, Ga.

We are all delighted at the success of our steamboat line to Georgetown. It is not known by many of our citizens, that up to fifty years ago we had regular communication between Columbia and Charleston, and in an emergency the run could be extended to Savannah, Ga. Capt. B. T. Elmore, with his company of one hundred men, left this town in 1836, on the steamer James S. Boatwright, and went through to that favored Georgia city. The soldiers volunteered for three months service to help clean out Oceola, Billy Bowlegs and their Seminole braves. Oceola was captured through an improper use of the flag of truce, carried to Fort Moultrie and there imprisoned, where he starved himself to death, and the slab over his grave is still to be seen outside the walls of the fort, with the simple inscription, "Oceola, Chief and Warrior." There are none of the survivors of the Florida campaign left.

TRAGICAL AFFAIRS.

Three Murderers Hanged at Once.

My first recollection of the terrible was the hanging of three negroes, belonging to Col. John Singleton, for the murder of the overseer, McCaskill. Colored people could go anywhere at that time, when accompanied by a white child, and as there were several young women servants at Mrs. Hillegas', where we boarded, I was much sought after—my mother never dreamed of where I was often carried. On the occasion above referred to, one of them offered to take me, and I immediately agreed. The place of execution was an open lot on the southwest corner of Gervais and Lincoln streets. The next affair of the kind was the execution of a white man, named Adams, for the brutal murder of a Mrs. McEvoy, an illicit liquor seller, on Boundary street, near Elmwood avenue.

Sanders Died "Game."

I have seen a good many individuals depart by the "rope route," but Arthur Sanders, a young soldier, said to be from Virginia, who killed the notorious "Dutch Rose," on southwest corner of Gates and Lady streets, displayed more "nerve" than I have ever witnessed. His victim was choked, but lingered several days, unable to articulate. The other females in the house gave a description of the suspected party, and he was traced to and captured in Montgomery, Ala., while attempting to run the blockade to New Orleans. It is not believed that Sanders intended murder, but only robbery, as it was known that "Dutch" had valuable jewelry, and it was thought that she had money. On arriving at the place of execution (the open square south of the South Carolina College, now used as base-ball grounds), the only request that the condemned man made was for Sheriff Dent to delay the execution until the last minute possible, during which time he sat in the carriage chatting pleasantly with the officers and newspaper men—who did not give an account of the execution, by special request, neither before nor after the event. Not so particular now-a-days. The only evidence of any special interest was the repeated turning of the head in the direction of the Governor's residence, as he knew that an appeal numerously signed had been presented for Executive clemency. But Gov. M. L. Bonham paid no attention to the paper, and the law properly took its course. Sanders walked up the steps to the gallows with a priest on either side, but the slight physical aid they furnished seemed

unneeded. As the black cap was drawn over his face, he deliberately said, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," and died without apparent movement. It was a terribly hot day, and several of Capt. R. D. Senn's men were overcome by the heat. Before the trial and conviction, Sanders implicated several men, but afterwards withdrew all these charges. One of the parties, Arthur Dabney, was so alarmed that he hurriedly went to Virginia. He reached Petersburg Wednesday evening, went to the front at once, and was killed next day by the premature discharge of a gun. And thus was the beginning of a series of tragedies which followed this robbing event.

Sanders' body was carried to St. Peter's Catholic Church, where it remained until the next day—the coffin open and several "Sisters" in attendance, and visited by hundreds of the curious. It was then deposited in the church-yard adjacent, where it remained undisturbed for twenty-four hours. A foolish report was circulated to the effect that Sanders was not dead, and a committee of prominent citizens waited upon the Governor and requested him to issue an order for the remains to be disinterred, which was done, and on Sunday morning, against the earnest protest of the church officials, the grave was opened and the body examined. There was no doubt but that the criminal was dead. The head was terribly swollen and the face almost black, but the identification was satisfactory.

Wholesale Robbery Attempted.

Circumstances connected with the robbery and murder of "Dutch Rose" are known to a few parties still living, but they are of such a nature, so extended and so beyond ordinary belief, that they would form a story of themselves, and would be termed exaggerations. Robbery wholesale in its character was to have been carried out, but somebody "squealed," and most of the parties escaped harm at the time. All of those implicated came to untimely ends—the innocent as well as the guilty. Ned Beraghi was known to carry on his person a considerable amount in specie; but he received a hint, and "hid out," and so foiled the would-be robbers. Ned was afterwards killed in his saloon, northeast corner of Lady and Assembly streets. Two were killed in Columbia.

Knife and Cage Rake.

A bloody affair occurred one night at a menagerie where the Nunnery now stands. The theatre building stood nearly a hundred feet from Plain street, and the authorities allowed a temporary use of a part of the street. An Irishman, named Lynch, was killed

within a few feet of where I sat with my colored protector. It seems that two young men of good families had left their seats for a short time, and Lynch sat down in one of the vacant places. When the parties returned, the seat was claimed and refused, when words occurred and Lynch knocked them both down. As soon as they regained their feet, one of them picked up a cage-rake and struck the unfortunate man in the head with it, while the other stabbed him with a knife. I remember the terror of the crowd, the roaring of the animals, excited by the smell of blood, and the speedy exit of all parties from the tent. I was mounted on the shoulders of some one, who was afraid I would be trampled upon in the wild rush for a place of safety—some foolish creature shouting that "the lion had got out." The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that either of the wounds would have caused death. One of the murderers got away and has never been brought to trial, but the other was acquitted. Col. Wm. C. Preston defended him, and in one of his magnificent perorations, waving his arms above his head, knocked his wig off; it was picked up immediately and stuck back again, but "hind part before." There did not seem to be a titter in the audience—they were so fearful that it might attract the attention of the gifted orator, and cause a break in his wonderful argument. D. J. McCord, Esq., as the speaker sat down, said, "William, your wig is awry." "Thank you," was the quiet reply, and the covering was properly adjusted.

Although acquitted, the conscience of the murderer troubled him, and it is said that he never passed an entire night in bed, but wandered restlessly about the house—getting the most of his necessary sleep after daylight. I know of other similar cases. The poor mother was delighted at her son's release; but is credited with the frequent use of the quotation: "The mother of the murdered sleepeth, but the mother of the murderer sleepeth not."

Governor Out of Reach.

A man under the influence of liquor refused to leave a saloon, and the police were called in to put him out, or lock him up if he resisted. He attempted to defend himself and threatened to kill his would-be arresters. The officers persisted and he shot and killed one of them, Tom Cross. At the trial, it was charged that the killing of Cross was on account of an old grudge. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Dr. Wm. Reynolds, an old citizen and a level-headed man, had his doubts as to the justice of the sentence, and in pursuing his investigations, was assured by

Policeman Starling that he did not believe the prisoner intended to shoot Cross; that he had powder marks on his face, which showed conclusively to his mind that he only meant to resist what he thought was an unjust arrest. Dr. R. made a thorough and rapid investigation into the circumstances, and feeling satisfied that an unjust punishment was to be inflicted, rushed to the Governor's office to lay the matter before his Excellency; but Gov. R. F. W. Allston had gone to his plantation, sixteen miles from Georgetown, and the execution was to be the next day. The South Carolina Railroad authorities offered to furnish a fast train to Charleston, but it would have been impossible to reach Georgetown by steamboat and then get over the sixteen miles to the Governor's plantation. The prisoner was hanged the next day, and a sensational scene occurred; the rope broke, and the poor fellow fell to the ground, breaking his back by striking the supporting bar; he was lifted up, only feebly resisting, and swung off again—this time successfully. The screams and groans of the colored witnesses were terrible to hear. Gov. Allston on his return was made acquainted with the circumstances, and intimated that he would certainly have interfered with the carrying out of the execution. He further declared that he would never again absent himself from the Executive office, or be out of reach of communication. Previous to Radical reign, the Governor could not leave the State without permission of the Legislature. Governor A. was within the borders of the State, but a messenger could not have reached him under twelve or fourteen hours. How railroads and telegraph wires have annihilated time.

Murder, Not Suicide.

About twenty-five years ago, the community was horrified at the reported suicide of a young man, son of an old and highly-respected citizen. He had been seen the night before about twelve o'clock in apparent good spirits. The next morning, a laborer going to work at an early hour, found the body on the side of the path near the river. The body was lying on the left side, and a pistol, with one barrel discharged, held in the right hand. An inquest was held, the body was examined and a bullet through the brain was found to be the cause of death. The verdict of the jury was suicide. A skillful detective, who was engaged in State service, took an interest in the affair, and made inquiries into the matter. He found that there were no powder-burns on hair or face, and the range of the bullet showed that the weapon could not have been held in such a way as to inflict such a wound without powder-burns; that a person

instantly killed would fall flat, the muscles relaxing, and it would be physically impossible to retain the position in which the body was found. The doctor was informed of the circumstances, and was so impressed with the proof which the detective advanced, that he exclaimed, "The d—d rascal is right; I'll have the jury recalled and a proper verdict rendered; I did nothing but report the range of the bullet." The doctor and the detective were at "daggers' points," but that didn't prevent the good soul listening to reason. The family objected to reopening the matter. The detective went on a quiet hunt, and secured evidence to prove conclusively that the unfortunate young man had been treacherously shot by a soldier.

Was it Providential Punishment?

Bryant Bailey, a sporting man, who also kept a livery stable on the west side Sumter, near Blanding street, while on his way home, a mile or two in the country, on the Smith's Branch road, was murdered one night in 1872. It was known that he had won a considerable sum of money at cards that night, and he was believed to have it on his person. When the body was examined, the next day, it was discovered that his watch and whatever money he had in possession, had disappeared. His waiting man, Bob Cooper, was suspected of the crime, and was tried but acquitted. Some time afterwards Bob was stricken with paralysis, and could get along with the greatest difficulty. One of his colored friends, Nancy Pickett, took care of him until his death. Bob used to be a very dressy man—a regular dude. Some of the colored people gravely shook their heads, and said it was Bailey bewitching him. The matter was brought up recently, through some inquiries relative to another party with a similar name.

Forced Into a Duel.

During the Adams-Preston political campaign, in 1854, Dr. Ray, a wealthy physician and planter residing in the "Fork," got involved with Mr. Peter Gaffney, a slave owner and planter, but a man below him in social standing, who seemed disposed under any circumstances to force Dr. R. to meet him on the duelling field. The doctor could not get out of the affair honorably, as he conceived, so he accepted the challenge. The place selected was about seventeen miles below Columbia, on the left hand side of the McCord's Ferry road. The antagonists were promptly on hand, with their friends, and were soon placed in position. At the word, both parties fired, Dr. R.'s bullet cutting Mr. G.'s shoulder slightly, while his went wide of its intended mark. Dr. R.'s second then inquired if the other party

was satisfied. "No," was the reply of Mr. G. "I came here to fight, and, by God, I'm going to fight." The weapons were reloaded, the combatants took their places and the discharges seemed simultaneous, although it is claimed that Mr. G.'s weapon missed fire: and he fell dead—shot through the heart. It was one of the most exciting political contests which ever occurred in Richland District. The nearest approach to it being the "Bank" and "Anti" of six years before, when the slogan was:

There's the Bank discussion—
Anti's are done brown.

Fraudulent and Fatal Building.

"Parker Block," as it is called, on the west side of Main street, near Gervais, is one of the most famous, or *in*famous buildings in the city. It was intended to call it "Parker's Hall;" but an unreconstructed citizen said in the hearing of the thieving State Treasurer, that it would be properly named, provided the latter word was spelt *haul*. Parker changed his mind. It has been used for a variety of purposes—theatre, gambling house, barroom, with ten-pin alley and billiard table accompaniments. It was occupied several years by the Agricultural Commissioner. It finally got out of the hands of the State through manipulation of the famous Blue Ridge scrip, which the United States Supreme Court finally pronounced fraudulent. Immorality and crime of nearly every kind was practiced there at different times. Tom Dent was killed in a difficulty; Runkle, a young limb of the law from the North suicided; and portly George Hall (son of one of Columbia's first merchants of lang syne) fell down the front steps and literally broke his neck.

The great reformer, B. R. Tillman, Esq., first thoroughly ventilated himself in Parker's Hall before a Columbia audience. The upper portion of the building is now used for hotel purposes. Mosquitoes never trouble guests, because the ceilings are so lofty that the insects die before reaching feeding points.

Col. Cash, the Irrepressible.

Col. E. B. C. Cash, of Cash's Depot, Marion County, belonged to the school of irrepressibles. He was Colonel of a regiment from that section, and showed in battle that he was "every inch a man," but became very unpopular with his men. At the reorganization and election of officers, the Colonel was defeated. When he heard of the turn affairs had taken, he walked out, deliberately took off his coat, threw it on the ground, and challenged every man in the regiment to a fight, with fists or pistols. His "numerous" challenge was not

accepted, and the ex-Colonel quieted down and went home. Time passed, and the unfortunate duel with Col. Shannon, of Camden, occurred, in which the latter gentleman was killed. Col. C. was tried for the offence, but acquitted. His son, Bogan, while under the influence of liquor, killed a policeman in Cheraw, and fled. It was finally discovered that he was on his father's premises. For some reason, the Governor ordered a detachment of men from Columbia to arrest the criminal. The squad went down, surrounded Col. Cash's house, placed the Colonel under arrest, and prosecuted their search for Bogan, who was located in the barn. When called upon to surrender, he refused, and, it is said, fired upon them, when he was promptly shot dead. Old man Cash did not long survive his accumulated troubles.

"The Home" and "The Pulaski."

In 1838, occurred the twin disaster, loss off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, of "The Home," from New York to Charleston, and "The Pulaski," from the former port to Savannah, Georgia. On "The Home" were several Columbians—Capt. Davie Toms, a retired sea captain; Mr. James Anderson, a clothing merchant; Prof. Julius Nott (of the South Carolina College) and his wife, and several others. I had reason to remember the loss of "The Home," as Capt. Toms had promised to bring me a handsome present from New York—he was indignant at the insignificant souvenir which a fellow-boarder had brought me from a trip to that then distant metropolis—a French bon-bon (I have the picture in a scrap-book still). It was the loss of "The Pulaski" that caused the famous trial in Savannah, Ga., as to which of two parties—a male and a female—had first yielded up their lives, the question involved being a large amount of property, including slaves. It used to be currently reported that Senator Charles Summer was one of the lucky heirs, that he sold the negroes, pocketed the money, and became a rabid Black Republican. His friends deny this, and I have been unable to corroborate the report. After considerable argument, it was decided that the woman, being the weaker, had first expired. This decision was used in the famous Fair automobile tragedy in Paris a few years ago. The report as to Charles Summer occurred from a similarity of names of some of the parties.

The "Elephant's Loose."

Such was the exciting information communicated by a courier, who reached Columbia from Rabb's Mill (now Messer's) one day

during the forties. Robinson's Circus was on the way from Camden, when Romeo, the big elephant, refused to cross a bridge in that neighborhood, and when prodded by his keeper, killed the man and the horse he bestrode, and rushed excitedly away, trumpeting loudly. Couriers were sent off in different directions to warn the people. The DeKalb Rifles, of Camden, were notified, and the members of the company decided to go on a hunt for such big game. By the time they arrived, Romeo had quieted down somewhat, but had taken up a position in the pond, and the circus people could do nothing with him—were afraid to irritate him to too great an extent, as he was a powerful beast. Mr. Robinson lost patience, and told the Riflemen to "Kill the d—d brute; shoot his eyes out first." They opened fire on him, and as soon as he felt the bullets, he rushed for the bank, but several well-directed shots brought him down just as he got his feet on solid ground, when he fell down and began trumpeting vigorously (his sign of subjugation), but the firing was kept up until he was killed. Then the question arose as to what to do with the carcass. It was finally decided to throw earth over it, and a lot of men went to work with spades and shovels, and raised a small mountain over the remains. The dead man and horse were buried, the circus procession moved on, and the elephant-hunters returned to Camden.

All Joined to Do Honor.

Gregg's Hall, located on the southwest corner of Taylor and Main streets, was destroyed by what is believed to be an incendiary fire. A falling wall in the one-story part of the building (where the fire originated) killed two young men: Dannie Carrington and Phineas Frazee Squier, besides disabling ten or twelve others (firemen and volunteers), two of whom (Frank Beckham and Will Evans) never recovered from the effects. Tuesday, the day of the funerals, there was a general suspension of business, and it appeared as if the entire community walked in the procession. Squier was interred in the Presbyterian Church-yard, and afterwards the procession reformed and marched in the rain to Trinity, where the service for the dead was performed by the Rev. P. J. Shand—the rain falling on his bared venerable head. I noticed in the procession, walking arm-in-arm, Father J. J. O'Connell, of the Catholic Church, and Mr. Jacob Levin, acting Rabbi for the Israelites. They accidentally came together, and were good friends ever after. The supposed incendiary was not prosecuted, but only got two-thirds of his insurance claim.

Two Sons Come to Untimely Ends.

Mrs. Sarah Bynum, a motherly widow, who was beloved by everybody, maintained herself and two daughters by carrying on a small millinery establishment on the west side of Main street, above Walnut (now Blanding), for a number of years prior to 1845. She was the mother of two talented sons, members of the legal profession, who bid fair to make their marks in the world; but both came to untimely ends. Turner Bynum, an earnest Nullifier, was killed in a duel by B. F. Perry, Esq. (afterwards Provisional Governor), a sturdy Union man, who maintained his opposition to secession up to and throughout the "Civil War"—in fact, came near losing his life on account of the persistent advocacy of his principles. The duel was fought on Savannah River, in old Pendleton District, and young Bynum's remains were interred in the grave-yard attached to the famous "Old Stone Church." Alfred Bynum removed to Texas soon after the death of his brother, took part in the war for the independence of that State, was captured by the Mexicans, and massacred with a number of other prisoners at Golaid, by the orders of the brutal Mexican General, Santa Anna. Several descendants of good old Mrs. Bynum reside in Columbia.

The Four McKenzie Boys.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKenzie, well known residents of Columbia for fifty years, were the parents of eleven children—seven girls and four boys; but the family name will be extinct with the demise of the living members. All the boys came to their ends by accident or unnatural means—the one, while an infant, fell from the nurse's arms, and was killed; John died from the effects of an injury received in jumping over posts which formerly stood in front of the City Hall and Jail; George lost his right arm at South Mountain, wrote a letter home with his left hand ten days afterwards, but died eventually; Frank was killed in a difficulty with a soldier connected with the garrison here.

Two White Men Hanged for Killing a Negro.

It has often been asserted that a white man had never been executed in South Carolina for killing a negro. This is a mistake, in one instance at least, and I am satisfied there are others. Motley and Blackledge, professional hunters of runaway negroes, paid the death penalty in Colleton District for that crime. It was clearly proven that they deliberately tortured their victim to death, and were tried and convicted. Every effort possible was made by their

numerous relatives and friends to get them off, but Gov. John L. Manning was firm in his determination that justice should be done. Threats of rescue had been made, and his Excellency ordered a heavy guard to be in attendance, and no trouble occurred. A company of cavalry went up from Charleston overland, while an infantry force proceeded by boat as near as possible to the place of execution, at Walterboro. The only serious result was the death of one of the soldiers from a cold contracted on the trip. The affair was impressed upon me by the fact that the bodies of the murderers were brought through Columbia on the way to Kershaw, where they had resided, for interment. The stench was so perceptible that passing individuals hurried from the vicinity.

Unavailing Search for Bodies.

Soon after the completion of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, a heavy freshet washed away the track almost completely between Columbia and Alston. Wm. Spencer Brown, Esq., the engineer who constructed the road, and young Eddie McCollum, were drowned by a boat getting upset, while superintending repairs. The people turned out by hundreds to search for the bodies, and it was kept up night and day for fully a week. Parties would go in boats up the river, while others went along the banks, torches being used in profusion, but to no avail. The bodies had each got caught in the debris, and were not recovered until the waters had receded. It was a strange sight, which those who witnessed will never forget—the moving lights and shouts were weird-like. Mr. Brown lost his life through a desire that the railroad should be so located that passengers should enjoy the beautiful river scenery, instead of adopting the route afterwards followed by the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad.

Foiled the Grave Robbers.

James Patterson, a highly respected colored carpenter, who was killed by a fall from the roof of the house of Mr. Daniel Crawford, northeast corner of Lumber and Gates streets (the first house to be erected on the old parade ground), was buried in the much-used place of sepulture, and the family determined to prevent the body being carried off. They had a grave twelve feet square dug and of the same depth. A quantity of shavings were then put over the coffin, then a layer of earth; more shavings, and so on to the top. The robbing implements could not be forced through the shavings, and the dead body was not disturbed. His dutiful daughter, Mary Williams, secured his tomb-stone and keeps it in her house.

SHORT SKETCHES.

How They Became Free Men.

The death of Andrew Wallace, a highly respected and intelligent colored bricklayer, about a year ago, brings to mind some singular circumstances. A young Irishman, John Wallace, was the father by a colored woman whom he owned of three sons—Andrew, George and James. The white parent died in 1850, and his remains are in St. Peter's Church-yard. He had been educated for the priesthood, but as far as I can understand, had either never assumed priestly garments or had been silenced. At his death he left the mother and three children free by his will; but through some technicality the officials of St. Peter's entered suit and set aside the will. The boys had been advised by Mr. Isaac Coleman to practice and become efficient musicians, and this they promptly and successfully proceeded to do. Andrew learnt bricklaying; George became a barber, and James a painter. At Coleman's suggestion they would get permission from the Intendant to visit neighboring towns and villages—ostensibly to furnish music for balls and parties. Some of these professional calls were genuine, but others imaginary. Two days, three and four days were sometimes applied for, and the necessary passes willingly given. In the meantime, the mother had died. A call to Camden for four days extended to 1861, when Andrew and the family he had raised in Toronto, Canada, put in an appearance, where they have since remained. Andrew's *fiance,* the daughter of a highly respected colored carpenter, Lee, followed him to Canada. George became an officer in the British army, but I know nothing of James. Coleman was an unusually intelligent man, and during the sessions of the Legislature acted as reporter for the Charleston *Courier,* and had the credit of writing occasionally for the paper on different subjects. It got too warm for Coleman after the escape of the Wallace boys, and he disappeared between two days. His sons by a colored woman had been sent North to be educated. They both entered the army, and I learn were killed—the mother certainly obtained a pension for one of them. Emma Coleman and her daughter were respected by all who knew them—were charitable and willing nurses in sickness, giving their services without compensation. Maria, the daughter, married Charles Wilder, our former colored Postmaster. Coleman returned to his old home during Radical days, served as Magistrate for a time, became blind, and soon afterwards died at a good old age. Wilder and his

family removed to Washington City, remained several years, but finally returned to Columbia, where they died.

Bull-Penning—Tissue Ballots.

Elections are carried in a variety of ways. The popularity of the individuals running for office, or the amount of money one or the other may have, are powerful incentives. The bull-penning plan of fifty years ago was often used effectively. Purchasable or drink--able "independents" were secured and kept in buildings, properly cared for and watched over until election day, when they were brought out, marched in procession to the polling places, the votes deposited, and then the *independent* voters scattered. Sometimes, but not often, there would be a bolt, or the parties would sneak off, but it was a dangerous proceeding. During the famous Preston-Adams campaign (which it was said cost Col. John S. Preston fully $35,000, and Gen. James H. Adams about half that sum), all sorts of schemes were tried. Col. P. objected to the indiscriminate use of liquor, and introduced corn-meal and bacon, which seemed to work admirably—but it had its disadvantages: A well-known gentleman, who was careless in his dress, hearing that Col. P. was at "headquarters," called to see him; and was informed that he had just left, but his bacon and meal was all right, at the same time handing over packages of the necessaries mentioned. The party "pocketed the affront," took the provisions, and turned them over to a needy family in the neighborhood.

Then the ballot boxes had the bottoms neatly screwed on, so that they could be easily opened—although the tops would be sealed all right. Then the tissue ballots were tried very effectively—a Massachusetts idea. The "little jokers" were printed on onion-skin paper, thirty or forty, in some instances, folded up in a properly printed ticket and dropped in the receptacle. When the ballots were counted, the numbers did not tally; so all were put back, the proper number drawn out *indiscriminately,* and the others destroyed. Of course, the individual doing the drawing (usually a small boy) was instructed as to the difference between the onion-skins and the others, and drew the thin ones. "Necessity is the mother of invention," as the boy said when he used his hat to boil potatoes in; so all things are fair in love, law, war and elections; besides, "necessity knows no law," and "desperate cases require desperate remedies," etc. After a deal of manipulation, the "primary" was resorted to; Sambo was successfully eliminated, and now things move along smoothly—"the gentleman in black" yielding quietly to the inevitable.

Nat Pope's Pig.

Mr. Nathaniel Pope, the veteran butcher, who resided in Butcher Town, to the north of Columbia, and lived to a good old age, had characteristics peculiarly his own; he was liberal, kind-hearted and of a belligerent disposition, when imposed upon. He would occasionally get into scrapes, but his fists were his only weapons, and when the knock-out was over with, all ill-feeling seemed to have been forgotten. A party of Indians encamped in his neighborhood were thought to make raids on his pigs, but positive proof could not be obtained; so Mr. P. broke out in rhyme, gave the suspected Indians a castigation, and at the same time touched up some delinquents, in the meat line. We give the following extracts from his production, as his descendants and old friends would likely care to have it brought to their recollection:

Nathaniel Pope has lost a pig,
  Like many a one before;
But such a pig was never seen
  In Butcher Town, I'm sure.
It had a tail, just where pigs' tails
  Most usually are found,
Also a snout, with which sometimes
  He rooted up the ground;
His little tail, like other pig's,
  Was hairy, round and black—
Sometimes hung down between his legs,
  Sometimes curled on his back.

And then after a hundred or more stanzas he touches up other meat-stealers—debtors, thusly:

And many a loafer in the street
  Who struts and swells with pride,
Owes for the very coat he wears,
  And the butcher's bill beside.
To all such worthy gentlemen
  Nathaniel Pope sends greeting:
Unless you pay your butcher's bill,
  He'll stop you all from eating.

He Carried It Too Far.

Dick Waters was a famous chuck-a-luck and card manipulator—a fine looking and muscular man. His proposition to "chuck" players was in a sing-song whine to the effect:

All young men disposed to gamble,
Chuckaluck's a game that's easy to handle;
The more you put down less you take up,
And that's the game they call chuckaluck.

Dick generally wore a coat with brass buttons, and parties who watched closely caught on to his trick, and how he made such a success. He would put two dice in the box—sometimes only one—holding the other with his bent little finger. The query was then

propounded, "All down?" The box would be rattled against the buttons, giving the sound of three dice, while the sharp eyes caught whether high or low numbers were being played; the dice held by the finger would turn to suit the numbers, and the "suckers" be caught.

Dick and a chum "put up a job," as they thought, on a blacksmith in New Orleans, which came very near being serious. Dick's idea was to cover himself with a kind of stain, which would wear off in a few weeks; he was then sold as a slave, and when his natural color returned, make off. I suppose he must have been a blacksmith by trade, because it was said that his master was delighted with his skill, and willingly paid $1,000, which was asked—a low figure for a good workman. The owner evidently suspected something, for he had his new purchase chained to the anvil, and at night he was securely locked up. An attempt at escape was visited with such a severe whipping, that Dick submitted quietly, worked energetically and prayed for the early wearing off of the dye. His friends finally succeeded in raising the necessary funds for his release, with an addition to the original cost, and he barely escaped trouble with the authorities, as interfering with slaves was a very serious affair.

So-Called Historical Picture.

During a visit to the Metropolitan Museum at Central Park, a year or two ago, I was forced to let off a little surplus bile, with reference to the so-called historical picture representing old "John Brown Being Led Out to Execution." The painting is well done, and the portraits of Brown and the Sheriff are excellent, but it represents to the world a falsehood uncalled for. I was examining it, when, without thinking of parties behind me, who were evidently admiring the artistically executed representation of the preparations for the execution of this crazy fanatic, I said, in an undertone, "It is a burning shame that such a deliberate lie should be foisted upon the American people and the world at large." "What makes you say that?" put in a voice behind me. "Because, when a criminal is taken charge of by the officers, and is on his way to the place of execution, the crowd is kept back, while here negro women are reaching forward their babies to be kissed by the 'great emancipator:' and this notwithstanding the fact that lines of soldiers in inverted order extended from the jail, and closed in behind as the condemned man and the officers moved forward. There wasn't a colored person in sight; besides, such an exhibition would not have been allowed. I know what I am talking about. Furthermore, the soldiers form-

ing the guard were Virginia volunteer companies, dressed in different styles of uniform; while these are soldiers in the uniform of the United States, which was not adopted until several years afterwards. "Well, really," was the doubtful reply. "But what you say does sound reasonable, and the matter should be looked into," he finally added.

By-the-way, Mr. William Lesher, a resident of Columbia, was killed on the spot where John Brown was hung. Lesher, Captains Pressley Brown, W. H. Griffith and a squad of men were captured in 1865 by the Federals. Their captors annoyed them in a variety of ways—an opprobrious epithet being applied to Lesher, who knocked his insulter down, but was shot dead immediately. The killing of the entire party was only prevented by the prompt interference of the officers. It was a close call, Capt. Brown remarked, in speaking of the affair.

Only a Pleasant Talk—Widely Separated.

The handsome residence on the southeast corner of Lady and Bull streets (now the residence of Mr. Hudgins) was the scene of what was believed at the time to be an important gathering to discuss the condition of things in this section—a meeting between Gen. Canby, Commandant of this Department, Gov. Worth, of North Carolina, and Gov. Orr, of South Carolina. Col. L. D. Childs was present by invitation, as was also this individual, as a representative of the press, in case it was deemed advisable to give to the public the result of the conference. The Governors explained the condition of things in a very lucid manner—Gen. Canby appearing to understand and appreciate what was said, and seeming to coincide with their views. Gen. Canby finally said, in a pleasant tone of voice: "I think I fairly understand the matter thoroughly, and it will enable me to shape the course of things more readily. As it is nearing train time, I shall be compelled to leave you." After partaking of a stimulant, all parties accompanied him to his carriage. Turning as he was about to step in, he said, in a different tone of voice to that used but a short time before, "Remember, gentlemen, this is to be regarded as just a pleasant talk, and will not likely result in anything. Good-day." The driver tightened his reins, and the General departed. That was the last we saw of him, for he was soon afterwards ordered to the Black Hills. As the vehicle moved off, Gov. Orr quietly turned to Gov. Worth, with the brief comment, "I'll be damned." We returned to the house, one of the party saying, "Let's reverse the old adage, 'it's a long time between drinks,' and take

one in short order." It was done. Gen. Canby was killed in the Black Hills; Gov. (or Minister) Orr died in Russia; Gov. Worth in North Carolina, and Col. Childs in his home in Columbia. "I still live."

Quickest Trial on Record.

A trifling darkey from the lower part of the County of Richland, who was a known idler and thief, was caught stealing from a hard-working colored family. One day all the members were in the field at work, when one of them returned to the cabin for some purpose, and found a man inside, who had gathered together a lot of stuff and put it in the middle of the room, preparatory to carrying it off. Frightened, the thief grabbed two sides of bacon and a gun and ran off. Stealing to the amount of $25 constitutes grand larceny. Col. John T. Sloan, for the prisoner, and Solicitor Abney warmed up considerably in the attempt to prove and disprove the valuation of the stolen goods. The Judge, in charging the jury, stated that the removal of articles from their usual place of deposit and putting them on the floor, preparatory to carrying them off, settled the question as to grand larceny. The case was given to the jury and we filed out. In a few minutes a vote was taken, and we stood ten to two. There were two colored men on the jury, and they stood out in their opposition to the grand larceny feature. Israel Smith, a respectable colored man (formerly an Alderman, and the only member of the board who did not participate in the Opera House job), and another who had a good reputation also. I went to them, and said to Smith that I had known him all my life, and that his reputation for honesty stood high. His reply was, "This is a color case, and we must stand by our color;" which was endorsed by the other objector. "So," said I, "if a well known idling thief—proven so by colored and white witnesses—robs a hard-working family, you must uphold the thief and let the honest folks lose?" "I never thought of it that way," was the quick response, and we had a verdict at once. The jury returned into Court, with a verdict of "guilty of grand larceny." It was sentence day, and his case was disposed of at once, and that afternoon he was put to work on the canal.

A little darkey, not more than ten years of age, was being tried for killing a white child, by causing him to fall from a turn-table at the South Carolina Depot. "All of which occurred on the 31st of September," etc. It was but a short time to the dinner hour, and I "let her roll" without saying anything until the recess, when I called the attention of counsel to the mistake. The case was *nol prossed* by the Solicitor, after consulting with the Judge.

Caricatured Once Too Often.

Andy Baskin, a well known member of the legal fraternity, who thoroughly enjoyed a joke and was a well known mimic, is remembered by many. He used to annoy Mr. Joseph T. Zealy so frequently, that "Uncle Joe" would frequently hurl a rough expression in reply to a supposed question from the joker, and find out afterwards the mistake he had made. Henry Taylor, a man who stuttered fearfully, was the subject of Andy's skill at mimicking on many occasions. Henry tried a hum-bugging so-called "professor," who impressed his patient with the belief that he had benefited him. Henry had a fight with Minturn, the hotel man, who got him down and was pounding him severely, when Taylor whipped out his knife and slashed him in the eye, putting out that useful member. He was prosecuted and Baskin defended him. I rather guess that lawyer and client had imbibed before the case began: at all events, such grandiloquent language was used in the defence as to excite mirth all over the Court House—even the Judge quietly smiled. Much to the disappointment of the parties interested, Henry was fined $300, which he made light of, and paid promptly. As I said before, the stutterer thought he had been broken of this ugly habit, and he would sometimes say to parties similarly afflicted, "Go-o-o-o to-o-o the-e-e man-n-n that-t-t cure-cure-cured me," shaking his right leg behind him vigorously at the same time. Andy was aware of this peculiarity and would sometimes imitate him wonderfully. Henry heard of it, and expressed his disapproval. With a party of chums one day, something was said about Henry, when Andy began his amusing performance; but Henry happened to be passing, and without saying a word, let drive with his fist and downed the discomfited lawyer—who had sense enough to lie still until his antagonist shuffled off, muttering, "I-I-I tol-tol-told yo-yo-you to-to-to stop-stop -stop it-it-it." I think he did. Henry was brave, but easily ruffled, and then you would have to look out.

History of a Gold Snuff-Box.

About the time it was decided to erect the new State Capitol of South Carolina, two brothers, named Hammarkshold, natives of Sweden, came over to America. One of them, an architect and civil engineer, obtained a position with Mr. Niernsee on that work; the other, a mining engineer, drifted to Lincolnton, N. C., and connected himself with Col. Lysander D. Childs in an enterprise of this nature; but they were unsuccessful and dropped out. The mining brother

had a beautiful gold snuff-box, presented to him by King Oscar, of Sweden. The top of it was ornamented with flowers and leaves, constructed of precious stones, surrounded by an "O" (Oscar), of the same ornamentation. On settling their mining affairs, the snuff-box came into the possession of Col. C., who held it for a time and then decided to sell it; took it to New York and left in with a prominent jewelry firm to be disposed of. Before leaving the city an intimate acquaintance told him that he believed he could get a customer for the box; that it would be necessary to carry it to the party, and suggested that he give him an order on the jewellers for the valuable box. The party spoke so plausibly about the matter, that Col. C. not only gave him the order, but introduced him to the heads of the firm. The prize was obtained, and Col. C. thought no more of the matter until several months had elapsed, when on visiting the city, he dropped in at the store aforesaid, and casually remarked, "No sale for the snuff-box, eh?" "Snuff-box?" was the surprised reply; "why, we have seen nothing of it since the party you gave the order to called and took it away." Of course, search was immediately begun, and the box was found in the hands of a pawn-broker, where it had been "spouted" for $100. It was recovered, but there was no prosecution—the Colonel pocketing his chagrin and his box. Years afterwards, in some legal business, it is supposed, Col. Rion, of Winnsboro, got hold of the valuable but unfortunate article, as it was seen in his possession, or, at least, parties so asserted. Dame Rumor had put forth a report that Col. Rion was a son of the Dauphin of France, the child of the unfortunate Louis XIV. and his beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette, who lost their heads on the guillotine, and the possession of the handsome gold snuff-box was considered positive proof of the correctness of that surmise. Without stopping to consider how it would have been possible for the poor boy to have hidden such a valuable prize from the peering eyes of old Samuel, the cobbler, into whose hands he fell, the gullible mystery-loving public swallowed the story. Col. Rion died, and the box, I am told, was disposed of in New York. All the parties connected with the affair have long since crossed the river. Bad luck has followed the box, but I can trace it no further.

The Greek Slave and Eve.

Hiram Powers, the famous sculptor, was enabled to gain the pinnacle of his artistic fame through the liberality of a resident of Columbia, Col. John S. Preston. William C. Preston, Esq., while a member of Congress, amused himself frequently by going among the

working men and exchanging pleasant words with them. He became particularly interested in Hiram Powers—admired his skill, and chatted with him frequently. One day the incipient sculptor, speaking of his work, regretted his inability, owing to lack of funds, to take a course of sculpture study in Rome, as he believed he had the talent in him which only required developing. Hon. Wm. C. was not well supplied with the wherewithal, but communicated with his brother, John, and the money was furnished. We know the rest. Powers went to Rome, and became one of the first sculptors of the age. Among the earliest results of the work of his chisel was a bust of Hon. John S. Preston. That which gained him notoriety was the "Greek Slave." Seven duplicates of this famous statue are in existence. But the original is believed to be in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. His patron gave him an order for an "Eve," which was promptly executed—indeed, it is thought that work on the "Slave" and "Eve" were carried on at the same time, and on the completion of the two well known pieces of work the owners allowed them to be exhibited for the artist's benefit. After being seen in the principal cities of the country, they reached Columbia, and were shown in the old City Hall, northeast corner of Main and Washington streets. "Eve" was delivered to its owner here, while the "Slave" arrived in New York safely. I once asked the manager of the Corcoran Gallery how it happened that they did not secure "Eve" for their collection; his reply was that they did not know that Gen. Preston cared to part with it. "We have several pictures and articles of virtu formerly belonging to Gen. Preston," said the gentleman; "and surprise was felt that Mr. Stewart, the New York merchant, had obtained it." By some mistake at the sale of Mrs. Stewart's effects after her death, Ed. Stokes, of Jim Fish notoriety, secured it, and it ornamented his Hoffman House saloon, New York. I discovered it in an out-of-the-way corner of the handsome establishment, and notified the Corcoran Gallery manager. The baptismal font in Trinity Church, this city, is the work of Powers, and was presented by Mrs. Hampton.

The Quitman Ball and Supper.

Gen. John A. Quitman paid a visit by invitation to the capital city of South Carolina during the administration of Gov. R. F. W. Alston. There was a procession and speaking by the distinguished guest and other prominent gentlemen; but it was regular "dumb orator." The speaking was in the new College Chapel, at the head of Sumter street, and the acoustics of the building are actually worse

than the Opera House. The speakers would saw the air, look skywards and appear to be using fine language, but nothing could be understood. The grand attraction, however, was the ball and supper at Kinsler's Hall, northwest corner of Taylor and Main streets. The rooms were simply packed, and it was with difficulty that the Governor and the honored guest could make a circle of the hall. The appearance of the two men was striking—Gen. Quitman sallow and feeble, Gov. Alston ruddy and in good condition, with a healthy *a la* well-fed Englishman appearance. Dancing was carried on after a fashion, the crowd being so dense that the Terpsichorean devotees couldn't make much of a show of fancy steps. But the push occurred when supper was announced—all seemed to be hungry. The stairway appeared literally to tremble from the unusual pressure; but there was no damage beyond rents being made in unnecessarily long garments. Among the table ornaments was a model of the Castle of Chapultepec, which was attacked and demolished in a shorter time than the Palmetto and New York regiments did the original; the other eatables suffered a similar fate. Mr. McKenzie's rule was to have everything on the table of a nature pleasing to the palate. The old General died soon afterwards. Gov. Alston passed away at a good old age.

Shrewd Speaker—Changed Front.

Daddy Cain, a so-called exhorter, was one of the most shrewd members of the Radical Senate in the times of "good stealing" in South Carolina. A bill with reference to a bank was being discussed, and Daddy Cain had not been "fixed." The sable Senator proceeded to attack the bill savagely. Tim Hurley, the noted member of the "third house," listened for a few minutes, and then hurried to the fathers of the scheme, and told them that Cain was killing the bill, and they had better pay him the $300. The money was immediately put in an envelope and given to Tim, who sauntered into the chamber, and carelessly laid the package in front of the supposed opponent. There was a slight pause only, when Cain somersaulted from his previous remarks somewhat to this effect: "That, gentlemen, is what the opponents of the bill, doubtless, will say." He then proceeded to tear to pieces what he had just said, and satisfactorily proved that the measure was a good one—at least, the bill was passed. Tim was a genius in his way, but Cain was the sharper of the two. "Daddy" became a preacher afterwards.

"Tree of Life"—A Reminiscence.

The completion of the Synagogue, "Tree of Life," on Lady street,

between Sumter and Marion, by our Jewish friends, brings to mind the neat little building southeast corner Assembly street and Stanley's alley. There were a great many Israelites living here then, but they died out or are scattered—the Lyons, Pollocks, Peixottos, Mordecais, Myers, Carrs, Levys, and others. The Sunday School had large numbers of scholars, and was superintended by Miss Boana Wolf (afterwards Levy). The examinations were annually held in Odd Fellows Hall, northwest corner Main and Plain streets, and it was usually packed with interested spectators, Jews and Gentiles. Rachel (a typical Jewess) and Isaac Lyons were two of the "star scholars." Mr. Thomas Frean, our old poet friend, paid a just poetical tribute to Miss Levy, to which Mr. Philip Myers, a member of the congregation, replied. We extract the following from it:

Miss B. E. W.'s charms you were pleased to unfold—
Who is held by her people more precious than gold,
For the mountains of Israel will rear them on high,
And spread all her virtues e'en clear to the sky.
The mothers of Israel have nothing to dread,
When they look with due reverence on thy hoary head;
And will fervently pray they may live to see
The same zeal and devotion now practiced by thee.

Mrs. Levy has descendants of the second and third generation, I believe.

Jacob Rife's Rhyming Outdone.

Many old residents remember Jacob Rife, the jolly rhyming keeper of the Congaree Bridge. So it sounded like a rhyme, whether grammatical or not, satisfied the old man, when he would laugh heartily, slap his listener on the back and then quiet down. In and before the forties pic-nicking on the Lexington side of the river, as far as Saluda Factory, was a favorite amusement of the young folks, who invariably walked (not like at present, when this generation must be transported even half a mile); elderly people, like our old friend, Mrs. Hillegas, would ride in their carriages, and willingly carry the baskets for the youngsters. Mr. Charles Logan had recently arrived from the old country—a buckish young man of twenty-three or four, a great lover and frequent attendant at these frolics. He was a practical shoe-maker, and at the time was superintending business for Mr. James Fenton (whose former residence, northwest corner Main and Pendleton, still stands). One morning, while the would-be bridge-crossers were collecting the tolls, old Jacob walked up to Mr. Logan, and with the accompanying laugh, blurted out:

"Say, Mr. Charley Logan,
Can you make a brogan?"

"Yes," was Mr. Logan's quick rejoinder; "and I can make a rhyme, too:

"Well, old Jacob Rife,
How's your nigger wife?"

Rife was taken aback, muttered something about not wanting to insult anybody, received his tolls and retired, while the listeners roared with laughter at his discomfiture.

Wouldn't Make a Hog of Himself.

I could generally get rid of a reasonable amount of provender, and Purser Ashcroft, of the steamship "Georgia," plying between Charleston and New York, used to invariably invite me to a seat at his table—and I occupied the place a good many times—because he said I handled a knife and fork so skilfully. At a barbecue at the Fair Grounds, I felt particularly healthy, and was putting away a goodly amount of provender. Mr. John Altee, an old acquaintance, came several times with a nice piece of meat, saying he had filled up, but knew that I could appreciate good barbecued meat better than any one he knew. In a few minutes, Tom Pope, who was seated opposite to me, threw down his knife and fork and got up from the table, saying he "wouldn't make a cussed hog of himself for ten dollars!" There was general laughter and shouting. I knew nothing about the matter, but it seems that Mr. Altee had pitted me against Tom for that amount, and I had made the money for him. A year or two after, when the old gentleman was on his death-bed, I called to see him. He recognized me and smiled. As I was about to leave, I took him by the hand and told him good-bye—saying I would call again to see him. As I turned, one of his sons said his father wanted to speak to me. I leaned over him, and in a whisper, he asked, "Have you been to any barbecues lately?" He died the next day.

A Necessary Evil.

Policeman Sonendriker was put forward by the law and order society to have the inmates of a house in the lower part of the city removed, on the ground that they were disreputable characters. The policeman was a very efficient officer and entered heart and soul in the prosecution, as he with his family lived in the neighborhood. He kept an eye on the place and secured the names of a number of persons who had been seen going into the suspected house. Mr. Wm. M. Myers, in the meantime, had returned to Columbia from his voluntary exile, and was retained by the suspects to defend them. The case was called, Sonendriker was put up and gave very damaging evidence. The defending lawyer would question and cross-question

him, invariably addressing him as Snasheldringer, to tantalize him; but it had no apparent effect on the stolid French-German. Witnesses were called and the parties admitted they had been in the house on certain occasions. One had been there to see about having some fancy shirts made; another to make an offer for a piece of property possessed by one of the inmates, and so on. The affair petered out and the defendants won, as they generally do when such charges are preferred. In one case Judge John Belton O'Neale said that class of individuals were a "necessary evil." Sonendriker was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, and one of the witnesses in the unpleasant affair, on leaving the Court House, called him a d—d Dutchman. The cool reply was: "I not sure about dot—I have not see dis morning paper; may be Dutch, may be French." This was before Sedan.

Camp Sorghum—Lexington Side Congaree.

Few persons now living remember Camp Sorghum, which was used as a place of confinement for Federal prisoners. Several of the aforesaid have visited Columbia in recent years, and where application was made to me, I have either accompanied the parties to the ground, or directed them so they could find it. A member of a New Hampshire regiment recognized the place at once, except that a branch running through it went the wrong way. I told him that it had been running in that direction for sixty years, and he then gave in. The ex-prisoner washed his face, took a drink from the stream, pocketed several pebbles, and departed a happy man. He attributed his good health during his confinement to the presence of the waters of this branch—he washed freely, cold or warm, wet or dry. Gen. John B. Dennis, afterwards Superintendent of the Penitentiary, made his escape from this "camp," and after his settlement in Columbia, succeeded in finding the colored man who assisted his escape by carrying him some distance down the river in his boat. "Camp Sorghum" is on the west side of the road to old Saluda Factory, a little over a mile from the Congaree Bridge.

Let the Lord Have Good Music.

If some of our old citizens who have been laid away for forty or fifty years could get up and see how the world moves, they would want to turn in again and take another nap. Not only would they be astonished at the phonographs, automobiles, bicycles and electrical manipulations—even if they had been on hand during railroad and telegraph days; but to find how we have advanced in church music. Many years ago, Elder James Martin, of the Presbyterian

Church, a wealthy cotton buyer, was horrified at the choir singing "Claremont," and at the beginning of the second verse, he picked up his hat and stalked out of the church. It was ever after known as "Jimmy Martin's Quickstep," and was not again utilized. But when the staid Methodists introduced pianos, cornets and violins in their Sunday School services, I am afraid the parties would think they had, by mistake, gotten upon another planet. Have nothing to say against it, and firmly believe that the change to more lively airs and the instrumental aid will be received cordially by the Great Ruler. Merely a bit of retrospection. Freely admit that I like it.

Scriptural Locusts.

Columbia has kept up with the procession in wonderful happenings—burnings, earthquakes and other disagreeable as well as pleasant things—and if the list should be called over, "Here!" would be the response in nearly every instance. About twenty years ago, we had a plague of locusts—they were here, there and everywhere, but did no serious harm, and departed again as speedily and quietly as they had arrived. Our late scientific friend, Dr. E. E. Jackson, decided to give the insects a "turn," and cooked them in several different ways, declaring that they were really toothsome. I was satisfied with taking his word, backed up by the Scriptures, but didn't experiment with the jumping-flyers.

A Big Drunk.

Mr. Thos. Sprowl, the well known marble cutter, of the firm of Boyne & Sprowl, had some kind of employment at the laboratory (old Fair Grounds), and when it was found that the Yankees were actually entering the city, he was deputised to knock in the heads and empty forty or fifty barrels of whiskey stored there. Tom started on his disagreeable job, but the Federal soldiers came on him before he had done little besides knocking in several of the barrel-heads. They charged him with attempting to poison the liquor, took him around and made him take a drink out of every one of them. The poor man said he didn't get over this drunk in a month—in fact, didn't believe he ever got entirely over it. Tom was the owner of "Poverty Patch," two or three miles below Columbia, which he claimed was so poor that you couldn't even raise a mortgage on it.

The late Mr. J. S. Derrick, superintendent of the gas works, could always remember the number of days in the year. Sherman's soldiers punched exactly 365 holes in the gasometer, and he had to patch them all.

Didn't Approve of Circus in the Street.

Col. Thos. J. Robertson, Col. Wiley Jones, this individual and many others were great admirers of the circus and attended often; but the first named party objected to street exhibitions of that nature. My six-year-old boy possessed an old army horse which would jump over anything, from a rail fence to a good resolution. The boy learned the proficiency of the animal, and practiced it almost daily. Col. R. saw him at it, and rode rapidly to overtake him, but the scrawny horse went over the ground too rapidly, encouraged by the youthful rider. The Colonel finally notified me that he'd kill the animal, if he had to pay for another, as he was afraid the child would get killed. "I like circus performances, but not in the street," he added. The horse was disposed of. Col. Robertson was an excellent horseman and mounted good stock. It seemed sad in his latter days that he could not enjoy his favorite recreation, and had to satisfy himself with a carriage and pair of horses.

Horn of Plenty—Cornucopia.

In the fall of 1864, the ladies decided to get up a "Bazaar," for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, in the State Capitol, and a wonderful affair it proved to be—successful in every way. The exhibits were unique and the eatables and drinkables enticing. Col. James F. Sims, who was assisting the ladies in their laudable enterprise, heard some of them discussing the preparation of a cornucopia, or "horn of plenty." "Well, now, don't worry yourselves about the matter," he gladly suggested. "My old friend, John McKenzie, will lend us his handsome silver fire horn, and that will just fill the bill." The ladies were too polite to point out his misunderstanding of their wants, and used the silver horn as an ornament for one of the tables. The old Colonel was delighted at his shrewd suggestion. A number of new Confederate uniforms on unknown men, were noticed at the "Bazaar," but no suspicions were aroused. When Sherman arrived in Columbia several months afterwards, some of his officers described scenes that had occurred during the famous entertainment, showing they had been there in *propria personae*.

Three Treasured Memories.

I have three handsome silver cups, which I treasure highly. One was presented by Dr. Robert W. Gibbes, Sr., my employer for nearly fifteen years, with the inscription: "Independence Day, December 20, 1865." A young lady from the North, who was looking over my curios, sneeringly inquired what the inscription meant. My reply

was, that if Gen. Longstreet hadn't made a mistake, or failed to come to time at Gettysburg, she would have known long ago the meaning. The next is a large sized mug, perfectly plain, presented to me by my old friend, Capt. Thos. W. Radcliffe, with the hope that it would prove a talisman for the inauguration of better times; but he particularly requested that no lettering of any kind be put upon it, and so it stands. The third is a goblet presented by the employees of *The Phoenix*. All, or nearly all, of the parties have crossed the river, and I sincerely hope are resting securely on the other shore.

Following Bad Examples.

Our Democratic legislators are yearly following the bad examples set by the Radicals, and it is glossed over or not mentioned. They draw pay when absent for several days; adjourn over for one and even two days; lay off when business is really pressing, to go to the theatre; draw $5 a session for stationery and stamps, yet use large quantities of letter-heads obtained from committee clerks; have clerks for nearly all committees; leave a corporal's guard to look after business on the last day of the session, etc. Encourage State officials to print lengthy reports, which could not possibly be read during the session. And as for the Acts, they are so carelessly copied, that blunders are constantly occurring. Some curious member, who will make a "Reform" movement and look over the laws, will find that violations are frequent in various departments, and some of the officials may yet come to grief, as the old laws have not been repealed, although it is claimed that amendments repeal old Acts—many of these changes refer to portions only of the original Acts. These shortcomings are commented on by many individuals.

Built Before the Revolution.

The only house in this vicinity which is known to have been erected prior to the Revolutionary War is what is known as Cayce's, in Lexington County, two miles below Columbia. The builder or the original owner seems to be unknown. A member of the extensive Taylor family kept a store there early in the last century. The Cayce family have occupied the premises for over seventy years, so far as I can learn. Fort Granby was situated a mile or two below, and English soldiers at different times occupied it. Light Horse Harry Lee attacked it at one time and drove the English out. Lee fired two cannon balls, much to the surprise of the commander—who supposed it was merely a dummy—one over and the other into the house, the Johnny Bulls marched out and surrendered, when

they were immediately paroled. The hole made by the cannon ball is still to be seen. Many years ago, in clearing up some woods to the south of the building, a cannon ball was found embedded in a tree—believed to have been the one fired overhead by Lee. There is a venerable portrait of a female member of the Geiger family in the house.

All Rice.

Away back in the early forties, two plump and handsome young ladies, great friends—Miss Rebecca Boatwright and Miss Jenny Rice—daughters of prominent citizens of Columbia, used to be seen on Main street frequently in company. On one occasion, passing by a party of impertinent young men, one of them commented favorably on the fine looking couple, in a tone of voice loud enough to be overheard (unintentionally, perhaps); when Mr. Impertinence No. 2 replied, "Yes; but mostly cotton." Miss Rice promptly turned about, faced the surprised individual, and in a sharp tone gave him his quietus: "All Rice, no cotton, I'll have you to understand." The parties reflected on then resuming their walk. Miss Rice soon after removed with her parents to the up-country, and mothered a family, I afterwards heard. Miss Boatwright remained in her old home, continued to be the reigning belle, became engaged to a college student, named Swinton (her opposite in looks, he being tall and slim, with light hair); but just before his graduation, she contracted fever and died after a short illness. Swinton took her death so seriously to heart, that he soon followed her to the grave.

Don't Darn on the Darn.

The following lines, enclosed with a fancy silver-handled darner, were sent to a truly charitable lady who was looking after two adopted youngsters:

As every one knows
Who cares for the hose
Of the av'rage American boy;
He gets half way thro'
'Spite of all you do—
Making darner useful, 'stead of toy.
Not for ornament
Is this implement
Consigned to your basket and care:
But as weekly aid
To stop the holes made,
Keep the pedals from getting quite bare.
My advice is this
(Don't take it amiss),
In using the necessary yarn—
My mother thought best,
But I would suggest,
By all means pray don't darn on the darn.

X 10 U 8.

A circumstance connected with the row of wooden buildings which formerly stood in the rear of the DesPortes corner, shows the uncertainty of life. When these little stores were erected, the landlord with every tenant, except Messrs. Townsend & North, booksellers, required an agreement to be signed to the effect that no liquor should be sold on the premises. Messrs. T. & N. died, and soon after a liquor shop with a sign over it "X 10 U 8," was in operation. After some legal trouble, the "extenuate" objectionable individual was ousted, and the place occupied by other parties.

Don't Interfere Between Husband and Wife.

Very few remember when "straps" were in vogue. I had a pair of so-called buckskin pants, so tightly strapped, that in walking, I had to be careful to keep from kicking myself. In company with one of my numerous sweethearts, I was on my way (footing it, as was the custom,) to a frolic below the State House. In passing "New Dublin," a portion of the west side of the square on Main street, between Lady and Gervais, I heard screams of "Murder!" Leaving my young lady on the sidewalk, I rushed in and found an Irishman belaboring his wife. Going up behind him, I caught him by the shoulders with both hands and succeeded in throwing him on his back, and attempted to hold him until the wife could get out of the way. In a few seconds I felt something hot on both legs, and found that the indignant woman removed a frying-pan containing sausages, which she was preparing for a late supper, and was deliberately pouring the hot grease over my close-fitting nether garments. I was informed that I had no right to interfere between husband and wife, and that if I did not get out at once, she would crack my skull with the handy implement. I left without further notice.

Objected to Being Made a Nun.

A colored man, John by name, was employed as a gardener at Valle Crucis (the old Preston residence, on the east side of the Mill Creek Road, used as a Convent for several years), two miles below Columbia. Father Meriwether looked after the spiritual as well as the substantial affairs of the institution. John became impressed with the religious feeling permeating the premises, and expressed a disposition to Dr. M. to become a Catholic. The Doctor was gratified, gave him some religious instruction and directed him to come and see him twice a week—mentioning the days or evenings when it would be convenient to converse with him. A fortnight passed and

John had not put in an appearance at the Doctor's quarters. Having an opportunity to speak with him soon afterwards, inquiry was made as to his absence. His reply was, "My old woman say, 'John, you better think what you doing. Dr. Meriwether talk to you, and next thing you get to be a Nun.' Consequently I didn't come again." John drew the line.

Sam Wouldn't Stay Dead.

Eight or ten years ago, a delicate colored man, Sam by name, died or appeared to have shaken off this mortal coil. A circus was exhibiting in town, and his friends were anxious to witness the performance; but what to do about sitters-up with Sam? Finally, one old chum, Jim, agreed if they would chip in and buy him a half bushel of potatoes, he would "sit-up" with the corpse. The potatoes were procured, and Jim squatted himself comfortably before the fire-place and began roasting his vegetables, crooning a plantation melody at the same time. The pleasant aroma began to fill the room and Jim was thinking of the pleasure in store, when a weak voice was heard behind him: "Jim, give me some of them taters." The astonished darkey looked round suddenly, and saw the supposed corpse sitting up. The door and window were too far off. So Jim threw himself against the back of the chimney, went through and made tracks. Sam recovered then; about a year afterwards he actually died; but there were no sitters-up. "That nigger, Sam, aint to be 'pended on—he wake up again." Sam was locked up in a room until arrangements could be made for the funeral. The house fell down, but the "busted" chimney remained for several years, on the lot opposite the Catholic Cemetery.

Couldn't Stand the Coffins.

Our old friend, Mr. M. H. Berry, and his copartner, J. C. Price, inaugurated the fashion of keeping those necessary articles, coffins, on hand! Their store was on the corner of Richardson street and the alley now known as Lorick & Lowrance's. The building was in danger of destruction by fire, when numbers of volunteers rushed in to help save the movable property. They cleared out the first story, and were requested to help move the articles in the cellar, as there was a large stock down there. The crowd, white and black, descended willingly; but if they went down in a hurry, they came back a little more rapidly. The piles of coffins were too much for them—they were unused to it. The building soon after caught fire, and the receptacles for the dead were all consumed.

GRAVE MATTERS.

The Lone Grave in the Capitol Grounds.

The lone grave in the Capitol grounds has caused considerable inquiry—Capt. Lunsford, a member of Lee's Legion. A statement was published some time ago, purporting to have been written by a descendant, to the effect that Capt. Lunsford died in Charleston, of yellow fever, was brought to Columbia and buried in the southwest corner of the State House grounds, because the property belonged to him. This is altogether a mistake and incorrect, to say the least of it. A yellow fever subject would never have been allowed to leave Charleston; it would have taken from sixty to seventy hours of fast travel to have gotten through, as it was long before railroad days; besides, in the original map of Columbia, the four acres of ground bounded by Senate, Assembly, Gervais and Richardson streets, was set apart for a State Capitol and necessary grounds. My old friend, Mrs. Hillegas, knew the circumstances, and was present at the funeral of Capt. L. He was a member of the Legislature, died while that body was in session, and having been an officer in Lee's famous Legion (although the name cannot be found on the rolls), this honor was accorded him. The additional four acres to the west were purchased by the State many years afterwards when it was decided to erect a new Capitol across Main street. The property on which the town is located formerly belonged to the Taylor family. Col. Thompson Earle, a nephew of one of the surveyors, heard his uncle say that when the proposition was made to buy the property, that the proprietor declared, "they were going to spoil a d—d good cotton plantation to build a d—d poor town." His prophecy was not realized by a mill site. See the application?

Mrs. Hillegas' sister, Miss Stanley, was engaged to be married to Mr. Henry McGowan. The lovers had a falling out, and in a fit of pique, Miss Stanley married a young Frenchman, named Le Comte—whose special business seemed to be fiddling. He lived but a short time. At the funeral of Capt. Lunsford, the estranged lovers met accidentally (everybody walked to funerals in those sensible days), talked over their affairs, promptly repaired to a minister and were made man and wife.

Mrs. McGowan and Mr. Andrew Wallace were the standbys of the Methodist Church for many years. When funds were needed, the one or the other of these liberal church members would say, when appealed to, "Well, if Sister McGowan can go a hundred, I

reckon I can; or if Brother Wallace will put up fifty dollars, I will." Mrs. McGowan was a wealthy woman for those days. She ran McGowan's Ferry and afterwards was the principal stockholder in the Broad River Bridge.

Not Afraid of the Dead—Nervy Woman.

We had nervy women in the old days. Drs. John and James Smith, physicians and surgeons, procured a corpse from Potter's Field—the Coast Line Freight depot occupies a portion of the lot—and being pursued, hurriedly entered their home and hid the prize under the bed of their fearless sister, where it remained two nights undisturbed. The occupant of the bed declared that it did not annoy her in the least. She passed an eventful life and finally committed suicide, it was generally believed. The bereaved husband was not disconcerted, but married twice afterwards, and finally died in a lunatic asylum.

Malaria and Riley's Whiskey.

A large number of Irishmen were brought here to work on the canal; but the charge was that Barney Riley's whiskey (Mr. B. kept a "convenience" in the vicinity) and the malaria from the river were too much for even the sturdy sons of Old Erin, and hundreds of them were laid away in the old burial ground. Many of the small stones, with "I. H. S." inscribed upon them were still standing at the time of the great clearing up.

Potter's Field Used by All Classes.

Potter's Field was for a length of time used for the burial of all classes of people—rich and poor, black and white. The first merchant in Columbia, who occupied a store, northwest corner Main and Boundary, in what was afterwards known as "Cotton Town," and who was reputed to be a man of wealth, was deposited there with his wife, under marble slabs, and with a substantial brick enclosure. When the premises were disposed of to the railroad company, the relatives of the dead merchant in Connecticut were notified that the remains would be shipped to them if they so desired, but they paid no attention to the matter. Messrs. Walter S. Monteith and W. S. Reamer secured the contract to remove the bodies, before turning the premises over to the railroad officials, but I never heard of any disinterments being requested. Mrs. M. W. Stratton claimed and received the brick enclosing the remains of an aunt and uncle, however. The old head and foot-stones went somewhere.

Why Major O'Hanlon was Buried Here.

Major James O'Hanlon, of "Log Castle," as it was called, married one of the Myers sisters from the lower part of Richland District. The Major was an earnest admirer of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and declared that if the latter was elected President of the United States, he would walk to and from Washington City to see him inaugurated. Jackson was elected, he kept his promise, and felt that it actually benefited his health. His wife died some years before the Major was called away, and was buried in the Myers family burial ground. The Major and his brothers-in-law did not get along amicably, and when it was reported that Major O'H. could not survive the illness which actually carried him off, Mr. W. M. Myers, who was of an irascible temperament, swore that the remains should not repose in his family lot—that he would dig up his carcase and feed it to the hogs. The sick man was informed of the circumstances, and left directions that his body should be interred in Columbia, and it was done.

Myers vs. Tradewell—The Unfought Duel.

Mr. William Myers (he was Intendant of the town for a term) was regarded as a fearless man; but for once his courage failed him. He had a difficulty with Capt. James D. Tradewell, and fractured his skull with a stick. The head was trephined and the wounded man recovered in a wonderfully short time. A challenge followed, and the parties repaired to North Carolina to settle the matter—a long trip to be taken by horse power. Mr. M.'s courage, like Bob Acres', "oozed out at his finger ends." At the appointed hour, Capt. T., with his second, Mr. Edward Young, put in an appearance, as also Major Smart, Mr. M.'s second; but the doughty and usually plucky opponent was not on hand. Major Smart attempted to take the place of his principal, according to the rules of the *code duello;* but Captain Tradewell refused to meet the substitute—very properly and sensibly declaring that he respected Major Smart as a gentleman; but his grievance was not with Major S. but with Mr. M. The affair had a fatal termination, however; for Mr. Edward Young contracted a severe cold, which resulted in his death in a few days. His aged father soon followed him. Mr. Myers returned to his plantation, and was not seen in Columbia for ten years. Had he flatly refused to fight when challenged, he would not have been censured, as his courage was undoubted. It was just a case of "stage fright," or unwillingness to "fight."

So far as I know, there never was but one other back out in a duel in this State; and in that case the poor man died of chagrin.

Mistakes on Tomb-stones.

In the thirties and early forties, Mr. James R. Wood and his good wife taught "the young idea," etc., on Richland street, the site now occupied by Ebenezer Lutheran Sunday School building. Mr. Wood had turned seventy when I was placed under his instruction in 1840. He told us he was a Revolutionary soldier, and, I think, an officer, but whether from this State or another, I cannot say. He had a full head of snow-white hair, and his complexion was Indiany and a mass of wrinkles. He taught in the good old whipping days and knew how to use his weapons—a whip and a flat ruler. He made no distinction—girls got punished as well as boys. One day, he had Miss McKinney before him (afterwards Mrs. Coleman Walker), a very pretty girl; taking her hand in his, he said in a pleasing way, "It seems a pity to slap such a delicate hand." The culprit turned and smiled at her comrades, thinking she was going to "get off," but in a few seconds there was a whack, a yell, and the deed was done. There are a few of these scholars—less than a dozen that I know of—now above ground. Three sisters, who shall be nameless, as age is not a desirable admission; Capt. Wm. H. Dial, of Madison, Fla., Mr. John T. Fetner, of this city, and this individual. The old gentleman departed this life in 1857, and the tomb-stone, in the First Presbyterian Church-yard, imparts the information that his age was about seventy-two. Certainly must have been a young soldier. This is only one of many evidences that tomb-stones are not to be depended upon for reliable information.

In the Vanderhorst vault, in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, a lady member of the family is reported to have died in Columbia, during the burning of that city, February 24, 1865—when we know that the Shermanizing occurred February 17, 1865; many of us, too, are aware of the circumstances attending the death referred to. The patient was being removed from her burning dwelling when death ensued.

Of course, it would be improper to refer to compliments paid to the deceased, while their good deeds are so terribly exaggerated.

Undertaker Squier Measuring the Dead.

In the good old days "'fore de war," ready-made coffins were unknown. Mr. A. C. Squier was the principal undertaker, and it used to be said the old gentleman would move around the corpse, gesticulating slightly, and apparently sympathizing with the bereaved ones, when in reality he was getting the measure of the subject, preparatory to building his ground-house.

Fearful Loss of Life—The Gen. Lyon.

Overcome by the terrible condition of things in Columbia after the burning, numbers of citizens who had relatives and friends North, determined to accept the offer of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman to furnish transportation to them to New York. They followed the army, and finally arrived at Wilmington, N. C., where two steamers had been sent by the Washington authorities to convey the refugees to Gotham—the Gen. Lyon and the Gen. Sedgwick. A lady friend of mine, with her husband and children, went aboard the Lyon, but something, she could not say what, prejudiced her, and she prevailed on all of them to go ashore, saying she would remain in Wilmington until she could get back to Columbia. Her husband remonstrated with her, but go on the Lyon she would not. Finally they succeeded in obtaining passage on the Sedgwick. Two days afterwards the Lyon was burnt, not a soul on the crowded steamer being saved, so far as known. A young Englishman, named Hunt (son of Mr. E. Hunt, who came here to 'eat the State House), attempted to reach the Sedgwick, but as he was being hauled aboard, fell back exhausted into the water and was drowned. It is believed fully thirty Columbians lost their lives on the ill-fated steamer.

Don't Bet with an Undertaker.

I was in the coffin department of a well known undertaker some years ago, when he was preparing a six-foot casket for a subject who was my exact height—six feet three inches. I claimed that it was too short, and offered to bet twenty-five cents to back my judgment. It was accepted, and I got inside to settle the point. The lid was put on, and I came out loser. As it was removed and I raised up, a darkey put his head in the door. The sight was too much for him, and he left hurriedly. It was never found out what he wanted.

Old Potter's Field Despoiled.

Very few corpses remained long under ground when deposited in old Potter's Field. The prominent physicians would have young men studying under them—Drs. Wells and Toland, Gibbes, Fair and Crane—and bodies were being constantly exhumed for use by these young to-be disciples of Esculapius. Tom Dunkin and his half-witted nephew, Bob Neal, two fishermen, would occasionally be employed to watch for the grave-robbers; but a quart of whiskey properly administered to the one and a silver quarter to the other would send them off on a "wild goose chase," it was said.

Darkeys and Sunday Funerals.

In the good old times there was invariably a funeral service at Potter's Field on Sunday afternoon over some colored individual who had died a month or two before, perhaps. The question might be asked by a looker-on, "Who's dead?" and the reply frequently would be, Sister Jane or Brother Williams, "but he have to wait he turn." The service after the sermon would be of a novel nature. Deceased's friends would sing a refrain or two, until the excitement got high enough, when the "holy dance" could be practiced. One of these productions would be repeated several times, and then some one would strike up something that he had "ground out," and the others would "catch on." The following I remember to have heard:

Oh, feed off o' milk-white honey, my Lord;
Feed off o' milk-white honey;
Feed off o' milk-white honey, my Lord,
To de dying Lamb.

Reconstruction, education and the dying off of the old stock has caused a material change—perhaps it may be termed an improvement.

Uncertain.

In old Potter's Field there were a number of curious inscriptions—some cut, others merely painted on a piece of board. Here is one that attracted attention for a time, but the board soon rotted away:

Remember, man, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

Some doubter added:

To follow you I'm not content,
'Cause I don't know which way you went.

Hangman's Rope Good for Fits.

A member of the famous sand-hill clan was hanged for the murder of one of his neighbors. As he was about to swing off, one of his relatives who stood near called out, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard, "Good-bye, Jim; take good care of yourself." Can't say whether or not the advice was regarded—he was pronounced dead, however, in six minutes. The corpse, with the rope still around the neck, was taken possession of by the relatives, who started with it for their sand-hill home, but stopped at the grocery of Messrs. E. & G. D. Hope, northeast corner of Main and Blanding streets, to make a peculiar request. They told Mr. Ed. Hope that a piece of the rope that hung a man was good for fits, and that they would

give him the piece on the body for a bottle of whiskey. Mr. H. declined the rope, but gave them the whiskey to get rid of his unwelcome visitors.

Effects of Prayer on a Hard Case.

One of the same class—McGilberry Goings, by name—was badly cut with a knife by a boon companion, and it was thought that he would certainly die. His poor old mother appeared on the scene, and said to her dissolute son, earnestly, "Pray to God, McGilberry; maybe he'll help you!" The wounded man raised himself with difficulty to his knees, and called out: "Lord, this is me, McGilberry Goings. I never asked you for a favor before; but if you help me this time, I'll be good." He recovered, but I never heard whether the promise was fulfilled. He made a good soldier, and I think a Yankee bullet carried him off, as he seems to have dropped out of sight.

A great many of these sand-hillers were confirmed clay and rotten wood eaters; loved whiskey, but cared little for substantial food. They volunteered almost to a man, and rendered efficient service to the Confederacy—many of them yielding up their lives. There are a few of the descendants of the old stock still left. But the names of Medlin, Goings, Boyer and Crummy are seldom heard now-a-days.

Buried Alive.

About sixty years ago, Julia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Riley, a stout, healthy girl, was taken ill and apparently died. She was buried in St. Peter's Church-yard. About a year afterwards, Mary Jane, another daughter, died, and the bereaved parents, as they had a large family, decided to have a vault constructed. When the receptacle was completed, the two bodies were disinterred and put in the vault. The coffin in which Julia's remains had been placed was split in two or three places, and on examination the body was lying face down. She had evidently been in a trance.

Husband and Wife Died Same Day.

In the southeast corner of First Presbyterian Church-yard and in Elmwood Cemetery are graves which attract but little attention, and their peculiarities are apparently unknown. They are the resting places of two couples who died on the same day. In the first, Rev. D. E. Dunlap, first pastor of the church, and his wife; in the last, Mr. and Mrs. William Fogo, refugees from New Orleans. Mr. L. H. Travet, formerly drummer for the Arsenal Guard, died while his wife's body was being consigned to the grave.

OLD TIME DANCING.

"Sashay All! Sashay More!"

Porter, a bench-legged darkey shoemaker, belonging to Mr. James Fenton, and John, a pumpkin-colored harnessmaker, the property of Mr. Levi Sherman, and afterwards of Hopson, Sutphen & Co., were the principal purveyors of music for the numerous dances in and around Columbia—the one with his fiddle and the other with his tambourine. It was the custom (and it was a hard matter to discontinue it), to have the "figures" called: "Hands All Round!" "Sashay All!" "De Sashay!" "Fore and Back Two!" "Sashay More!" Mr. John A. Moore, a lawyer, who had taken up the dancing fever at a late day, and consequently was not thoroughly versed in the meaning of this calling by one or the other of the colored musicians, became quite indignant at what he thought was a too free use of his name; so when the set was through with, he went up to Porter, and in an angry tone of voice demanded how he dared call his name out so publicly, and without "a handle, too." "Why, boss," quickly responded the frightened fiddler, "I didn't call your name 'tentionally." "Yes, you did. I was sashaying as well as I could, and you kept yelling, 'Sashay, Moore!' I'm tempted to break every bone in your infernal body!" "Jes dis, boss. I mean, 'keep on sashaying' till I change the figure," said the excited darkey. Mr. M. received the explanation pleasantly, but several who had gathered around were much tickled at the affair, and for a long time afterwards the young men would speak of him as "Handle Moore." Porter "got religion" and when he became a free man, took up his residence in Orangeburg. Some time afterwards, I wanted to get up an old-fashioned dance, and sent for Porter to come up and play for us. He told the messenger that he didn't like to disoblige his old friends, but he "done bruck up the fiddle, and was trying to serve the Lord."

In the Arms of Morpheus.

Away back in the forties, we had two very pretty and stylish girls, or young ladies—Harriet and Virginia Sullivan—residing at the northwest corner of Main and Richland streets. Their mother was left a widow, with three children to support—a boy and two girls; and managed to drive the wolf from the door by keeping a little variety store. The girls used their needles to aid the old lady. Harriet was very quiet and retiring in her manner, while Virginia was a little inclined to be hoydenish. They were seldom seen apart. Balls and dancing parties were not considered complete if the "Sul-

livan girls" were not present, and they were always blessed with partners in abundance. At the famous "Citizens' Ball," one night, a young man was very persistent in trying to secure a dance, being refused several times. He suggested the sixth or seventh cotillions. "I am engaged until the seventeenth set," protested Virginia, provoked at his persistence. "The seventeenth, Miss Virginia, you will be reposing in the arms of Morpheus," was the reply. "I want you to understand, sir, that I repose in nobody's arms; and I'll require my brother, Jack, to whip you for your insinuation," said the indignant young woman. An apology was attempted, but Virginia would not listen to him, and walked off indignantly, holding on to the arm of her amused partner.

Undertaker Danced, or Tried To.

At my wedding—a good many years ago—among the one hundred and fifty persons present, were two old friends, H. P. Dougal and M. H. Berry. A room down stairs had been prepared by Mr. McKenzie for the "Stags," while dancing was to be participated in by the younger folks. Mr. Dougal divided his time between the males below and danced a little above. All of a sudden it struck him that his friend Berry had not been on the floor; so he hauled him out of a corner and insisted that he should join the dancers. "I haven't got on my dancing boots, H. P.," pleaded Mr. B. "Come here," was the answer; and before Mr. B. could surmise what he was doing, Mr. Dougal had carried him into the hall, removed his boots, made his unwilling friend get into them, and then got him back and placed him among the dancers. He went through one set, much to the gratification of his jovial friend, who had called up a number of the parties from down stairs to "See Berry dance." It was his first appearance in that role, and I am sure it was his last.

Dancing in these Later Times.

In my youthful days I was a great devotee of Terpsichore, and received instruction from the most skillful and graceful teachers, Madam Feugas and Mons. Berger, at different times. Could trip "Sailor's Hornpipe," "Highland Fling," Mazourkas, polkas and all the fancy dances of the day; didn't admire waltzing, but managed to swing my partner. The present style of dancing don't please me—the motion of the arms too much like a pump-handle; besides, the rapid exchange of partners is not agreeable, to say the least. We used to have cotillions, Spanish Dance, polkas, waltzes, winding up with the ever popular Virginia Reel—and you retained one partner to the end of the set.

EXPERIENCES AFOOT.

Starting a Paper Under Difficulties.

In 1865, I was connected with *The South Carolinian* office (as I had been for twenty-one years previously); and after frequent reports that were received as to the intentions of "Tecump," and the promises made to the soldiers as to the license that would be allowed them when they captured the capital of South Carolina, it was decided to remove the printing material to the upper part of the State. Mr. DeFontaine undertook to manage the job and to look after it when it reached its destination. Mr. Timrod and myself remained here and issued a "thumb-sheet" two or three times a day (not a pleasant occupation, with shells dropping in the neighborhood of the building)—having retained the small amount of printing material necessary. Of course, that went up with the building (located on south side of Washington street, near Main). The invading army left on Monday, the 20th of February, and I immediately began making arrangements to get out a publication of some sort. Nothing at all in that line was obtainable here, so as soon as the rain ceased and I could make some sort of provision for my large family (numbering twenty-six souls), I started for the up-country to gather up such printing material as I could. With three companions, I footed it—leaving Columbia on Sunday, the 26th. We got to Little River that afternoon, and felt terribly disappointed in discovering that the bridge over that stream had been destroyed. Mr. Henry Leitner, who lived a short distance off, suggested that we go to his home and remain for the night; that the river appeared to be falling, and it was possible that we could cross Brown's Bridge (a private enterprise, I surmise), four miles further up, the next day, although it was now under water.

Swearers vs. Prayers—The Difference.

We had a good supper, comfortable beds, substantial breakfast and an excellent dinner—having delayed our departure as late as possible, hoping that the high water would show an appreciable fall. Mr. Leitner accepted a reasonable amount in Confed. currency, and sent us on our way rejoicing. I must say, however, that he larded his remarks very freely with "cuss words." We found the water two or three feet deep at Brown's Bridge, but, like Cousin Sallie Dillard, we took off our shoes and socks, elevated our garments, and waded across. At night we reached a Mr. McConnell's, near Fresh-

ley's Ferry. After some persuasion, we were allowed to spread our overcoats, shawls and blankets and repose in the main room of the building—a colored attendant cutting the necessary wood, for the night was very cold. We made ourselves comfortable. For supper, we had a chapter in the Bible and prayer; for breakfast, another prayer and a selection from the sacred book—the proprietor stating that the Yankees had robbed him of everything. We tightened up waistbands, and started for the supposed ferry. Our darkey joined us in the lane, declaring he never had eaten so much in his life in two meals. We imparted the information that we were hungry, and the reason assigned for it. "Mars. Julian, I didn't believe white folks would mistreat one another that way. His niggers told me they saved all his provisions by hiding it in the woods. I'll go right back and get plenty for you." "Not a mouthful," was the unanimous exclamation. We decided that a praying man might be a "good" one, but for a square meal, give us a professional "cusser." No boat at Freshley's, so struck up the right bank of the river, and reached Alston about midday, and there a widow with two children took us in and cared for us two days, and would take only five dollars from each of us. We attempted to pay her more; she would not have it—said the Yankees had given her flour and bacon when they raided the depot, and she wouldn't charge her people big prices. We gave her a couple of blankets, a woolen comforter and several other useful articles, when she wanted us to take back the money—which, of course, we wouldn't do.

The river was still out of its banks. The man who owned the only boat in the vicinity refused to put us across the river, saying it was too dangerous. We offered him $1,000, and then $1,500, but he would not sell. We informed him, as we had used every proper means to get the use of his boat, we would be compelled to "press" it—as it was a matter of necessity to get away from there on account of the increasing crowd. Besides, we could see people on the other side of the river who evidently wanted to cross. He said his double-barrel gun said we couldn't take the boat. Our reply was that three Enfield rifles and several pistols said just the opposite. He drew in his horns. The boat was tied to the bank proper, about twenty-five feet out in the water. We fastened three railroad sleepers together, and a colored man, who claimed to be a boatman, floated down, secured the boat and returned safely. The boat was filled with people, and crossed and recrossed several times. I suppose it was returned, but never heard anything more about it. Mr. Bowers, an old railroad employee, took us on his repair train to

Newberry, where we were the lions of the night—for it was long after midnight before we could get through with the anxious inquirers, as we were the first arrivals from the burnt city. It was generally believed that Columbia had been burnt, as there was such a brilliant reflection in the sky on the night of the 17th.

Could obtain no printing material in Newberry; so I struck out for Abbeville, where I secured necessary type from Mr. Hugh Wilson, of the *Abbeville Banner,* on satisfactory terms. Then to Greenville, where paper and ink were obtained. Got material safely to Newberry; rode around the country five or six miles looking for a team; finally secured one from a Mr. Barr, by paying $1,000 and two sacks of salt. Started for Columbia in our heavily-loaded team, accompanied by two passengers—Major John Waties and his wife—the former seriously wounded. Got bogged in a field trying to get around a bad place in the road—had to unload, "pry out" the mules, build a causeway with fence rails, working in fully three feet of mud, and after ten hours delay, got going again. Neared the river Sunday morning, when an old acquaintance (Mr. G. B. Nunamaker) appealed to us for something to eat. We divided what we had with him (not knowing the condition of things at home), and in return he proposed to ferry us over the river in his batteau, which was successfully accomplished. A friend who had succeeded in procuring a horse, lent the use of the animal, and I got home, but so begrimed with mud that my family did not know me. Got washed off and into another suit of clothes, returned to the river and worked the balance of the day in getting a flat constructed; gave the parties a jug of whiskey to bring my wagon across first, and got over all right early Monday morning.

The next important thing was a press. Looked through the ruins of *The South Carolinian* office, and secured the cylinder of what is known as a ready-proof press in fair condition; made a wooden model of the necessary bed, which Mr. Richard Tozer and Mr. Robert McDougal cast for me with black lead moulds in brass and copper. Hunted and secured glue and molasses, necessary for rollers; improvised kettles, made the rollers, and on the 21st March, 1865, issued the first number of *The Phœnix.* Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq., had charge of the editorial helm; while Messrs. John A. Elkins, W. W. Deane, James H. Diseker, F. H. Marks and Wm. H. Tutt (the latter having accompanied me in my peregrinations) set the necessary type. Mr. John McKenzie assisted in various ways. Mr. Simms picked up a printer's composing stick, and brought it to the "office," suggesting that the first lines of the new issue should be set

up in it, which was done. The little six-by-nine was heartily welcomed. Col. Ruger, of Georgia, was in charge of the post at the time, with headquarters on the south side of Washington street, near Gates, while *The Phoenix* was gotten out on the west side of Gates street, near Plain. A line of couriers was kept up between this point and Augusta, Ga., and by that means Col. R. furnished the little sheet with papers and news from the outer world.

The citizens of Augusta, with their noted liberality, sent a four-mule team, loaded with provisions, to the needy people, donating both provisions and team. Hearing of a printing press for sale in Camden, I secured the use of the team from the Mayor, Dr. Thos. J. Goodwyn, with the understanding that a proper guard would be provided. This was done, and off we started for Camden, reaching that Revolutionary town the same evening. We walked the entire distance, hoping to bring down a bird (keeping the team constantly in sight, as the boys were returning from the army, and very justly were not particular as to whose animals were borrowed), but not a feather was to be seen. I bought the press and some other material, loaded up at once, camped in a wagon yard, lay awake all night under the vehicle, and had several inquirers; but the muzzles of two double-barreled guns drove off the unwelcome visitors. We started early the next morning, and had another river experience—this time on the Wateree. The flat was not securely tied, on reaching the opposite bank, and the fore wheels got caught against the muddy bank. Our colored driver, Harrington, did the best he could with the mules, and a number of individuals, who were anxious to get over the river, put their shoulders to the vehicle, but budge it, they could not. An interested looker-on, a little colored boy, finally broke out: "Uncle, dem mules needs cussin'." "My mules knows nothin' about cussin'," responded Harrington, indignantly." No, I sees dat," was the quick reply. "Jes' let me try 'em." After several more efforts, with unfavorable results, our driver got down, at my suggestion, and told the boy to get up, and see what he could do. The little imp did so, and in a few seconds he let out such a volley of expletives that the astonished animals walked right up the bank. On reaching the top of the cut, Harrington called to the boy savagely to get down, which he did at once, but jumped over the other mule, and ran off, screaming with laughter at the disconcerted teamster. Harrington growled about the matter the balance of the day. We reached Columbia the same night—Tom Beard and myself walking the entire distance (twenty-nine good sandy miles) and bare-footed at that time, having taken off the heavy boots for a while,

and the feet having become so swollen that we could not get on the necessary appendages again. We pitied the weary mules with their heavy load, and lightened it as much as we could by tramping. I don't pretend to justify swearing, but it certainly had the desired effect in this instance. After the close of the war Tom settled in New York and amassed something of a fortune in the drug business. Many a time have we talked over our Greenville, Camden and other old time matters. He was a Democratic Alderman in Brooklyn, New York, for twelve years; was stout and enjoyed excellent health, but fell from a trolley car two years ago and was killed.

TEDIOUS AND LENGTHY JOURNEY.

Eight Days from Columbia to Philadelphia.

In June, 1865, I deemed it necessary to go to New York to try and obtain printing material. Dr. Gibbes heard of it, and insisted that I should take my "smaller half" along, as the travel (?) might do her good; besides, it was more pleasant and just about as cheap as medicine. So with such cash as I could raise, and two watches to "spout," if necessary, I determined to go. My wife and six-year-old son were bundled into a Jersey wagon, and about 10 o'clock at night we started on what proved to be a journey of eight days to Philadelphia—seventeen hours covers the time now. Our horse gave out, and we hired a four-mule no-spring wagon in Winnsboro to convey us to Youngsville ($25 in specie). The team was driven rapidly, but we did not catch the train (never had dyspepsia since). Spent the afternoon and night in Concord Church—entertained and worried by the discussion between the old and young negroes belonging to a lady in the neighborhood, as to whether they should finish cutting the wheat, or leave at once—they had just heard of the emancipation proclamation, and took advantage of passing showers to crowd into the church to talk it over—the old darkies declaring that "old miss" had always treated them "mighty good." How it ended I never heard. Two nights gone.

Carried nearly 300 Letters.

We had no mail facilities at the time, so when it was learned of our contemplated trip, we were deluged with letters—about 300. I had to decline undertaking to carry packages. The cars did not run at night, and we could only get to Chester in one day. Then to Catawba River, where passengers had to travel down a steep em-

bankment, get through a ploughed field, cross the river on a pontoon bridge, then climb another steep hill, and after an hour's wait, be transported slowly to Charlotte, N. C., in a freight car, with a badly worn wheel. All night in Charlotte—night fourth.

Next day reached Greensboro and quartered in the cars as best we could for the night. The stations were all crowded with Federal soldiers going home to be disbanded. Night No. 5. Next day made Danville. There met Josh. Johnston, son of my former employer, Mr. W. B. Johnston, who invited us to supper with him. I declined, telling him we had supplied ourselves with necessaries, and it was useless to spend his money. "Spend my money!" he exclaimed; "not a bit of it—I'm telegraphing for Uncle Sam." "Why, Josh," I said; "I thought you were too good a Confed. to take the oath." "No oath about it," he answered warmly; "they needed telegraph operators—Yank, or Confed.; didn't say anything about the oath, and offered $20 a week and board. I was sick and lame, had my pay, fifty cents, and jumped at the offer, and that's all there is to it, except we've got a jolly set of boys, have good meals and comfortable quarters. Bring your wife and child and come to supper with me—they'll all be delighted." We went. The table was filled with telegraph men, who were just as pleasant as they could possibly be, and insisted on waiting on us—the wife reminded one of a sister, another an aunt, and as far as the child, he seemed to be a remembrancer for all of them. Presently one of the men whispered something to Josh, and the latter inquired if I had a "pass." "No," I replied, ruefully; "didn't know one was needed." "I mean a railroad pass." "No," I answered. With that one of the "Yanks" left the table hurriedly, and before we finished our pleasant meal was back again, and handed me a pass for myself, wife and child, either to Richmond or City Point, signed by the General in command. I thanked the young men heartily and returned to the cars, to pass the sixth night. Our party of Confeds. by this time numbered eight or ten, a lady or two among them, getting back to Virginia. I got into conversation with a young Sergeant from Wisconsin, and as the soldiers outside wanted to crowd in, the Sergeant suggested that I should lie across one door and keep out the Johnnies, while he would take the other and keep out the Yanks. I knew my job would not be a difficult one. While we could hear considerable profanity and a good deal of growling, we had very little trouble during the night. Twice parties got in at the windows, but the Wisconsian told them they must get out, as he had charge of the ladies. Something was said about rebels; but the plucky fellow

succeeded in hustling them out—saying he had fought four years against the men, but if it became necessary he would fight for the women on this occasion. That argument was unanswerable.

We left the next morning on a literally packed train—Josh and several of his companions coming down to see us off. (I will here say that the Johnston family has been literally wiped out; they inherited consumption from their mother.) When the conductor looked at my pass, he said he was sorry to say that he would have to collect fare—that General Somebody's name should have been on it. I told him how I came to have the document, and he replied that he regretted it exceedingly. I then asked him to come to me again; that I would get the money out of my belt, and pay him. He didn't return, and I didn't hunt him up. The train slowed up at Burkesville, and I told the "wee wifie" to go over to the other train with the boy and I would try and get the trunk. This I succeeded in doing—a train hand transferring it for me—and I saw nothing more of the avaricious conductor, for such I believe he was. We safely reached the Petersburg train; soon moved off, and the conductor came along, honored my "pass," and said in a jolly way: "Rebs, eh! Well, I fought you fellows hard; it's all over now; my brakeman is a reb; as soon as I take up my tickets we'll go and have a drink in my caboose." Sure enough, he came back pretty soon, bringing his rebel brakeman, and we adjourned to his quarters. He presented me with a bottle of what proved to be really fine whiskey, and when the train reached Petersburg, gave us a hearty hand-shake and left, while we continued to City Point, nine miles below, situated on an elevation over the James River. After a slow ride, in a long train filled with soldiers, we reached City Point station in a hard rain. I went out and attempted to secure our trunk, but was unsuccessful, being informed that baggage would not be unloaded that night. Returned to the car and found the soldiers growling about a woman and child being in the way—that they wanted to get ready to sleep. I started out with my wife and boy, when a gruff but kind-hearted officer followed us to the door, and directed us to go to the apology for a hotel on the elevation at the left; to describe our baggage, and he would try and have it sent up. I thanked him, and we proceeded to climb an everlasting flight of steps, finally reaching the top. It was an apology for a hotel, sure enough—one of those traps that could be pulled down and re-erected at short notice. In about half an hour, I heard scuffling of feet, and a voice saying, "Here's a trunk for a rebel." I went forward and claimed it, and requested that it be put in our room, which was promptly done by the

four men. I asked them to take a drink from the conductor's bottle, which they did, and praised it highly, saying soldiers seldom got hold of liquor like that. As they were about to leave, one of the men asked me when we expected to leave, and I said, by the first boat in the morning. Much to my surprise, he replied, "All right; we'll come for your trunk in time." We retired and passed a pleasant night (No. 7). Sure enough, the whistle of the approaching steamboat had just been heard, when our obliging soldiers came in, picked up the trunk and started for the landing, we following as closely as possible. The heavy trunk was put aboard, and then I thanked the bearers and offered them another drink, which they refused politely; the tender of money was declined, they touched their caps and retired.

The steamboat, like the cars, carried a number of soldiers, but they were not interested about sleeping quarters, so did not come in contact with them. The eighth night was spent comfortably, and we passed through Baltimore in the morning, and then on to Philadelphia, where we arrived about 3 o'clock in the day. At the hotel, a waiter piloted us up one flight of stairs, and was about to take the second, when objection was made about going so high to sleep. The waiter carelessly said, "Where you come from?" I replied, "South Carolina;" when his tone changed; he invited us into a parlor, then hurried down stairs, and in a few minutes up came the smiling landlord, and assigned us quarters on the parlor floor.

Arriving in New York the next day, I was forcibly struck with the changes and improvements in the great city—hadn't put in an appearance there since 1859; and we had a good opportunity of seeing, as we rode up to Harlem in a carriage. Will jump description, as it has become ancient history almost. I had a number of slaps, "Hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,' "rebel," etc.

Wouldn't Exchange Old Shoes for New Ones.

We went into a shoe store to procure a pair of protectors for the little wife's feet. On removing the ungainly leather coverings, the shoeman was struck with their appearance, and inquired where they were obtained. "They were made in South Carolina," my wife replied. "Madam, if you will let me have these, I will give you in exchange the finest pair of shoes I have in the store," said the inquisitive dealer. "No, sir; I'll do no such thing," and she paid $5 for the new ones, carrying the old ones proudly away. "Why didn't you let him have them?" I inquired. "I wasn't going to let him put my shoes in his window, marked 'Rebel woman's shoes,'" was her

indignant reply. Through Benjamin Wood, Esq., and William Connor, Esq., the type manufacturer, I obtained necessary material and started on my homeward journey highly elated at my success.

I secured passage on the little steamship, Granada, and got on the good side of Capt. Baxter, who declared that my wife reminded him so greatly of a dead daughter that he could scarcely keep his eyes off her. We had the first mate's state-room on deck, and Capt. B. had his station a few feet off. He would forget himself and use "swear words," then turn and apologize to his "daughter," as he called her; but would soon forget again.

When we reached the wharf at Charleston, the old city presented a picture of desolation. It was the 4th of July. One carriage and one dray were the only vehicles to transport about 200 passengers with their baggage. I recognized the drayman as an express messenger, and he directed me to go to the "Waverley House," as the "Charleston Hotel" was filled to overflowing, and he would get our trunk to us after a while. We tramped off. The cobble-stones on the Bay had been taken up and used on the fortifications, and not a human being to be seen in that street or vicinity. When we reached King street, a company of colored zouaves marched gaily along. I'll admit that I felt depressed. After supper, I took a short stroll, and found any quantity of handsome (?) waiter-girls, of the "Dew Drop Inn" and "Canterbury Hall" style.

The next morning, we boarded the cars for Orangeburg, and found we were about the only white passengers, and they made things lively. Conductor Kennedy tried unsuccessfully to quiet them, but had to "grin and bear it." They did not seem to be viciously inclined—merely spiritually impregnated.

At Orangeburg I secured vehicles, but was compelled to pay $25 for passage for myself, wife and child, and $8 for the trunk. It took us just twenty-four hours to make the trip, but we arrived in Columbia all right. When I heard some time afterwards that Jonathan Dark, the livery man and "sport," had been "thoroughly squeezed" in Union through thin slices of cork used for "coppers," that could be easily blown off when they were not in the proper place, I slightly rejoiced, as I felt he was getting paid back for his $25 extortion. I pawned a watch in New York for $100, but was able to return the money at once by my old friend, Capt. Thos. W. Radcliffe—my share of the receipts of the "mutual benefit" having gone a little over a "century" during the time I was off. Notwithstanding our terribly long journey, no ill effects were experienced by any of the trio.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CHARLESTON.

Tide Stationary for Four Days.

In July, 1886, I had determined to print an afternoon paper on a small scale in Charleston, and for five weeks did remarkably well, subscribers and daily sales increasing satisfactorily. The premonitary shocks of earthquake in the neighborhood of Summerville, of which I had been informed by a gentleman from there, had been ridiculed by the *News and Courier;* but they sent a man up, who came back and declared that it was more severe than had been reported. This may seem like ancient history, as it occurred nineteen years ago; but several circumstances happened which I have never seen referred to, so I give them.

Scenes and Incidents.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, the display of meteors was truly wonderful—they were flying in every direction. Sunday night I was at Sullivan's Island and there was nothing to obstruct the view, and it was simply grand. On Tuesday night, the 31st of August, at 9.55, there was a terrible shake and buildings were damaged in every direction. I was located on east side Meeting street, near Queen, and the first shock threw down one or two columns in front of Hibernian Hall, which created such a terrible dust, that I could not see, and instead of running over to the Mills House, where we were quartered (my wife, daughter Maggie and son Gilbert), that I got twisted and ran down Meeting street. Just then came the second, and I got a portion of the debris in my face and on my body, and down I came across the railroad track. I could only have been laid out a few seconds, when I was lifted up by a tall gentleman, who escorted me towards the sidewalk, where we tripped over the fallen telegraph and telephone wires. He stood me up and I told him I thought I could navigate, when he left me.

My family gathered on the open lot on northeast corner of Queen and Meeting streets, where several of our carriers soon joined us and stuck there the rest of the night. Fire had been discovered in several rooms in the Mills House, caused by lamps being upset. My son and myself ran up through the rooms and with any water or means accessible, extinguished the incipient flames. We found that parties were removing their furniture from this lodging house, when our carriers proffered their assistance, and in an astonishingly short space of time they had our three rooms emptied. The willing darkies returned to the square and there remained.

Said it Felt Like an Earthquake.

An elderly white man, who was evidently a watchman, had a room in the yard in the rear of our office, where he took snatches of sleep. He often passed through the office, and my daughter would give him exchange papers, which gratified him very much apparently. That day, I happened to see him, and he casually remarked, "If I was in my country, I would think there was going to be an earthquake." "Why," was my inquiry. "Oh, I feel it in the air," he replied. That night I was moving around, and I came across him. "I was hunting for you. Where are the ladies? I am making some biscuit, cooking some meat and making coffee for them." I thanked him and showed him where our folks were. He told them to wait a little and he would bring them some supper. "Are you not afraid to go in the house?" inquired my wife, earnestly. He smiled quietly and replied: "I use to earthquake all my life." And he soon returned with a waiter, covered with a clean cloth, and the necessary viands. I offered him a dollar, and he gave that peculiar smile again, and said: "The ladies kind to me, I kind to dem." He waited and carried away the dirty dishes.

Thought It was the Last Great Day.

There were seven fires in different sections of the city, and I tried to think of everything I could in Revelation to help me in my surmise that it was the grand wind-up. I went to but one fire, and that was in King street, near Broad, and saw several firemen thrown from the ladders, but none of them seriously hurt. Chief O'Neale drove from one outbreak to another, and succeeded in holding all in check except the lower King street, and that was confined to two buildings. These men surely are entitled to valuable consideration.

I had contracted the habit of using a cant expression of doubtful propriety, borrowed from an old gentleman from Maine a short time before that. He would tell some wonderful stories of occurrences in his northern section of this great country, and if any one should express doubt, or ask him to repeat what he had said, he would look around, apparently surprised at the doubter, and add, "If it aint so, I'll go through hell a hopping!" and that settled it. I had foolishly been using the expression on account of its originality. Have never done it since. Among my other hurts, my hip pained me, and caused me to limp. "Going through hell a hopping!" rung in my ears. To add to the disagreeable feeling, I went into Meyers' saloon, northeast corner of Meeting and Chalmers streets, and called for brandy and soda, an expensive drink, which

was furnished. I laid down a half dollar, when the proprietor looked at me, then at the coin, and said, in a dolorous tone of voice, "We not take no money to-night." I nearly collapsed.

Miraculous Preservation of a Train.

An excursion train was rushing towards the city, and when near where the terrible curves in the railroad track, which meant disaster and death to hundreds, it was flagged down by a colored man, who could not be found afterwards. The passengers soon raised a substantial purse for their deliverer, but as "Simon Suggs" said with reference to "Yellowlegs," "the critter had evaporated."

The dew was so heavy for several nights, that the dampness went through umbrellas as if they were sieves.

First Positive Information in Columbia.

The telegraph wires were down in every direction; but I had an intimation that the Southern expected to be ready for work in the morning. I stood from 11 P. M. until 7 A. M. and succeeded in getting the first message through to Columbia. A thoughtless woman told my wife that a message had been received, saying that Columbia was wiped out. The "vrow" took it very coolly, saying her husband was waiting now at the corner of Chalmers and Church streets, she understood, to get a dispatch through as soon as the office opened in the morning.

On Wednesday night, at a late hour, a voice was heard in rear of the open square between the City Hall and the Fire-proof building: "My friends, I have studied these seismic troubles thoroughly, and I assure you that you can go to your homes and beds and rest quietly. I doubt if there will be any more of these disturbances; but if there should, it will not be before this time to-morrow." He had just got that far, when the famous rumbling noise was heard in the West, and a first class shock followed. "Hang the d—d cuss!" was the response of several parties; but the scientist disappeared over a back fence and was heard of no more.

A friend invited me to go with him, get a drink and visit some of the other camps; and a queer sight it was, you may rest assured—babies asleep in carriages, with umbrellas and other improvised coverings; delicate females walking around disconsolately, and men trying to be philosophical, but a muttered damn would escape occasionally, and the dew was wetting everything.

Mr. Leiding, the Hasel street merchant, was taking a bath when the trouble began. He did not take time to consider, but grabbed his silk hat and gold-headed cane (recently presented by his em-

ployees) and rushed into the street (similar case described in Mark Twain's "Roughing It"). It is said he met a gentleman and some ladies, raised his hat and was about to proceed further, when he was informed of his unpresentable condition. He disappeared. In a dwelling on the Battery, which was thrown out of plumb, neither doors nor windows could be opened, and a courting couple who were terribly frightened, reposed in one another's arms—the male in trying to open a window, got his hands into a vase of water, screamed to his inamorita, "My dear, it's a tidal wave—let's die in each other's arms." Parties succeeded in opening the door from the outside, and brought in candles, when the surprised parties sneaked out.

Too Busy to Attend to His Injuries.

My friend's invitation to take a drink resulted in our finding an Italian's place open on the north side of Market street. His head and shirt bore indications of bloody work having been done. I asked him the cause, saying I didn't think you'd fight at such a time as this. "No; de earthquake," was his reply. "But there have been no shocks to-night," I said. "No, I got it last night, when the ceiling fall." He had been so anxious to make money, that although twenty-six or eight hours had elapsed since he was hurt, he couldn't take time to have his wounds dressed.

Sudden Death of a Charitable Man.

A stout, hearty man, whose sobriquet was King (but it was generally thought it was assumed), who had a saloon on King street, near Market, seemed perfectly cool, made no braggadocio about not being afraid, etc., but told the police officers that anybody who needed food or drink, and no money to pay for it, were invited to call at his place and get it as long as it lasted. King's nervous system must have been terribly worked up, for he was found dead in his bed a few days afterwards.

Steamers Kept Fires "Banked."

Nearly all the steamers in port had their holds thoroughly scoured and white-washed, and notified the city authorities that as many parties as so desired would be housed. It was understood that fires were kept "banked" in anticipation of the dreaded tidal wave which had decimated Lisbon and Caracas. I found quarters on the tramp steamer "Amethyst," and the next night I was complaining about my bones sticking through, when one of the watch offered me his bunk, as he was on duty all night—a custom in port, I believe. I

determined to take the chances of other disagreeable occupants, and turned in. About daylight, I was aroused by muttered conversation to the effect that "the water was out." I was much excited for a time, but found the crew took it coolly—so I simmered down. *The tide had been stationary for four days.* Many of the crew had visited all parts of the world, but this was the first time they ever heard of such a thing. Capt. Vogel, of the Jacksonville steamer, afterwards reported that on his way down there was a terrible disturbance of the water some miles off; his belief was that a heavy outgoing tide met the incoming, and by Providential means broke its power. I don't give this as anything more than my own idea. When I heard the expressions about the water being out, I took it to mean that a careless fireman had neglected to watch the supply of water in his boilers. I spent one night in the passenger cars at the Northeastern Railroad, but never want such another experience on account of the terrible mosquitoes.

A bar-room, corner of Unity alley and Bay street, was keeled completely to one side, and looked as if it would fall momentarily. A thirsty mortal went in, notwithstanding repeated warnings of the danger. His reply was: "I am just dying for a drink, and am going to have it." He'd die happy, then, sure.

A friendly pilot informed me that he was keeping "open house" on Broad street, and invited me to walk in and take a "nip." The front of the house had fallen out, and a bed-room and dining-room were freely exposed.

Wind Taken Out of Smartey's Sails.

A natty-looking individual arrived at the Charleston Hotel about 11 o'clock one night, where a party of us were congregated exchanging reminiscences. The streets being dark, he could see nothing of the destruction on his way. He seemed disposed to be smart, and jocularly remarked, "Been having a little shake here, eh! Guess it wasn't much." Just then came the premonitary rumble, and the assembly departed for the street. "When's the next train for the North?" excitedly demanded Mr. Smartey. "One o'clock," he was informed, and he departed by it.

Only Slight Shocks Since.

There have been several shocks at different times since the memorable 1886 'quake, but no loss was reported. It is to be hoped that the seismic troubles have finally been settled. The inhabitants are perfectly willing.

HOW THE RADICALS WERE DRIVEN OUT.

Commanders Somewhat Alike.

During the "red-shirt" occupancy of our city and surrounding country in 1876, quiet was maintained and outbreaks prevented by the persistent and incessant efforts of Generals Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler—of course, as was generally conceded, through the will of Divine Providence. The thieves had the aid of the United States soldiers, but the good people of the State won the fight. The cases are not exactly parallel, but it reminded me forcibly of a reported conversation between pickets the night before the battle of New Orleans: "Hello, Yank!" called one of the Johnny Bulls. "Hello, yourself!" was the answer. "We're going to clean you up to-morrow. We've got on our side Lords Packenham, Keane, Gibbes and Major Wilkinson, with the flower of the British army." "Guess not, Bull. We've got on our side Lord God Almighty, Lord Jesus Christ, Old Hickory Jackson, Generals Carroll, Adair, Coffin, Morgan and Col. Wade Hampton, with the Kentucky Riflemen, and we are sure to lick you," was the response of the confident Yank.

Through Providential aid and the uncommon attention, thoughtfulness, sleeplessness and sense of Generals Hampton and Butler, backed up by the invincible "red-shirts," the enemy were overawed and defeated, and a bloodless battle won. Ex-Governor Chamberlain is pleasantly received whenever he puts in an appearance here. "By-gones are by-gones." The ex-Gov. don't carry this out fully, as he has mounted a wig.

Would Eat Crackers and Cheese First.

During the red-shirt campaign, our old and patriotic friend, Abram Stork, had his hands full. His restaurant was packed with the "shirts" at all hours, and, of course, there was a deal of waiting. Some one asked if there was not another restaurant in town. "Yes," was the reply of a neighbor; "Fine's, down on the next square." "Go in that Radical place," was the answer of young Blease, of Newberry; "I'll eat crackers and cheese first." Abram overheard it, and directed the disgruntled youngster to walk right back—he should have breakfast at once, and he got it.

"Hold the Fort"—Ticklish Times.

During the joint occupancy of the House of Representatives by the Wallace (or Democratic) members and the Mackeyites, of

course, no actual business was done. Mr. Arthur Glover, of Edgefield (of the famous Glover-Gomillion vendetta), stalked around, loaded down with three heavy repeaters, to look after Ed. Mackey in case of trouble, while a big black man, apparently similarly equipped, lounged about, prepared for Speaker Wallace. Everybody felt as if there was bound to be an explosion of some sort at any minute. On the particular night referred to, one of the colored members addressed Speaker Mackey as to a question of privilege. "State your question," was the reply. "I wanted to ask, as long as we are 'holding the fort,' if we could sing a campaign song, 'Hold the Fort for Hayes and Wheeler?'" "No!" "No!" and hisses came from the Republican side, the Democrats remaining mute. The song was feebly sung, with constant interruptions.

On its conclusion, Mr. James Callison, of Edgefield, jumped to his feet and addressed Speaker Wallace to this effect, "It is customary in a minstrel show to have a jig dance after a song. If not out of order, I would ask that that part of the programme be carried out." This proposition was answered with laughter and groans. But the incident was closed there.

Wouldn't Pay Taxes to Support Radicals.

The recent death of Mr. John Myers, of the Hopkins' Turnout section, brings to mind the fact of his persistent refusal to pay taxes on his large amount of real estate situated in that vicinity. He is said to have sworn not to buy a new hat or pay taxes until the Radical power was broken, and he didn't. When the Hampton Government was recognized, Mr. Myers came to Columbia, paid his back taxes, bought him the latest style "tile," and returned home. There were a number of others who forcibly resisted deprivation of their property by the thieves.

Didn't Want to Help the Undertakers.

An inoffensive, garrulous old gentleman from New Jersey, bought several pieces of property at tax sales, and contrary to the advice of a legal gentleman who knew the dispositions of some of the to-be disfranchised owners, he went down to get possession of his property, as he supposed it to be. At two places he was met with loaded guns, and an intimation that he had better "git," or he might be carried off. Mr. B. went back to the officials and demanded his money, saying he was not disposed to help the undertakers. The money was returned.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

Licked But Didn't Know It.

Gen. Samuel McGowan was on detached service at the First Manassas battle and rout. After the Federals were panic-stricken and in full retreat, Gen. M. and two or three others rode over to the left some distance, when they discovered a body of fully ten thousand apparently fresh Yankee troops, who it was thought intended to attack the pursuing Confederates in the rear. One of the party galloped back in search of Gen. Beauregard, to report the matter to him, but he could not be found for some time—the information, it appears, had been communicated to the General. Soon afterwards the ten thousand fresh men were "taken with a leaving" and rapidly disappeared—the panic was contagious. This had nothing to do with stopping the pursuit of the flying enemy to Washington, however. The Confederates were "done up" from heat and fatigue, and could by no means have traveled over the twenty-two miles to the Capitol City. Gen. McGowan came through Columbia on his way home after the battle and made a speech from the piazza of Hunt's Hotel (where the Y. M. C. A. building now stands), in which he said the Confederates were whipped up to 12 o'clock, but they did not know it, and so the fight went on.

"All's Well"—Happy Omen.

Col. Joseph Daniel Pope addressed the large assemblage the same night. In one of his beautiful delineations, he exclaimed, "Watchman, what of the night?" and paused for a few seconds; just then the steepleman in the tower attached to the City Hall, called the quarter-hour, "All's well!" "Happy omen," said Mr. Pope, and concluded his remarks.

Knew What Baby Food Was.

Jeweler George Bruns during a lull in the fight at Spottsylvania, secured a haversack filled with substantial food. The fight was renewed, and George soon was severely wounded in the leg. Hospital accommodations were scarce, and the surgeons were forced to operate on the field. He was laid upon the ground, and his haversack utilized as a pillow. After the leg was amputated, he felt hungry, and requested that his knapsack be used for a pillow, so that he could sample the contents. A surgeon complied with the request, and George tackled some hard tack and ham, but he was weak from loss of blood, and his jaws refused to do their work.

"Dr.," he said to his attendant, "I think I'm bad off." "No," was the reply; "you are doing well—I'll soon fix you." "Cavis," called out the kindly-disposed surgeon, "take some of this hard tack and fix it according to my directions." Julian went off but soon returned with a mess which the wounded soldier pronounced the nicest thing he had ever tasted. The "tack" had been soaked in hot water, salted, then well buttered with a piece of fat bacon. The way I heard of it was, through my telling George, on one occasion, that I was going home to eat baby food, and suggested that he would not appreciate it, after telling how it was prepared—"Huh! bet I do," and then told this experience. The wounded man had not yet been removed from the improvised operating spot when John Renno came along, inquired as to his condition, and as to whom he should write, brought out his improvised writing materials and communicated with Bruns' family. The wounded soldier recovered, and is muchly alive; but his chums, Julian Cavis and John Renno, have joined the great army beyound.

Recognizing a Good Samaritan Enemy.

Wm. C. Anderson served during the war, and for a length of time acted as courier. On one of his rides during the heat of the day on a lonely Virginia road, he heard cries for "Water" proceeding from a fence corner. He rode up to the spot and found a wounded Yankee, who was suffering for want of the fluid. Willie emptied the contents of the canteen into the soldier's vessel, gave him what he had in his haversack, broke off several branches of neighboring trees to protect him from the hot rays of the sun, and rode rapidly away, to make up for lost time. About two years after hostilities had ceased, Anderson went to New York, and one day, while standing in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel counter, a man strolled in, looked at him on one side and then went round on the other. "I hope you'll know me when you see me again," was Will's sharp interrogation. "You're a reb," was the response. "Well, what of it?" Anderson replied. "Just this much," answered the stranger, putting forth both hands; "there is no one in this world I would rather see. Do you remember, on the 20th of June, 1864, relieving a wounded Yankee soldier in a fence corner in Virginia—giving him your canteen of water, emptying your haversack, and cutting branches of a tree to protect him from the sun?" "Well, I have done such things," said Bill. "I'm one of those individuals, and you must go home with me at once to see my old mother, who has prayed for you every night since."

After some little remonstrance, Anderson accompanied the man; but they had a hard time getting to the residence, for they stopped in several saloons, where the ex-soldier told of the affair, and everybody wanted to treat the "rebel." On their arrival at the home of his gratified acquaintance, the old mother kissed and squeezed him to such an extent that he declared his clothes slackened on him. He couldn't get away for several weeks, and then only on the promise of visiting them again soon. A liberal amount of funds was offered for his acceptance, which Anderson positively refused. Finally, he accepted a horse, which was much ridiculed for his looks, but his stride was wonderful. Poor Anderson took cold at a fair in Charlotte, which fell on his lungs, consumption developed, and he died in a few months—well cared for by his friends.

"Asa Hartz"—A Rhymster.

Maj. Enoch George McKnight, who made something of a reputation at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, during the war (the scene of the famous prize fight between John C. Heenan and John Morrisey, in which the former broke his hand and succeeded in breaking Morrissey's nose), by his amusing poetic and prose letters over the signature, "Asa Hartz," addressed to "Jack o' Diamonds; my Left Bower." I only remember two lines of an appeal he addressed to the Federal Commissioner of Exchange:

> And haven't you a Federal Maje,
> Who's suffering in some Dixie cage?

The appeal was in such an amusing strain that orders came to release Major McKnight, and George went on his way rejoicing. His health was completely broken down by his confinement on Erie's bleak island, and he died soon after he reached his adopted home in New Orleans. "Asa" was a fellow-apprentice in *The South Carolinian* office. As a youngster, he was famous for his rhyming. His father was a crusty old codger, without a grain of sentiment. George had his rhyming machine in order one day and produced several samples—on names of the office boys, etc.—which were very clever. He then scribbled the following lines, and handed them politely to his father:

> Father, when I'm dead and gone,
> And the sun shines o'er me bright,
> Just drop, if you should pass along,
> A tear for George McKnight.

The old man looked over his spectacles at him for a few seconds, hit him a clip over the head, with the exclamation, "Go to your work, you lazy rascal," and resumed his type-setting.

George's remains repose in Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans. He served in a Louisiana Regiment.

Reasons for Not Paying Debts.

George's ideas of *meum* and *teum* were like some others in this world. On the well remembered 15th of April, 1849, when we had quite a fall of snow, the poor fellow came around to see me, rigged in a linen suit, without socks or under-clothing. My mother noticed this omission and spoke to him about it. "All I got," was his reply. Addressing me, she suggested that as a certain suit of clothes was too small for me, that I had better sell the articles to George at a low figure. A bargain was struck, and the boy was rigged out with a complete suit, including socks. He was to pay a certain amount every week until the debt was wiped out. Two years elapsed without any payment being made, when one day I reminded him that the clothes had never been paid for. He gave me a quizzical look, and replied: "You must think I'm a blamed fool; I never pay live people, and the dead don't need it."

Negro Jails Not Interfered With.

It was believed that the Federal soldiers were interested in the freedom of the slaves, and aided them in many ways. It is true, quite a number of the would-be freedmen joyfully followed the army, but the majority repented, and tried to get back. I met a number of them at the North during a business trip in June, 1865, and at different times later on, all of whom regretted leaving, and used every means possible to get South again—many even walked back. One poor fellow offered to give any kind of paper, that he would serve me all his life, if I would only take him home. Strange to say, although Sherman's men—bummers, we'll call them—destroyed property indiscriminately, they surely spared two "nigger jails," as they were termed, and they are standing to this day. And I know of *one* case, at least, where a black man who, it was said, used some insulting remarks to a Yankee soldier, was shot dead on the spot. Gen. Sherman passed at the time and inquired into the matter; his comment was to the effect that his men were excited. "Bury him in a hurry, boys; don't be so brash another time." And the murdered colored citizen was buried on the southwest corner of the Bull and Lumber street lot.

Laboring Under Disadvantages.

Vim and energy will accomplish wonders. Dick Clark, a gallant

North Carolinian, went into the army at the age of fifteen, and after a few months was discharged; went home, spent a month and then returned to the front. He was wounded two or three times, but not seriously until two weeks before the surrender, when he lost a leg—the limb being taken from the socket. Poor Dick could neither read nor write—having worked in the field until he was of school age (which used to be considered in the country sixteen years), when he went forth to fight the battles of his country. As soon as he was able he set to speculating with a slim capital, and was successful. He opened a grocery store in a small way at the northeast corner of Washington and Assembly streets, and by looking carefully after the pennies, the dollars began to accumulate. He would sell tea, coffee, butter, etc., by the nickle's worth, and as he stood well with the merchants, and could order in limited quantity, he was not forced to carry an expensive stock. He invested in real estate after a time, and at his death had accumulated in the neighborhood of $40,000—a comfortable sum for his widow. This shows what perseverance can accomplish. He was hospitable in every sense of the word.

What's In a Name?

"Cicero Deo Demosthenes Plato Kelly" was the name given to a child by his proud parents—evidently with the supposition that he would be an only son. Others arrived in due time, but all the names were allowed to remain. The boys simply called him "Jim." On one occasion, while on picket duty in Virginia, and becoming lonesome (Corporal Tom Harper having *forgotten* to send a relief), the owls disturbed him with their "Who! who! whoopee?" Kelly misunderstood the voices of the night-birds and thought it was an inquiry as to who he might be. "Jim Kelly, of South Carolina," he yelled. "Who in the devil are you?" Jim never forgave Corporal Tom for the lonesome watch he caused him to have on that occasion. Jim died about a year ago.

"Very Undignified, Capt. Kemper.

When hostilities began, the talented lawyer, Maxcy Gregg, Esq., volunteered—receiving one appointment after another until he became a General. Capt. Del Kemper, of Alexandria, Va., with his fine artillery company, was attached to Gen. Gregg's command. At the battle near Vienna, a railroad train loaded with Federal soldiers was heard approaching, and Kemper was ordered to give them a warm reception, which he did. At every discharge of his guns, the

Alexandrian would throw himself on the ground and shout lustily. Gen. Gregg rode by and observing Capt. Kemper's effusiveness, said, in his usually brief, sharp tones, "Very undignified, Capt. Kemper." "Can't help it, General; just see how the Yankees are skeedadling!" The excuse seemed sufficient, and Gen. Gregg rode on. Capt. Kemper was severely wounded soon after, and spent several weeks in Columbia; he corroborated the statement.

I have in my possession the sheath-knife carried by Gen. Gregg throughout the war.

Generals Hampton and Howard.

On one of Gen. O. O. Howard's visits to Columbia, during Reconstruction days, he met Gen. Hampton accidentally, in the presence of Major James G. Gibbes. The Major introduced the two Generals. Howard promptly put forward his one hand towards the Carolina General, who withheld his for a few seconds, saying, "I cannot take your hand, sir, until you retract your statement as to my connection with the burning of this city." "General Hampton," was the prompt reply, "I freely admit that I was mistaken in that matter; and hope that now you will forgive and forget it." Hampton nodded and a hearty hand-shake resulted.

No Meat in the House.

Soon after Sherman's departure, we found ourselves in the fix of the boy, who is described as diligently digging for a length of time in search of a ground-hog. When the suggestion was made that he couldn't find the animal, the indignant reply was, "I've got to have him; the preacher is coming and there's no meat in the house." We were out of that necessary provision, when a solitary pig came in sight. Chase was made, but the animal had passed through that experience before; he turned and ran in different directions, but finally we overhauled him in what I supposed was the neighborhood of his home. About the time he gave his last squeal, a colored woman came up and claimed the carcase. As we had chased the animal fully an hour and had several falls, as he back-tracked and ran between the legs of some of the parties in pursuit, bringing them to the ground, his claimant agreed that we should make an equal division. Adding, "Dat pig was de debbil. Soldiers run him, weuns run him and youuns run him; tank God, he dead, sure!" We dined on fresh pig that day.

VENERABLE SUBJECTS.

Oldest Church in Columbia.

Inquiries are often made as to the oldest church in Columbia. As far as I can learn, the Presbyterian is the oldest denomination. The Rev. D. E. Dunlap, of that church, was "called" to the Columbia Church in 1794. 1802 is the first direct reference to the Methodists, with Rev. John Harper. In 1802, the Methodists and Presbyterians held services alternately in the State House. St. Peter's (Roman Catholic) is the oldest building, having been erected in 1824. It will soon disappear, however, as the construction of a new edifice is about to begin. This will leave the pennant with Trinity. This building has recently been again overhauled. The ornamental projections along the roof—pediments, perhaps, would express the meaning—were covered with lead; during the war, that weighty ornamentation was removed and sent to the Yankees, but in a shape they didn't appreciate—bullets, and the projections displayed their nakedness until recently. Pretty little cherubs formerly adorned the interior of the building; some prudish members of the congregation objected, and leaves in wreathy shape covered the supports or appendages, but this did not satisfy the objectors, and finally the figures disappeared. Old Washington Street Methodist Church was dedicated in 1832. The Baptist Church, which formerly stood on the southeast corner of Sumter and Plain streets, held the age honor; but Sherman's men destroyed it—having been informed that the famous Secession Convention met there. "If a lie can be justifiable," as the priest commented, in "The Two Orphans," "it would be in this case," and I believe the party received "absolution." It was the (then) new building, still standing, where that august body met to inaugurate a bloody war; but got frightened at several cases of small-pox, and adjourned to Charleston, where the Secession Ordinance was ratified.

Obeyed the Bench Warrant.

A very eccentric character was Mr. O. Z. Bates. When quite a young man, and acting as Deputy Sheriff, he was sent with a "bench warrant" to arrest and bring before the Court a man named Whitecotton, who resided in the forks of the Congaree and Watèree. The family were looked upon as "dangerous." Mr. B. took his double-barreled gun and went down to the house of the party called for. The story is that as he approached, Whitecotton fired at the officer,

but without doing him any injury. Bates replied with his gun, and Whitecotton fell dead. The body was put in front of the Deputy, who quietly remounted his horse, and brought what there was of Whitecotton before the Court. The tragedy struck terror to the members of the family, and it is understood that they pulled up stakes and went to Texas.

Visit of La Fayette—1824.

At the invitation of the American people, Marquis de La Fayette visited America, and in his tour, spent several days in Columbia. A committee of citizens and military escorted him from Camden, and they were met a few miles from here by a similar committee from the capital. As the procession reached Taylor's Lane, a goose deliberately stepped in front and waddled to Main street, turned to the left and continued to Gervais, then through Gervais to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, north side, between Marion and Bull, where the bird of Jove flapped his wings, squeaked and waddled away again. This information was given to me by Mr. Lewis Levy, a member of the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, and corroborated by Mrs. Grace Ann Sternes, who was one of the little misses who strewed flowers before the honored guest. A military guard of honor was on duty during the stay of the Marquis. The next morning, while receiving guests, an elderly colored man rode up, got down, hitched his mule, and asked permission to see "Mars. General;" that "Old Marster" was sick and couldn't come, so he sent him; that he cooked for their mess, and "Mars. General" would remember him. After some delay, he was allowed to enter the reception room unannounced. Depositing his hat carefully behind the door, he advanced, the crowd politely giving way, as they truthfully surmised that something of interest was about to occur. The old fellow gave a sort of military salute, and addressed the Marquis: "Mars. General, I's powerful glad to see you again." La Fayette put his hand to his head for a few seconds, and then with a pleasant smile gave a hearty grip to the gratified darkey. They chatted for several minutes, when the visitor, with a polite bow and an earnest, "Thank God, Mars. General, that I see you once more; I ain't long for this world, nor you neither." Reaching the sidewalk, he mounted his mule and departed homeward. It was reported that owner and slave died soon after. Mrs. Rudolph was so overcome by excitement connected with the entertainment of the nation's guest, that she became a lunatic, and died in an insane asylum.

In the Metropolitan Museum at Central Park, New York, is a col-

lection of so-called portraits of La Fayette. The representations are varied, and were evidently collected from all parts of the globe, as the faces represent almost all nationalities. There's a similar variety of George Washington.

Old Hotels or Taverns.

Rives' Tavern, on east side Richardson street, near Gervais, opposite the State House, was the first hostelry with which Columbia was blessed. Mrs. Margaret M. Martin told me that she stopped there with her parents on their arrival from Scotland, in 1817. It was afterwards called "Green's;" but for a number of years before it was torn down to allow space for the new Capitol, it had been discontinued for hotel purposes and was occupied by families. The Indian Queen (northwest corner Main and Taylor) followed. Then Briggs' (northwest corner Richardson and Lady) was erected by a man from the North named Briggs, but no connection of the Green family. Then came the United States, built also by Mr. Briggs. I received my information from the good wife of Dr. F. W. Green, who frequently attended dances in the hotels mentioned. She was a daughter of the Briggs of bridge-building fame. The first proprietor of Briggs' that I remember was Mr. Adam Edgar; then Mr. William Maybin, Col. A. H. Gladden (for a company), Messrs. Janney & Leaphart until the Sherman fire. I know nothing of the United States Hotel until Mr. A. M. Hunt took charge; then turned it over to Mr. T. S. Nickerson, who continued it until the burning. Soon after the 1865 fire, he opened the Methodist College as a hotel, with satisfactory results. Feeling that he must either expand or "bust," Mr. N. disposed of his interest in the college hotel to Mr. Wright and went to Georgia, where he carried on three hotels until his death.

Columbia's First Important Fire.

In 1841, Columbia had its first extensive conflagration. The flames broke out in a blacksmith shop in Davis' alley (now known as Lorick & Lowrance's), destroyed the entire Main street front on that side of the square (Plain to Taylor), and extending across the street, wiped out the property from Plain street to the two two-story buildings extending to the corner of Taylor—known as "Brick Range," the principal stores in the town. G. V. Antwerp, John I. Gracey, A. Young, Alfred North, Sherman & Stratton, Phillip Myers, A. Alexander, Henry Davis, John McKenzie, Elias Pollock, I. D. Mordecai, Cohen & Bell, the *South Carolinian* printing office and others being sufferers. Col. Wade Hampton (our late General)

and a sailor named Neville, who was visiting relatives here, are entitled to the credit of saving that property (owned by Mr. Robert Latta), for they worked energetically, and presented a sad appearance when they came down from the roof—hair and whiskers singed, clothing soaked with water, blackened and burned. The crowd cheered them heartily. The fire department consisted of two small hand engines—the Independent (white) and the Vigilant (colored), with a so-called hook and ladder company (the principal occupation of the members of the latter being to keep mischievous boys from running away with the useless appendage whenever it was brought to a fire). The members of the companies worked efficiently, and prevented what was at first thought would be an extensive and destructive conflagration. Mr. Latta presented the white company with a silver-speaking trumpet and gave Mr. Galloway Monteith's colored boys a liberal "feed."

"Not Till I've Laced My Corsets."

During this famous Main street fire, Mrs. Alexander, the wife of a clothing merchant, saw that her two young children were in safe hands, and then proceeded coolly to dress herself. She was notified several times that the building was on fire, and she must come out; but her sole reply was: "Not till I lace my corsets. I'm not going to catch my death of cold." And finish the job she did, notwithstanding the importunities of her numerous friends.

Dr. Elias Marks, of Barhamville.

This well known and talented educationalist and poet brought into prominence and kept to the front the first female institution in the vicinity of Columbia during the early thirties. At Barhamville were educated female representatives of the first families of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and other States, among them the mother of President Roosevelt. Dr. Marks was an Israelite, but became converted to Christianity, and connected himself with Trinity Church. His first wife and several members of his family are interred in the grave-yard connected with that church. A volume of his poetry was published in 1850, and was favorably commended by the writers of the day—George P. Morris praising the work highly, and publishing lengthy extracts from it in *The Home Journal*, of New York. Besides educating his brother's daughters, he showed his liberality by requesting his aged mother, when making her will, to leave him $5 only, and to bestow the entire property, consisting of real estate and negroes, upon his less fortunate relatives. He was satisfied, he

said, that his children would never object to the provisions of the will, but it was just as well to be on the safe side. Dr. Marks retired from his famous institution during the early days of the war, and was succeeded by Madam Sosnowski, an educated Polish lady, until the latter part of 1864. Barhamville buildings were destroyed by an accidental fire, about twenty years ago, and the venerable teacher passed hence soon after, at the residence of his daughter (Edwina), Mrs. Chamberlain, in Washington City. He has a son living in Plattsburg, N. Y.

Log Cabins, Coon-Skins and Hard Cider.

The Presidental campaign of 1841, which I remember distinctly, was the most exciting of any known in this section. The Whigs were vastly in the majority, and held meetings, where excited speakers yelled to the delight of the assembled crowd, while log cabins of varied sizes from 10x20 to tiny affairs, with coon-skins nailed against the sides, and a barrel supposed to contain "hard cider," was appended. The Democrats, with ex-Sheriff Jesse De-Bruhl at the head, ornamented with red caps, paraded the streets, and made headquarters in the circus building, which adjoined St. Peter's Church on the north. The small boy was muchly in evidence; "Whigs eat dead pigs," "Democrats eat dead rats," and similar expressions were hurled at each other by the youngsters, who apparently took as much interest in politics as their seniors, and fights were of hourly occurrence. The Whigs had campaign dinners at "D. Caldwell's Hotel," with the accompanying speeches, and a full supply of hard cider. Ladies would attend, and many of the gentlemen wore ruffled shirts. Mr. Frank Root was a frequent attendant. Hard cider was not considered intoxicating; but on one occasion, Mr. Root, in response to a suggestion, "Empty your glasses," made the attempt, but could not reach his lips and the contents took the beauty and the starch out of his neatly gotten-up shirt front.

Another Little Face in the Picture.

Mr. Broadbent, an artist who painted a number of satisfactory portraits—Capt. and Mrs. John Heise, C. V. Carrington, Charley Bedell, A. L. Kline and a number of others—was called upon by Mr. Lewis Elias to paint a family group. He explained to the artist what he wanted, and inquired the price. He was informed of the amount after the necessary calculation. Considering over the matter for a short time, he gave the order, and offered to pay part in advance. This the artist declined. In due time the sittings were

had and the work completed, much to the gratification of all parties, and the cash promptly handed over. Several months elapsed, when Mr. E. put in an appearance, with a quizzical look on his countenance. After exchanging salutations, he broke out, "Mr. Broadbent, I come to see you 'bout the picture." "Anything wrong, Mr. Elias?" was the artist's reply; "if so, I will try and remedy it." "No," said Mr. E., stroking his chin, as was his wont; "but Rebecca present me with a fine little boy last week, and I come to see if you can put another little face in the picture." Mr. Broadbent was much amused; but whether he succeeded in "putting in another little face," I can't remember. I have traced the picture to the possession of Mr. Israel, a son-in-law, who lives in Charleston; and when I again visit the city, I shall, Paul Pry-like, call and get a look at the sixty-five-year-old picture.

Patrol and Street Duty—"Run, Nigger, Run!"

Six days and nights of patrol and street duty was the law in the good old days for all citizens between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, or the payment of a tax of $3. The youngsters thought it was quite a "lark," but one day or night's experience gave perfect satisfaction, and I never heard of any one making a second trial. Firemen were exempt, and the fire companies had full ranks, and efficient work was done—no laggards were allowed to remain in the companies. I remember an energetic man, who was always on hand, on one occasion was marked "absent," and being called up at the company meeting, answered "no excuse," and prepared to pay his fine; but before that necessary proceeding could be effected, several indignant members jumped to their feet and insisted upon an explanation, declaring they would have no man in the company who from absence at an alarm of fire should give such an answer. Poor Brooks wriggled, turned red and finally gave a satisfactory but unpleasant reason for not answering at roll-call. Objections were withdrawn and he remained an active member until his return to his northern home after the conclusion of hostilities in the so-called "Civil War." Brooks came here to move the State House into Senate street; did his work satisfactorily, and was so pleased with the condition of things, that he remained.

10 o'clock in the summer months—May until September—and 9 the rest of the year, were the hours for bell-ringing; and then any unfortunate negro caught without a "pass" was locked up for the night, a whipping administered the next morning, and he or she turned loose. "Skinning" over back fences was an accomplishment

practiced by both sexes. "Run, nigger, run, and get your pass," etc., was fully understood. Mr. Joshua Sowden ("Marse Josh," as he was termed by the darkeys,) filled the position of Chief Marshal from the time of his selection until his death. Mr. John Burdell was another official who gave satisfaction, and he served until the reign of the Radicals, when he removed to Kershaw County and became a successful planter. He has paid several visits to his old tramping grounds (horses were not in vogue then for police officials), expresses himself pleased with the condition of things here and the improvements made, etc., but prefers country life.

The Military and Fourth of July.

The old militia law in South Carolina was very stringent. Every individual between the ages of eighteen and fifty was compelled to do military duty, either in uniformed companies or the "Beats," as those God-forsaken-looking soldiers used to be called. The consequence was Columbia had seven uniformed companies: The Richland Rifles, Governor's Guards, Carolina Blues, Emmett Guards, Greys, Flying Artillery, Richland Light Dragoons, and on regimental or battalion parades, College Cadets and Cedar Creek Rifles. Fourth of July was one of the regular parade days. The companies would assemble at 6 o'clock in the morning, march to Taylor's Hill, the Artillery fired a salute (sometimes the Infantry would also); march down again, have a collation, and dismiss for the day.

Charleston was the military city, however, with twenty-seven uniformed companies, besides several "Beats." On the morning of the Fourth the line would be formed on Broad street, extending from the old Post Office clear to the Ashley River, and after review by the General in command, with an elegantly uniformed staff, would march to the Battery, fire a salute and be dismissed. You could hear "ping! ping!" in the water, as the "Beats" would discharge their guns, with the ramrods.

A very amusing incident occurred on one of these occasions. Gen. James Simons had a magnificent horse, that he prized highly. On the night of the 2d, some mischievous creature shaved the fine tail of this favorite animal. Gen. S. was highly indignant over the matter, but how to remedy the evil was what interested him. A firm of saddlers heard of the trouble, and thought they could manufacture a tail, which they proceeded to do, and it looked very well. Gen. S. mounted his war-horse and was galloping down the line, when there was an unmilitary-sounding yell. His suspicions were excited, and he looked hurriedly around. To his horror, the false

tail had become detached and fallen to the ground, and the denuded tail stuck out nearly a yard in length. Spurs were applied and the discomfited General disappeared in short order.

I hope the Legislature will re-enact the old militia laws—cut loose from Uncle Sam—and run our own system: We'd then have innumerable military companies; instead of having to struggle to keep up two rigged in Khaki, there would be ten or twelve in varied rig. There is enough *esprit de corps* to keep up the system. Let's have our own military.

South Carolina Had First Steam Railroad.

South Carolina has the honor of building the first steam railroad in the United States. There was a short line from Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, which claimed it; but the New York *Scientific American* investigated the matter thoroughly, and endorsed the South Carolina claim. The road was completed from Charleston to Augusta, Ga., in the thirties, but it did not reach Columbia until 1842. There was a "big time" in the capital city on the arrival of the first train. The Washington Light Infantry and French Artillery (La Fayette, I suppose,) came up from Charleston, besides a number of civilians, to participate in the festivities. There was a barbecue on the lot adjacent to the depot, with plenty of spiritual accompaniments—great tubs, filled with punch and lemonade, were scattered around promiscuously—lager beer was not in vogue then. Ice was something rare, except when winter reigned. My good friend, Charles Neuffer, Esq., the genial German, superintended the fluid distribution, and gave me several lemons, sufficient sugar and a big lump of ice, to take home and prepare a lemonade for my mother. The ice slipped and fell to the ground, and was left—I thought it was dirty.

Mr. Henry T. Peake, afterwards Superintendent of the South Carolina Railroad, was one of the first engineers, with the "Ravenel." According to my recollection, the "Robt. Y. Hayne," a diminutive locomotive, hauled the first train. Every afternoon crowds of people would go down to see the train arrive from Charleston—the run requiring twelve hours. The remark of an Irishman, who had stationed himself at a respectable distance from the locomotive, impressed me very forcibly: "If that ain't hell in harness, what is it?"

Passenger cars, barrel-shaped, were much in vogue at one time, but an unusual jar sent two of them rolling down a hill for a considerable distance, injuring none of the passengers seriously, but causing several to be troubled with something like seasickness.

The Whipping-post.

Years ago, there was a whipping-post law in this State, and it had the effect of getting rid of bad characters. When a white man once had "thirty-nine lashes on the bare-back," he disappeared and never turned up again. I remember the names of only two men that I saw punished or degraded (because the lashes were never laid on hard) were William Rabun and Slocum B. Church. They left before night.

Tar and Feathers.

Abolition ideas and conversation were not allowed here up to the beginning of the war. Even the circulation of the New York *Tribune* and other papers of a like ilk were prohibited. A man named Powell, employed as a stone-mason on the erection of the State Capitol, was foolish enough to persist in publicly expressing his views as to negro slavery, notwithstanding repeated warnings. Finally, Powell was seized, carried to the neighborhood of Fisher's Pond, his clothing removed and cared for, and he was well smeared with tar, then a pillow-case was opened and he was feathered. His clothing was turned over to him and he left.

Sam Glover, a noted colored barber, was treated similarly for good and sufficient reasons. He turned up in Washington City, where he barberized until his death, but did not boast about the matter of the "coat."

Veteran of Ninety-Eight and His Weapon.

In 1847, Mr. George Shegog, an Irish gentleman, daintily attired in a bottle-green dress-coat, lined with white silk, yellow vest and pants, wearing a white silk hat, the under portion of the brim tinted green, put in an appearance here and remained something over a year. The understanding was that he was the eldest son of a distinguished well-to-do Irish family. His visit was to a sister and brother, who had emigrated from the Green Isle many years before, and took up their abode in the capital town of South Carolina. The sister married and had an only daughter (Mrs. John Agnew), who also married and left descendants. Soon after the departure of the elder brother, the mangled remains of the younger man were found alongside the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, a short distance above the Elmwood avenue bridge crossing that railroad. Mr. George Shegog would sometimes sit in a thoughtful mood for half an hour, and then in a dreamy tone of voice detail incidents in his early life pertaining to the rebellion of '98, which were very interesting. Mrs. Eugene Cramer has in her possession a formidable

looking pike, with an axe and sharp hook attached, which it is claimed was used in the famous battle of the Boyne Water, and afterwards in the Rebellion of '98. A copper inscription on the oaken handle so declares, and that it was brought over by Mr. George Shegog.

Wanted Little Gold Crucifixes.

Mr. Lewis Elias was in business here until a few years before the so-called "Civil War," when he removed to North Carolina—"Move on," being the motto of the Israelites. When the volunteers were about taking the cars for Mexico, he went among them, telling them good-bye and distributing useful articles. His sage remark to some of his individual friends was, "Boys, I don't exactly believe in 'em, but when you get to the halls of the Montezumas, and are gathering up little gold Jesuses, think of Elias, and put away a few for him. Mr. Elias belonged to a long-lived family. When he was nearly seventy years of age he took a trip to Germany to see his mother.

Old-Time Toddy-Stick, &c.

I was speaking before Mrs. Lucile Rion about the customs in old times—the days of loaf-sugar and other pure articles—when I referred to the adornments of a gentleman's sideboard with a bottle of brandy, sugar-bowl and an oak toddy-stick, pitcher of water, necessary glasses, etc. She quietly left the room, and in a few minutes returned, holding one of the useful implements for crushing the hard lumps of sugar, and inquired, "Anything like this?" There was the genuine article itself. There was no smell of spirits or mint, but it brought up vividly what it was used for. In those old days, the gentlemen had brandy toddies, juleps, etc.; while the ladies were furnished with wines, cordials, liqueres, and sherry, maraschino, perfect love, etc. The oaken implement brought all these things to memory. The owner prized it because it belonged to her father—she did not know its use.

Mrs. Rion has among her collection of curios the remnant of the small cane with which her grand-father, Preston S. Brooks, Esq., gave the insolent Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, a lesson in politeness. Also the desk at which Representative Brooks sat, while member of the House of Representatives.

Racing in Old Times—Four Mile Heats.

Columbia formerly had one of the finest race tracks—or two of them, I might say—the Columbia Jockey Club, a portion of the present Epworth grounds, and the other Hampton's (or Boney Young's as it was generally called), on the South Carolina Railroad, a few

miles below the town. Such names as Hampton, Singleton, and other gentlemen of like ilk, managed the racing. Some of the finest stock in the country would run here—stopping on the way through to New Orleans. The greatest event of the racing world at that time occurred here—a four mile heat between four horses—Cornelia Reed, Grif Edmondson, Ellen Evans, and another. Each horse had won a heat, making sixteen miles, when the owner of one of the animals withdrew him, saying he would not run his horse to death; another was ruled out on some technicality. One more heat was run and the mare was the winner—the race not being decided until long after night had closed in.

Running Ten Miles in an Hour.

A man named Jackson, the "American Deer," as he was called, accomplished a wonderful feat on the old race track here. He ran ten miles in a fraction less than sixty-one minutes. He was to make the run in an hour, but was annoyed by outsiders pressing him too close to the fence, so that he lost that amount of time. The judges properly awarded him the money. Up to the last mile parties would attempt to go around the track with the runner, but had to fall to the rear in every instance.

A Long Imprisonment.

In the spring of 1852, I paid a visit to the famous Sing Sing Prison, on the Hudson River, in New York State, and was escorted over the entire building, even including the woman's department (the women prisoners have since been transferred to another stronghold). A Mrs. Robinson, known as the "veiled murderess," had been convicted of a peculiar murder in Troy, the year before. This sobriquet was obtained from the fact that during the trial she kept her veil down, and only raised it when ordered so to do by the Judge when sentence was about to be pronounced upon her, and immediately afterwards down it went again. It was said that in the prison she was allowed to wear a half veil. I merely saw her back. The woman's identity never was discovered. It was thought that she hid her features to prevent recognition by acquaintances who might happen into the Court room. She was plentifully supplied with money from some unknown source. The sentence was imprisonment for life, and it is being rigidly enforced. After serving more than fifty-three years' imprisonment, she became insane, and was transferred to a lunatic asylum. That is the longest imprisonment that ever I heard of. The New York authorities evidently believe in woman suffrage or suffering.

COLUMBIA—OLD AND NEW.

Columbia—The Capital City.

The Legislature of 1786 appointed commissioners to arrange about building a town and removing the seat of government thereto. In 1790, Columbia became the capital—the Legislative body having previously met in Charleston and Jacksonboro. The vote on selecting the capital was very close—Stateburg and Columbia being the competitors, and the latter only won by one vote. A plot of level ground on the Lexington side of the river, a short distance from Congaree Creek, had been looked upon favorably, but a freshet in the Congaree flooded it completely, and so ended its chances. Col. Thomas Taylor, the owner of the land purchased, declared that "A d—d good cotton plantation was going to be spoiled to build a d—d poor town." In 1805, Columbia was incorporated as a town.

The vote on selection was truly close.

Our City and What It Claims.

The incidents and information contained here began when the population of Columbia numbered less than 10,000 souls. Now—1905, notwithstanding Sherman's attempt to "wipe us out"—we have nearly come up to the 40,000 mark; real estate has doubled and trebled in value; vacant places been and being built upon, a sky-scraper towers over us; mills and manufactories of many different kinds are carried on successfully; emigrants coming in; we communicate "with the world and the rest of mankind" (as Gen. Zachary Taylor put it) by means of the telegraph and long distance 'phone. Railroad connection is complete with every section, besides river communication with the sea. Trolley lines connect suburban settlements, and in the near future Brookland, Lexington and other neighboring towns and villages will have these convenient modes of transportation. As to the climate, that is hard to beat; plenty of good water, and thorough sewerage. And the boom continues.

To be Regretted.

Columbia is fast losing one of her principal attractions—the beautiful gardens. This is to be regretted, but the work of improvement must not be impeded. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," Tennyson expresses it very prettily. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," he further says. We must yield to the inevitable. Buildings are needed, and vacant space must be built upon. But we cant' help bewailing the loss of the gardens.

First Newspaper in Columbia.

The *Times & Gazette,* I have reason to believe, was the first newspaper issued in Columbia, and, I think, published by John and Daniel Faust, near the southwest corner of Richardson and Washington streets. Mr. Landrum, who afterwards carried on the pottery a few miles to the northeast of the town, published *The Hive* for a time. *The Telescope* was published in 1820. The *South Carolinian,* by A. H. & W. F. Pemberton, followed in 1832. *The Palmetto State Banner,* by I. C. Morgan; *Temperance Advocate,* by John G. Bowman; *Southern Chronicle,* by Samuel Weir; *Illustrated Family Friend,* by Stuart A. Godman; *Carolina Times,* by E. H. Britton, Gyles & LaMotte and C. P. Pelham, and several others; *The Telescope* resumed by A. S. Johnston; *The Daily Telegraph,* by Sill & De Leon, and then De Leon & Carlisle; *The Daily South Carolinian,* by Cavis & Johnston, which swamped *The Telegraph* very soon. *The Courant,* a literary publication, by the poet, Howard H. Caldwell. There were others, but their names I can't remember, as their existence was so brief. A. G. Summer, Esq., and B. R. Carroll, Esq., were connected with the *South Carolinian* for a time; also Dr. R. W. Gibbes and F. G. DeFontaine & Co. Then followed *The Daily Phoenix.* Then came *The Register* and a number of others, but as their careers were brief, it is unnecessary to mention them. *The State* and *The Record* are the sole survivors.

Oldest Houses in Columbia.

The substantial two-story building, southeast corner of Lady and Marion streets, now owned by Mrs. John M. Kinard, has the reputation of being the oldest in the city. The two-story house, northwest corner Bull and Gervais, owned by Mr. Heath, and the one directly west, now occupied by Dr. Moore, come next. The Van Benthuysen house, on the southeast corner of Bull and Lady (built by Mr. A. Herbemont), is another. The Taylor house, near the Charlotte depot—which looked as if it had been slewed around by some freak of nature—held "the age," but a storm demolished it soon after the war. The house on the northwest corner of Gates and Lumber streets, now owned by Mr. Thos. Gibson, is not far behind, while the brick one, near the north corner of the block, follows suit. The Judge Nott homestead, now owned by Mr. M. L. Kinard, on Elmwood avenue, between Assembly and Gates streets, comes in about the same time. It formerly stood nearly 200 feet further back, but Mr. Richard Sondley purchased it and moved it that much nearer to civilization. Then comes the Hales house,

northeast corner Pickens and Richland streets, now occupied by Edwin G. Seibels, Esq. The house on the north side Laurel street, between Bull and Pickens, occupied by Mrs. J. T. Simms, comes in a similar category. The two-story brick "DeBruhl" house, northeast corner Marion and Laurel streets, is also an old one.

Our First Emigrants.

A short time before the fire of 1841, the first German emigrants of whom I have any knowledge arrived in Columbia—Messrs. M. Ehrlich, H. Bruns, G. Eilhardt and John Stork (uncle of Mr. Abram Stork), shoemakers, and Mr. Hertzog, carpenter. They all proved acceptable citizens, amassed goodly sums of money and left families, who have been creditable to them. The shoemakers occupied the premises on Main street, between Plain and Taylor, where Messrs. Stork and Davis now hold forth. We lived only a few doors off, and I used to visit the new-comers daily in their work-shop—amused at their peculiar language and earnest efforts to master English, while they appeared pleased at my prattle. I remained on good terms with them up to the last. Mr. Hertzog finally removed from Columbia and died. After realizing a competency, Mr. Eilhardt, with his wife and daughter, returned to Germany; but he was dissatisfied—saying that he knew nobody and nobody knew him in his native town, and he wanted to come back to Columbia, where he knew everybody—his family objected, however. Mr. Ehrlich paid a visit to the Fatherland a short time before his earthly career ended, and went to see his old friend.

The First Clock—Mr. Benjamin Rawls Supplied It.

The first public clock was erected by Mr. Benjamin Rawls, grandfather of ex-Alderman Benjamin Rawls. It was located on the top of his building, on the west side of Main street, between Taylor and Walnut (now Blanding) streets. The clock face was large, the figures distinct, and it was for several years the only public timekeeper with which the community was blessed. When the authorities finally erected a tower, on the northwest corner of Main and Washington streets, Mr. Rawls (who was a professional clock-maker and repairer) was put in charge and retained the place for years. At the Shermanizing there was a literal verification of "Hickory, dickery, dock"—as the clock struck 1, on the memorable 17-18 February, 1865, the steeple fell, and stopped the echoes summarily. The bell was cracked by the fall, but Mr. Robert McDougal sawed out the crack and it did duty suspended from a tree on the jail lot for several years.

Intendants and Mayors of Columbia.

John Taylor, Esq., was the first Intendant, elected in May, 1806. Then follow Abraham Nott, Claiborne Clifton, John Hooker, Daniel Faust, Simon Taylor, Robert Stark, Wm. E. Hayne, James Gregg, Daniel Morgan, James T. Goodwyn, David J. McCord, Wm. F. DeSaussure, E. H. Maxcy, Wm. C. Preston, Wm. C. Clifton, Dr. M. H. DeLeon, John Bryce, Dr. R. W. Gibbes, B. T. Elmore, R. H. Goodwin, W. M. Myers, Wm. B. Stanley, Joel Stevenson, Dr. Edward Sill, Henry Lyons, A. H. Gladden, Wm. Maybin, Ed. J. Arthur, Jas. D. Tradewell, Dr. Allen J. Green, Dr. John H. Boatwright, Dr. Thos. J. Goodwyn, James G. Gibbes, Theo. Starke, Col. Gunther, C. H. Baldwin, John McKenzie, John Alexander, John Agnew, R. O'Neale, Jr., John T. Rhett, F. W. McMaster, Dr. W. C. Fisher, W. McB. Sloan, Thos. J. Lipscomb, F. S. Earle and T. H. Gibbes. Several of these were re-elected.

Columbia Not on the "Square."

Our city, owing to the peculiar ideas of the surveyors, instead of "boxing the compass," runs north, with an easterly turn. Prof. M. W. Williams, of the South Carolina College, had a column twenty feet high erected on the then vacant square, showing the N., E., W., S., and then for some purpose pertaining to that object, I suppose, had a platform with a small column above it, diagonally across from there, on the old Steward's Hall lot. The latter is still standing, but the larger column was torn down when the property was sold, and residences erected. Mr. D. Gambrill is now the owner of the ground, southwest corner Sumter and College streets. An idea prevailed that the column was intended to designate the exact centre of the State, but this is a mistake. I heard Prof. W. explain the matter, and as he expressed it, he wanted to show that Columbia was not on the "square." He elucidated the subject thoroughly, but the above is the substance of it. She is on the "rise," however, because the old street railroad used for transporting cotton to the canal boats is now over five feet below the surface, and in digging to secure a good foundation for a building, the remains of a brick pavement were found six feet below the present level. She's dead sure on a boom.

The Oldest Walls.

It is claimed that the walls of the blacksmith shop on the west side of Sumter street, near Washington, now belonging to the Brennan family, are the oldest known in the town. They have been recovered and reoccupied at least four times.

Our Oldest Citizen.

Mr. Hugh McElrone was, without doubt, the oldest citizen of Columbia—his age being 103 years—when he departed this life last year. Several colored persons have been reported at different times to have passed the century mark, but their dates could not be depended on. Mrs. Mary Hillegas touched one hundred; Mr. Benjamin Rawls, former Postmaster, and Mr. R. O'Neale, cotton buyer, reached ninety-four; Mr. John Veal and Mr. Isaac Coleman touched ninety-two. Mr. McElrone was a native of Ireland, but had resided in Columbia for over sixty years, and enjoyed the respect of the entire community. It could be truthfully said of him that his word was as good as his bond, and he hated a lie "worse than the devil does holy water." He had acted as watchman for the banks of the city for more than a quarter of a century. His remains are interred in St. Peter's burial ground, of which church he was a revered member. Notwithstanding the ugly weather, there was an immense attendance of people to do honor to the venerated citizen.

Graded School Buildings.

The land now occupied by the Washington Street School, with some other in the suburbs, was given for educational purposes, and ten free pupils were to be taught. The buildings were constructed through the sale of the suburban property. The first teacher was, I believe, a Mr. Smith, then Dr. Elias Marks, Mr. W. Muller, the Misses Reynolds, Miss Ellen Elmore. It was afterwards turned over to the Graded School Commissioners—Miss Elmore declining to become the head of the institution. The four acres now occupied by the Laurel Street School was given by Col. John Taylor for a similar object. The teachers, as far as I know, were Messrs. James Daniels, Bulkley, Richard Ford and Hugh S. Thompson.

Paper Mill.

Columbia once had a paper mill, so an elderly lady informed me, but it was not long in operation. It was situated on the banks of the river, opposite to what was known as Lee's Island, a few hundred yards above Congaree Bridge (it is now part of the main land). The river was unusually high, and the storm was still raging, when the owner became uneasy and started down, but a superabundance of lightning put an end to his earthly career. The mill was undermined and finally carried away. The site of it was pointed out years afterwards. I have heard reports of another mill, but know nothing about it.

Served Triple Purposes.

The substantial-looking building on the northeast corner of Lady and Marion streets, now owned by Mrs. John H. Kinard, was built more than a century ago. It was first used as a Court House at Granby; then the Presbyterians brought it to Columbia, and for many years it served as a church—and a good one it was, too. When about to remove it or tear it down, Mr. John R. Niernsee, architect of the State House, finding that the timbers were in good condition, bought it, moved it across the street, transmogrified it into a dwelling, and it bids fair to outlast many buildings of a later date. My informant was Mr. Isaac Coleman, a resident of Granby during its palmy days.

Old Mills Gone Out of Business.

"Young's" Mill, afterwards called "Geiger's," at the foot of Boundary street, now Elmwood avenue, used to be an attractive spot for picnic and walking parties. It was the principal and oldest grist mill in the vicinity of Columbia. The old house became dilapidated and was torn down, the dam disappeared, and the Congaree rolls quietly along, without obstruction.

Dr. Fred. Green had a mill—lumber and grist—near Congaree Bridge, but it was burnt.

"Fisher's," afterwards known as "Roan's," was also patronized by amusement-seekers—the large room in the second story being used for dancing. Meal and grist could be ground more cheaply by steam, and the water-mills fell into disuse. Residents complained that "Fisher's" Pond was a breeder of disease, and it was ordered to be drained by the authorities. The mill lost its motive power, and now is in a tumble-down condition, and is soon to be removed. "Ring out the old, welcome the new."

Mr. Isaac Coleman, the oldest resident of Columbia that I ever heard of, and who is referred to several times in this volume, is authority for the statement that there was a pond on the grounds now owned by the College for Women, Theological Seminary and adjacent property; that a branch or water-way ran from there in a southwesterly direction, and was of sufficient depth and force to turn the wheel for a mill located about the corner of Sumter and Blanding streets; that he frequently caught small fish from the same stream.

Mr. Jas. S. Boatwright and Cotton Gins.

Whitney was the actual inventor of the cotton gin, but Mr. James S. Boatwright, of this city, made such improvements upon it, that

cotton men generally give the credit to the latter. At the time he was in the employ of Col. Tom Taylor, in a small factory on Dent's Pond, a few miles east of the city. The walls of the building are still standing. As Mr. B., Sr., got up in years, his son, Samuel, superintended the business. The Boatwright homestead was on the site of the present Court House, northwest corner Sumter and Washington streets. The old gentleman was very democratic in his ideas and could be seen on the streets constantly in warm weather in his shirt-sleeves. One evening, during a fire-alarm, he was knocked down and so badly injured that it resulted in his death. Mr. B. knew who was responsible, but refused to give the name of the party, saying it was an accident. He had several sons and daughters and a number of descendants, but they are scattered, and but few of them reside in Columbia.

Congaree and Saluda River Bridges.

The two main modes of ingress and egress for Columbia were built by Mr. William Briggs in 1824, father of Mrs. F. W. Green, and his remains are interred in the Green lot, in Elmwood Cemetery, having been removed from the Methodist Church-yard. Broad River Bridge was not built until some years later. They were all destroyed on the approach of Sherman and his army. That officer is reported to have said that he was saved the trouble by the Confeds. He would have deemed it unsafe to trust his men on them, for fear of their being mined, and he was well supplied with pontoons.

Changing Names of Streets.

Blanding street was formerly called Walnut, and a tall white column, surmounted by a golden-colored horse, ornamented the Main street corner on the southeast—a sign for "Clark's Hotel." The town was under great obligations to the Blanding family for material aid in the construction of necessary water works, and made the change as a slight acknowledgment of their liberality. Medium street was changed to College, as it ran to the South Carolina College. Winn was changed to Gregg street, complimentary to Gen. Maxcey Gregg. The streets running north and south were named for Revolutionary Generals, while those from east to west were called to indicate our agricultural productions—wheat, rice, tobacco, indigo, etc.—cotton was not in vogue then; miscellaneous names for the others were then used.

En passant: Mr. Wm. Dulin, wishing to keep the commemorative style, named his male children Rice, Indigo and Sugar. Rice lived to a good old age, and dealt in cotton in Cotton Town.

Ten Thousand Trees Destroyed.

Columbia has been despoiled at different dates of more than 10,000 trees. The town authorities must have commenced the planting of trees at a very early date, because my earliest recollection is of triple rows in several of the streets—Blanding in particular. In 1840 or '41 a terrible storm leveled over 3,000, so the town marshals reported. About twenty years ago, there was another decimation—large numbers being prostrated; while the August of 1894 witnessed terrible havoc. At one time, water-oaks prevailed; then China-berry, or Pride of India (which supplied the small boy with necessary ammunition for his pop-gun). Hack-berry, owing to its speedy growth, became popular; but its slight root-holding brought it into disfavor—it certainly cannot be excelled as a shade tree, however.

Renew the planting, gentlemen of the City Council.

First Book Store in Columbia.

The first book store in Columbia of which I have any knowledge was that of Mr. D. B. Plant, on the west side of Richardson street, near Taylor. I have several toy-books with his name on them, dated 1837. And such toy-books they were—plain, poorly printed, and illustrations that would disgrace a country newspaper. If some of the children of the olden time could see the productions of the present day, they would doubtless declare that they had been born too soon. Mr. William Cunningham came soon after, and at his death, about 1844, Allen & McCarter purchased the stock; who in turn transferred it to Bryan & McCarter; then to R. L. Bryan; then to Peter B. Glass, who continued it until the fire of 1865. Middlekauff & Calhoun opened up, but soon sold out to Townsend & North, who were Shermanized.

Tudor Hall—"Door of Hope."

On the west side of Gates street, near Lady, was once a noted house of ill-fame, the habitat of Madam Russell, a very pretty woman. The objectionable tenants were finally removed, respectable families afterwards occupied it, and during the past few years it has been usefully serving as a reformatory for unfortunates—"The Door of Hope;" and much good it has accomplished. We have wonderful transformations, and this is only one of them. The house was begun in evil, but will end in good, as the property has been purchased and kept up by God-fearing men, who are carrying out the Saviour's directions to the multitude, "Let him who is without sin," etc.

PECULIAR HAPPENINGS.

Meeting a Fellow-Countryman.

Miss Emma Wright (afterwards Mrs. J. Kenneth), of this city, was a great friend of mine. In 1854, she accompanied my mother and myself on a trip to the North. At Greenwood Cemetery, we ordered a carriage for a drive through those lovely grounds. After first getting directions from the superintendent as to the location of a lot we wanted to find—it was one of three, Pears, Nesbitt and Williams—on the same hillside, with no fencing between, located near the famous Schermerhorn vault. The driver knew the locality, and off we started. Miss Emma recognized the lingo of our Jehu and pleasantly asked him from what part of the "Green Isle" he hailed. "The city of Cork, ma'am," said he. "Why, that is my city," Miss Emma responded; "and where did you live?" was the next inquiry. "King street," was the reply of the delighted Irishman, giving the number. "I lived at the other end," said Miss Emma, pleased at the circumstance. And the balance of the drive was enlivened by the information imparted by Pat—who had visited Ireland since Miss E. emigrated. After going the route mapped out, the driver proposed to carry us through the new part, which was promptly agreed to, as we knew our friend was highly gratified with the conversation, and the gentlemanly manners of the driver. Returning to the entrance, while the two ladies were partaking of a light refreshment, I invited our manipulator of the whip to take a stimulant, which he with dignity proceeded to do. When I went to pay him for the use of the carriage, he asked me to let the half hour go as his treat—it was such a great satisfaction to talk with a fellow-countryman. I told him that I knew he had a living to work for, and so had I; that I brought with me a certain amount of money, and when that was expended, I should leave for home and go to work. But he politely persisted, and I merely paid him for the two hours agreed upon. Just then a horse-car passed on its way to Brooklyn. "Oh, Jerusalem! half an hour to wait for the next car," was my dissatisfied exclamation. "No, get the ladies to come at once and I'll overhaul the car in short order," was the prompt reply. The others hurriedly got in, and we started and overtook the car. I offered the polite and liberal driver half a dollar, but he shook his head, whipped up his horses, and left us.

In the summer of 1865, I paid another visit to Greenwood, Sunday afternoon; stepped into the first carriage I saw, and said I

wanted a short drive through the grounds. As we moved off, the driver asked if I owned a lot in the cemetery, and if not, did I have a permit, otherwise I would not be admitted. "Go ahead," I replied; "will see what can be done." He looked at me very hard, and when we were stopped at the entrance, I told the clerk the circumstances—that my wife's mother was buried there; that I would leave for the South that night, and hoped he would violate his rule slightly, as I knew nothing about the permits. His reply was that I should be admitted. I commenced my usual request about directions to the Schermerhorn vault, etc., when my worthy Jehu spoke up pleasantly: "That's all right, Mr. Williams; I know the gentleman, and where he wants to go;" adding, "I thought I recognized your Honor when you came up. I am delighted to see you. I drove you and two pleasant ladies ten years ago. How is your good mother?" "Very well, thank you," I replied. "And Miss Emma?" was his next query. "Poor Miss Emma has gone to her long home. She married, and while in a delicate situation exerted herself in coming to see me (I had what was thought to be a severe attack of pneumonia), and died a few days afterwards," I informed him. "I'm very sorry; she was a perfect lady. She treated me very kindly, not knowing that I was anything more than a poor driver."

Two years ago, at the entrance to Greenwood, I had just ordered a vehicle, when an elderly man addressed me: "Your Honor is fond of driving." "Yes," I answered; "much prefer it to walking." "I had the pleasure of driving you through the grounds years ago," he replied. It was our Irish acquaintance. He had given up work, and was living quietly in the neighborhood. I passed him a quarter, with the suggestion that he should pledge my health, but he must excuse me. If I get in that section again, I will certainly try and find the ex-driver; but it is likely that he has departed for the other world. I only refer to these circumstances to show how often we run up on persons by accident; when at other times all attempts fail in trying to find those we are in search of.

Cast Thy Bread, &c.

In 1852, I paid my first visit to the Northern States. Left home with sufficient of the wherewithal to take me through, but by a lucky hit in the lottery of Pyfer & Co., Laight street, Baltimore, increased the amount by nearly $400. In peregrinating around New York, I happened to drop into a somewhat notorious house in Wooster street, termed now-a-days "tenderloin." Quite a modest-looking woman, calling herself "Ida Montressor," and seated in a corner, attracted

my attention, and I got into conversation with her. In the course of our chat, I remarked that she seemed out of place; her reply was, that as soon as she could raise $1,000 (and she now had the better part of it deposited in bank), she intended to give up her present mode of life forever; that she had an opportunity to buy a millinery, now doing a fair business, and as the town was rapidly growing, trade would likely increase. I left in a few minutes and went to my quarters, but I could not rest quietly. Dreams of the young woman, and the waking thoughts of her promised reformation, haunted me. The next morning I went to the Wooster house, had an interview with the landlady, and asked her candidly to tell me (a foolish piece of business, many persons would say,) if she believed that her boarder, Ida, meant what she said. Her reply was that she felt perfectly satisfied that she spoke the truth, and then mentioned some circumstances connected with her early life, but without giving the least hint as to who she really was or where she came from. Later in the day I saw the would-be milliner, and she assured me that she was firm in her determination. Much to her surprise, I handed her the necessary amount, and two days afterward had the pleasure of seeing her get aboard the Hudson River steamer "Henry Clay" (destroyed the same season by fire). I received several letters from Miss Ida during the next two or three years, in all of which she expressed herself thankful for the material aid furnished, and said her business had prospered wonderfully. About 1855, I spent a few hours in the town where my milliner *protege* resided, but did not call upon her—contenting myself with making inquiries in a round-about way with reference to her. I found that she stood well in the community, and was about to be married to a resident of the town of good family. Four months afterwards I received a paper containing the marriage notice. I afterwards learned that she had several children, and then the war came on. In the summer of 1865, business called me to New York, and I paid a short visit to the milliner. She had five children, was blessed with a kind husband, in business, enjoyed good health, and had made some profitable investments. I bade her good-bye, and never saw her again. In 1889, I received official notice that Mrs. Blank had departed this life, and by her will I was to receive $6,000. The family were anxious to see me, so the official stated, and to know why I was entitled to the sum mentioned. I paid no attention to the notification, as I could not frame any sort of a plausible statement—I would not tell the truth about the matter for the sake of the survivors. I suppose they think I am dead. So let it go at that. The bread

cast upon the waters returned after many years, but in such a condition that it could not be partaken of. Perhaps a soul was saved. Who can tell?

Delays Are Dangerous.

Mrs. Margaret Grey, the wife of the owner and captain of the ship "Eliza," which plied between Liverpool and Philadelphia, was a grand-aunt and god-mother of my mother. In 1824, a letter was received from her by my grand-mother (then living in Nassau, N. P., B. W. I.), stating they were getting old and tired of the sea, that they liked Philadelphia very much, and they thought of settling there. They had no children, and Mrs. Grey accompanied her husband on his voyages. That is the last letter that I ever heard anything about—there was no regular communication with the United States in those days. The male relatives of the family died, the slaves were emancipated, and the females and young children came to the United States—the majority of them settled in Key West, Florida, and there died, while two came to South Carolina. Although I had seen Mrs. Grey's letter several times, I never attached any importance to it. Ten or twelve years ago, I was chatting with a Philadelphian, and happened to bring up the matter in a casual way, when he replied that a friend of his was recorder of wills in the Quaker City, and that if I gave him the names of the captain and his wife, he would get his friend to look up the matter, and something might come of it. I carelessly remarked that it was too late now, as I supposed the parties had died long ago. The inquiry was made, and it was found that Mrs. Grey, relict of Capt. James Grey, had died in 1872, leaving her possessions to her "Grand-niece and god-child, Margaret Ann Scott," with the usual additions. I have spent several days in Philadelphia at different times, beginning with the spring of 1852. And so the matter ended, and the property, much or little, slipped through my fingers. My mother had died and no papers could be found. Take my advice and don't delay. If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing promptly.

A Fortune in Hand—Let it Slip.

Maj. Thos. Davis had 700 bales of cotton on his plantation, several miles below Columbia, which escaped the eagle eyes of Sherman's exterminators. The fleecy necessary article was saved, but it brought trouble. The war ended, a speculator heard of the cotton, and offered the Major 65c. a pound for it, as it stood—not to be delivered in Columbia. The offer was refused, cotton went down in price and the bulk of the 700 bales was sold for about 12½c.

Money was borrowed at heavy interest to construct the building, since converted into the Columbia Hotel; the old gentleman became partially demented and died, the mortgages were foreclosed, and the heirs got literally nothing. I met the Major in New York, and in conversation, he brought up the subject of his cotton. I asked how he happened to allow such an offer (65c.) to slip through his hands. His reply was, in substance, "There had been no cotton grown in three or four years, and I felt sure the price would reach $1." "But," said I, "parties could not afford to work it up at that price—they would use linen goods." "They were forced to use it, cost what it might." "The government," was my reply; "not private individuals." "Well, that is true," he sadly responded. Here a small fortune of $100,000 was allowed to slip away. The temptation was very great.

Robbery of Scott & Williams' Bank.

On Saturday night, April 16, 1870, the banking house of Scott, Williams & Co. (Geo. W. Williams, Esq., of Charleston, being the capitalist), east side of Main street, midway between Plain and Washington, was robbed—completely cleaned out of cash—in a very matter of fact style. There is not a shadow of doubt that parties in Columbia put up the job—a well known Radical office-holder being strongly suspected. The thieves secured their valuables and floated down the river, it is believed. What the money stolen really amounted to, nobody can tell. A great many creditors were not paid their just dues—the excuse being, "I lost $1,500 in gold by Scott's bank robbery," or "I lost all I had in Scott's bank," when it is doubtful whether they could have produced that many cents. "Four-fingered Jack," a noted burglar of that day, there is reason to believe, manipulated the business. It is thought that the originators of the affair were "euchred" by the actual thieves. Hubbard, the State Detective, who was considered a veritable sleuth-hound, was *accidentally* absent from the city at the time.

Crazy Darkeys Unknown.

I never heard of but one crazy darkey in the days of slavery, and that was a woman belonging to Longenotti. Some thought it was religious excitement, but her owner took a different view of the case. He buried her up to her neck in his garden, where she remained two days, and came out cured. I remember seeing her many years afterwards. Reconstruction brought innumerable ills to Sambo—privilege to starve, have consumption, yellow fever and dementia.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Play Upon Names—Taylor, Physioc.

For several months Dr. B. W. Taylor and Tailor Physioc occupied adjacent rooms in the Exchange Bank building, northeast corner Main and Plain streets, now owned by Sylvan Brothers. The Taylor physicked, while the Physioc (or Physic, as he was more generally called) tailored.

Ada, Sole Daughter, etc.

Two very pretty young women lived next door neighbors, on south side Plain, near Bull street, until they reached early womanhood—Ada Heise and Hart Meehan. They were an illustration of the second line of the third Canto of Byron's Childe Harold, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"—capitalize the Heart, however. The combination was broken two years ago, as Ada departed heavenward.

Dislocated.

An Italian, named Longenotti, had the misfortune to dislocate his arm, and carried it in a sling. Mr. Aleck Brodie, meeting the sufferer, said: "Hello, Longi, what's the matter with your arm?" "Deesloocatit," was the reply, holding up the affected member. "I don't want to look at it," said Mr. B. "*Deesloocatit,*" once more said Longi. This was continued several times, when Mr. B. gave him an invitation to visit other parts, and pursued his way up town, leaving the foreigner vainly endeavoring to express his troubles so he could be understood. A brother soon afterwards arrived and claimed Mrs. L. as his wife. The affair was settled satisfactorily, for the three lived in the same house several years, and finally secured permanent abode in St. Peter's Church-yard.

Education vs. Card Tricks.

During Radical reign, when money was plentiful, card sharps got the advantage of many educated darkies. A case in point was a series of games between W. J. Whipper, a Northerner, claiming Beaufort as his home, and Charley Minort, a bright mulatto from this section, who could scarcely read. The game was continued several hours, and Minort, to use his own expression, "Won a hatful of money from Whipper." Money, bonds and jewelry were captured by the successful card-player. I don't think Whipper ever recovered from his losses, as he has looked "seedy" ever since.

How to Get Around Borrowers.

A good-natured resident of Richland carried out an original idea as to borrowers of money. He called one of his pockets "The World," and made it a point never to put money in that receptacle. When an uncertain individual requested a loan, he would reply, "Haven't a cent in the world, I assure you." It worked capitally for a time, and he chuckled at the success of his dodge; but one day, in a burst of confidence, he told the story and it got out. When he gave the stereotyped answer to a would-be borrower soon after, the applicant coolly replied, "Try the other pocket, Bob." He got the money.

"Lover's Lane," or Twelve-Mile Drive.

There is but little left of the famous double row of trees planted by Gen. Wade Hampton, Sr., extending nearly from the Bluff Road to the Mill Creek. Storms and the axe have removed the greater part of these monster beauties. The road was kept in perfect condition—a neat and substantial brick bridge carried you over the track of the South Carolina Railroad. The engaged young woman who did not enjoy one or more trips over this famous twelve-mile ride—down the Mill Creek Road to the Hampton private road, through his grounds, from "Millwood" to "Woodlands," then over the Bluff Road to Columbia again—would think that she had been left "out in the cold." The road now is sand and ruts; the brick bridge is gone; the Wilmington Railroad also cuts through the grounds, and the parties who make an attempt to go around, may thank Providence if they escape short of a broken vehicle or a dislocated limb.

Great Many Ways to Earn Money.

Money can be accumulated in a variety of ways—the trouble is to keep it. J. Duncan Allen, Esq., formerly Senator from Aiken, once told me how he got a financial start in the world. He obtained employment on a pole-boat plying between Charleston and the upcountry. Matches were something new and expensive. He would put up fat lightwood in packages, take it to Charleston and dispose of it for kindling purposes; and invest the proceeds in these ready-lighters, which he would bring up and get rid of to the benighted ones. He afterwards married a Miss Myers, sister of Messrs. Robert and William, by whom he obtained quite a fortune—principally in negroes. He once gave a dinner here for election purposes which was said to have cost $5,000. He died about twenty years ago, in very straitened circumstances.

Accidental Destruction of Historic Tree.

It is generally understood that the large oak tree which formerly stood in Green street, west side, near Main, and recently accidentally killed, was somewhat historic in its character. The Commissioners (Taylor, Earle and others) who selected and laid out the town of Columbia, held their daily meetings and partook of the necessary lunches (and, perhaps, punches) under its broad branches.

How Betty Boyer Would Get a Drink.

Mrs. Betty Boyer, of the Sand-hills, loved a nip of whiskey, and often being short of funds, would have to resort to skill to obtain the fluid. One of her devices was to take a so-called quart bottle and ask for a quart of whiskey; the bottle wouldn't hold it, of course, and the old woman would pleasantly say, "Let me have that, I'll drink it. Wrap up the bottle and put it aside, and I'll come in for it when I go home." And that would be the last of it.

Disappearance of Spanish Coin.

Can anybody tell what has become of the old Spanish coins which were so common "before the war"—6¼, 12½, 18 and 25 cents? you seldom saw any of greater value. They were called in this section fourpence, sevenpence, eighteen cents and quarters; in Louisiana, the small coins were termed fips and levies; while in the Northern States sixpence, shilling, eighteenpence and two shillings. A United States five or ten-cent piece was seldom seen in those days; and as for the dollars, they were bought by the jewelers at a premium; but our old Spanish acquaintances, like Spain's land acquisitions, have disappeared. The quarters were often used for advertising purposes at the North, being often stamped: "Good for admission to Christy's Minstrels;" "Good for a dinner at Williams," etc.

And the Beggar Died.

The Rev. Mr. Wheeler, who was once pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Church, if he did not capture many souls, knew how to raise money for church purposes. Mr. Henry Davis was connected with another church, but generally responded to Mr. Wheeler's appeals. He had been waited upon several times with a "tale of woe," and finally said, "Mr. Wheeler, I will help you again, although it is only a short time since you appealed to me, if you will agree to let me dictate the inscription for your tomb-stone." "All right," responded Mr. W. "And the beggar died," said Mr. D. Mr. W. smiled, but never called for another contribution.

Arsenal Academy—Powder-Monkeys.

About 1840, it was decided to convert the Arsenals in Columbia and Charleston into Military Academies, and require the students to look after the arms as a part of their duties. The town boys and the military students didn't agree—the latter being denominated "powder-monkeys" by the former, from the fact that in firing salutes, the youthful soldiers would run rapidly to and fro between cannon and caisson for ammunition. A good many difficulties occurred, but the trouble soon petered out.

Why Didn't I Say Two Hundred?

Our genial friend, Mrs. M. W. Stratton, used to tell a joke on herself, illustrating the point that we are never satisfied. Skinner Smith, Esq., a member of the Legislature, was boarding with her during the session. One day she was sitting in the dining room, looking and feeling very disconsolate for the want of some ready money. Mr. S. came in and noticing her quiet manner, inquired the reason, as she was generally lively and had something pleasant to say to every one. "If I had $100," replied Mrs. Stratton, "I would be perfectly happy." The Representative from Laurens opened his pocket-book and handed her the money, with the remark, "That as fine a woman as she was shouldn't be unhappy for such an amount." Mrs. S. thanked him earnestly; but when he went out, couldn't help saying, in an under-tone, "Why didn't I say $200?"

Eating Steaks from a Live Turtle.

Bob Franklin was a good-hearted saloon-keeper, who occupied the "Cottage House" for several years. He secured an immense turtle and invited a number of friends to come one Sunday and partake of steak and eggs from the big carcase. Among a number of others, Dad Wadlow, the well known sport, was on hand. After disposing of a goodly amount of the delicacies, Bob invited the feeders to come out and see the frame, and the crowd proceeded to the yard, where, under a tree, apparently comfortably reclining on a table, was Mrs. Turtle, her heart beating regularly as if nothing had happened. "The darned thing's alive, and we've been eating it!" yelled Dad, and hurriedly left for a convenient spot, and when discovered he was apparently doing his level best to cast up his toe-nails. The moral of which is, keep away from the kitchen and its surroundings. Bob was delighted at the result of his joke, and he had "one on Dad," as he expressed it. The turtle did not give up the ghost for several hours.

Lost the Spoons.

The morning after the Shermanizing, Mr. John Dorsey was sauntering along, when a soldier handed him a package of spoons, saying he could make use of them, perhaps. "If they were silver, I'd take care of them." Dorsey looked at them, and, without thinking, said: "They are engraved, and must be silver." "Is that so?" said the soldier, and repossessed himself of the useful articles. Dorsey said he wanted to kick himself.

She Knew It was There.

An elderly colored woman, Harriet Smith, was very fond of wearing tucked petticoats. On one occasion my mother was talking with the old creature, while she was arranging her newly-washed garments on the clothes-line; one of the tucks got raised, and she noticed lace underneath. Making an examination, she found that all the tucks in the garment were so arranged. "Why, Aunt Harriet," exclaimed my mother; "what's the use of that—nobody can see the lace." "I knows it's there," was the response; "and that's enough."

Saved His Horse.

John A. Crawford, Esq., was the owner of a bob-tailed horse that he appreciated very highly. I don't pretend to say that he raced the animal, but it's very sure that if any one attempted to pass him on the road, his animal stepped out in a way that showed he could get over ground in a hurry. Finding that Sherman's men were appropriating stock, he muffled the horse's feet and led him up into the second story of his dwelling (southeast corner of Blanding and Bull streets), and foiled the robbers. The house still stands, but owner and animal have passed away.

"I'll Have to Take it, Sam."

In the old days, salts, senna, magnesia, boneset, composition tea, castor oil, No. 6, blue mass, snake-root, and bleeding formed the pharmacopœia of most folks. Mrs. Bay, a well known resident, who occupied the premises southwest corner of Senate and Bull streets, had a petted waiting man named Sam, who had been sick for several days. His mistress could not diagnose the case, but she mixed a dose of salts and snake-root—a horrible mess—for Sam; but he objected to taking it, saying he needed something else, which he suggested. Finally, not willing to waste the medicine, she said, "Well, Sam, if you think it wont help you, don't take it; but it's a shame to throw it away, so I'll take it." And she did.

Give Them a Homestead.

A bill providing exemption of the homestead from debt was being discussed, when a member with an inquiring mind asked how that would help a poor man, who didn't have a homestead? Mr. Smith jumped up and in a loud tone of voice replied, "I say, make a law to give every poor man one." The idea gratified his listeners.

Russell's Botanical Garden.

This famous resort of fifty years ago was on the northeast corner of Main and Senate streets—now part of the State Capitol grounds. It contained an immense collection and variety of flowers and herbs, a mystic maze, etc. Mr. Robert Russell, the originator and owner of the garden, did not long survive the sale of the property—to use a hackneyed expression, it broke his heart. His tomb-stone is in one of the paths in Trinity Church-yard.

Haunted Ground—Elmwood Cemetery.

"Tickleberry" was the name of the plot of ground now used as Elmwood Cemetery. It was said to be "haunted" by the colored people, but I never heard any reason assigned for the cognomen. It was converted into a cemetery in 1852, and the first occupant was a child of one of the professors in the South Carolina College. It has certainly filled rapidly, although a great many bodies have been transferred from other depositories.

The Irishman and the German.

The sons and daughters of Erin give "taffy" naturally, while the natives of King William's dominions come down heavy, like their bread. As a sample: A short time ago, I congratulated one of the latter, who had just returned from a trip across the water, on his improved appearance, and asked if he thought some of the fine beer, cheese and pretzels, which he had been describing, would increase my avoirdupois. "Too old," was his curt reply. The next day, on coming from dinner, I addressed an Irish friend, saying I had just been to perform one of the pleasant duties of the day, but that I did not fatten. "Wait till you get old," was his pleasant reply. In nine times out of ten, invite an Irishman to join you in a drink, and when asked what he will have, the inquiry is, "What are you going to take?" and he duplicates it. If he extends an invitation to you, the result is the same. Our German crony will take beer—"you drink what you like."

Singular Coincidence.

Dr. W. E. Evans, Rector of Trinity Church, in this city, many years ago, it is said, studied for the stage, but finding that his family were bitterly opposed to the idea, he gave it up, prepared for the ministry, and his declamation and actions in the pulpit showed the ability of the man and his adaptability to the profession he proposed to follow originally. The singular circumstance connected with the matter is this: Dr. Evans was called to and accepted the rectorship of the Monumental Church, in Richmond, Va.—erected to commemorate the burning of the theatre in that city, on the night of December 24, 1811.

Pastor Fifty-two Years.

The Rev. Peter J. Shand served Trinity Church faithfully for fifty-two years. In several cases it is known that he christened, married and buried individuals. His rectorate began in the wooden edifice on the southeastern corner of Gervais and Sumter streets. By-the-way, the question is often asked as to several graves in the corner of the lot—the bodies being laid "across the world." It was owing to the narrow space left in the construction of the building for the entrance. Among the distinguished occupants of the graveyard are Gen. Peter Horry, Governors Manning and Generals and Colonel Wade Hampton.

Didn't Want Watered Liquor.

The firm of Pollock, Solomon & Co., southwest corner Richardson and Plain streets—groceries, hardware, dry goods, wet goods, etc.—wholesale and retail, was well known and respected until the winding up of the business by the death of the head of the concern, in the forties. New Orleans was the great market then for sugar, molasses, rum, whiskey, etc. Mr. Lewis Levy was the buyer and trading man of the firm, and I have often heard him tell of his extensive trips through the West on horse-back—going as far as Cincinnati, Ohio. They were in the habit of buying liquor above proof, and reducing it afterwards, giving a good shake-up, and it was then all right. A lot of the fluid had been received, and the spring water added, but the shake-up had not been attended to. A customer called for a sample, before giving his order, and was furnished with *water* drawn directly from a barrel. He was disgusted; explanations were useless; he didn't want watered liquor, and withdrew his patronage.

SACK AND DESTRUCTION OF COLUMBIA.

Written by Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq., for the Phœnix.

It has pleased God, in that Providence which is so inscrutable to man, to visit our beautiful city with the most cruel fate which can ever befall States or cities. He has permitted an invading army to penetrate our country almost without impediment; to rob and ravage our dwellings, and to commit three-fifths of our city to the flames. Eighty-four squares, out of one hundred and twenty-four (?) which the city contains, have been destroyed, with scarcely the exception of a single house. The ancient capitol building of the State—that venerable structure, which, for seventy years, has echoed with the eloquence and wisdom of the most famous statesmen—is laid in ashes; six temples of the Most High God have shared the same fate; eleven banking establishments; the schools of learning, the shops of art and trade, of invention and manufacture; shrines equally of religion, benevolence and industry; are all buried together, in one congregated ruin. Humiliation spreads her ashes over our homes and garments, and the universal wreck exhibits only one common aspect of despair. It is for us, as succinctly but as fully as possible, and in the simplest language, to endeavor to make the melancholy record of our wretchedness as complete as possible.

When, by a crime, no less than blunder, General Johnston was removed from the command of the Confederate armies in Georgia, which he had conducted with such signal ability, there were not a few of our citizens who felt the impending danger, and trembled at the disastrous consequences which they partly foresaw. The removal of a General so fully in the confidence of his troops, who had so long baffled the conquests, if he could not arrest the march, of the opposing army, was of itself a proceeding to startle the thoughtful mind. General Sherman declared his satisfaction at the event, and on repeated occasions since has expressed himself to the same effect. He was emboldened by the change, and almost instantly after, his successes became rapid and of the most decided character.

General Johnston was by nature, no less than training and education, the very best of the Confederate generals to be opposed to General Sherman. To the nervo-sanguine temperament, eager and impetuous, of the latter, he opposed a moral and physical nature—calm, sedate, circumspect; cool, vigilant and wary—always patient and watchful of his moment—never rash or precipitate, but ever firm and decisive—his resources all regulated by a self-possessed

will, and a mind in full possession of that military *coup d' oeil* which, grasping the remotest relations of the field, is, probably, the very first essential to a general having the control of a large and various army.

The error which took Hood into the colder regions of Tennessee, at the beginning of winter, was one which the Yankee general was slow to imitate, especially as, in so moving, Hood necessarily left all the doors wide open which conducted to the seaboard. It required no great effort of genius to prompt the former to take the pathways which were thus laid open to him. Even had he not already conceived the propriety of forcing his way to the Atlantic coast, and to a junction with his shipping, the policy of then doing so would have been forced upon him by the proceeding of his rival, and by the patent fact that there were no impediments to such a progress. We had neither army nor general ready to impede his march. It suggested itself. The facility of such a progress was clear enough, and, with that quickness of decision which distinguishes the temperament of Sherman, he at once rushed into the open pathway.

The hasty levies of regular troops, collected by Hardee, and the clans of scattered militia, gathered with great difficulty and untrained to service, were rather calculated to provoke his enterprise than to impede his march, and, laying waste as he went, after a series of small and unimportant skirmishes, he made his way to the coast, made himself master of Savannah, and, from the banks of that river, beheld, opened before him, all the avenues into and through South Carolina. It is understood that Hardee had in hand, to oppose this progress, something less than ten thousand men, while the force of Sherman was, in round numbers, something like fifty thousand, of which thirty-three thousand consisted of infantry—the rest of artillery and cavalry.

The destruction of Atlanta, the pillaging and burning of other towns of Georgia, and the subsequent devastation along the march of the Federal army through Georgia, gave sufficient earnest of the treatment to be anticipated by South Carolina, should the same commander be permitted to make a like progress in our State. The Northern press furnished him the *cri de guerre* to be sounded when he should cross our borders. "*Vae victis!*"—woe to the conquered!—in the case of a people who had first raised the banner of secession. "The howl of delight," (such was the language of the Northern press,) sent up by Sherman's legions, when they looked across the Savannah to the shores of Carolina, was the sure forerunner of the terrible fate which threatened our people should the soldiers be once

let loose upon our lands. Our people felt all the danger. They felt it required the first abilities, the most strenuous exertions, the most prompt and efficient reinforcements, to prevent the threatening catastrophe.

Hardee, though of acknowledged ability, and considered able as the leader of a corps, was not the man to grasp the business of a large army. All eyes looked to General Johnston as the one man, next to Lee, to whom the duty should be confided and the trust. It was confidently hoped and believed that he would be restored to the command, and that adequate reinforcements would be furnished. At all events, no one doubted that, with adequate supplies of men and material, Johnston would most effectually arrest the farther progress of Sherman's army.

Applications of the most urgent entreaty were addressed by our delegates and leading men in the Confederate Congress to President Davis, urging these objects. But he declined to restore the commander whom he had so greatly wronged, and, in respect to reinforcements, these were too tardily furnished, and in too small number, to avail much in offering requisite resistance. The reinforcements did not make their appearance in due season for a concentration of the strength at any one point, and opposition to Sherman, everywhere, consisted of little more than a series of small skirmishes, without result on either side. No pass was held with any tenacity; no battle fought; Sherman was allowed to travel one hundred and fifty miles of our State, through a region of swamp and thicket, in no portion of which could a field be found adequate to the display of ten thousand men, and where, under good partisan leaders, the Federals might have been cut off in separate bodies, their supplies stopped, their march constantly embarrassed by hard fighting, and where, a bloody toll exacted at every defile, they must have found a Thermopylæ at every five miles of their march. The Confederates had no partisan fighting, as in days of old. They had a system, which insisted upon artillery as paramount—insisted upon arbitrary lines for defence, chosen without any regard to the topography of the country. "We will make a stand," said the Confederate chiefs, "at this river crossing or that;" then fall back to the next river, and so on to the last. Although in a thousand places of dense swamp, narrow defile, and almost impenetrable thicket, between these rivers, it would have been easy to find spots where three hundred men, under competent commanders, who knew the country, might most effectually have baffled three thousand.

The march of the Federals into our State was characterized by

such scenes of license, plunder and general conflagration, as very soon showed that the threats of the Northern press, and of their soldiery, were not to be regarded as mere *brutum fulmen.* Day by day brought to the people of Columbia tidings of atrocities committed, and more extended progress. Daily did long trains of fugitives line the roads, with wives and children, and horses and stock and cattle, seeking refuge from the pursuers. Long lines of wagons covered the highways. Half-naked people cowered from the winter under bush tents in the thickets, under the eaves of houses, under the railroad sheds, and in old cars left them along the route. All these repeated the same story of suffering, violence, poverty and nakedness. Habitation after habitation, village after village—one sending up its signal flames to the other, presaging for it the same fate—lighted the winter and midnight sky with crimson horrors.

No language can describe nor can any catalogue furnish an adequate detail of the wide-spread destruction of homes and property. Granaries were emptied, and where the grain was not carried off, it was strewn to waste under the feet of the cavalry or consigned to the fire which consumed the dwelling. The negroes were robbed equally with the whites of food and clothing. The roads were covered with butchered cattle, hogs, mules and the costliest furniture. Valuable cabinets, rich pianos, were not only hewn to pieces, but bottles of ink, turpentine, oil, whatever could efface or destroy, was employed to defile and ruin. Horses were ridden into the houses. People were forced from their beds, to permit the search after hidden treasures.

The beautiful homesteads of the parish country, with their wonderful tropical gardens, were ruined; ancient dwellings of black cypress, one hundred years old, which had been reared by the fathers of the republic—men whose names were famous in Revolutionary history—were given to the torch as recklessly as were the rude hovels; choice pictures and works of art, from Europe, select and numerous libraries, objects of peace wholly, were all destroyed. The inhabitants, black no less than white, were left to starve, compelled to feed only upon the garbage to be found in the abandoned camps of the soldiers. The corn scraped up from the spots where the horses fed, has been the only means of life left to thousands but lately in affluence. And thus plundering, and burning, the troops made their way through a portion of Beaufort into Barnwell District, where they pursued the same game. The villages of Buford's Bridge, of Barnwell, Blackville, Graham's, Bamberg, Midway, were more or less destroyed; the inhabitants everywhere left homeless and

without food. The horses and mules, all cattle and hogs, whenever fit for service or for food, were carried off, and the rest shot. Every implement of the workman or the farmer, tools, plows, hoes, gins, looms, wagons, vehicles, was made to feed the flames.

From Barnwell to Orangeburg and Lexington was the next progress, marked everywhere by the same sweeping destruction. Both of these court towns were partially burned.

These tidings duly reached the people of Columbia, and might have prepared them for the treatment they were destined to receive. Daily accessions of fugitives, bringing with them their valuables and provisions, made ample report of the progress of the Federal army. Hundreds of families had seasonably left long before, in anticipation of the danger. Columbia was naturally held to be one of the most secure places of refuge. It was never doubted that this capital city, which contained so many of the manufactures of the Confederate Government, the Treasury, &c., would be defended with all the concentrated vigor of which the Confederacy was capable, especially, too, as upon the several railroads connected with the city, the army of Lee and the safety of Richmond were absolutely dependent. Young women of family were sent in large numbers to a city, where numbers seemed to promise a degree of security not to be hoped for in any obscure rural abode. The city was accordingly doubled in population, and here also was to be found an accumulation of wealth, in plate, jewels, pictures, books, manufactures of art and *virtu*, not to be estimated—not, perhaps, to be paralleled in any other town of the Confederacy. In many instances, the accumulations were those of a hundred years—of successive generations—in the hands of the oldest families of the South. A large proportion of the wealth of Charleston had been stored in the capital city, and the owners of these treasures, in many instances, were unable to effect any farther remove. If apprehensive of the danger, they could only fold their hands, and, hoping against hope, pray for escape from a peril to which they could oppose no farther vigilance or effort.

Still, the lurking belief with most persons, who apprehended the approach of the Federal army, encouraged the faith that, as the city was wholly defenceless, in the event of a summons, it would be surrendered upon the usual terms, and that these would necessarily insure the safety of non-combatants and protect their property. But, in truth, there was no small portion of the inhabitants who denied or doubted, almost to the last moment, that Sherman contemplated any serious demonstration upon the city. They assumed—and this idea

was tacitly encouraged, if not believed, by the authorities, military and civil—that the movement on Columbia was but a feint, and that the bulk of his army was preparing for a descent upon Charleston. This also seemed to be the opinion in Charleston itself.

All these conjectures were speedily set at rest, when, on the 13th February (Monday), the Federal army was reported to have reached a point in Lexington District, some ten miles above Jeffcoat's. On the 14th, their progress brought them to Thom's Creek, the stream next below Congaree Creek, and about twelve miles below the city. Here the Confederate troops, consisting of the mounted men of Hampton, Wheeler, Butler, &c., made stubborn head against Sherman, holding him in check by constant skirmishing. This skirmishing continued throughout Wednesday, but failed to arrest his progress; and as the Federal cannon continued momently to sound more heavily upon our ears, we were but too certainly assured of the hopelessness of the struggle. The odds of force against the Confederates were too vast for any valor or generalship to make head against it; and yet, almost to this moment, the hope was held out to the people, in many quarters, that the city could be saved. It was asserted that the corps of Cheatham and Stewart were making forced marches, with the view to a junction with the troops under Beauregard, and, such was the spirit of the Confederate troops, and one of the Generals at least, that almost at the moment when Sherman's advance was entering the town, Hampton's cavalry was in order of battle, and only waiting the command to charge it. But the horrors of a street fight in a defenceless city, filled with women and children, were prudently avoided; and the Confederate troops were drawn off from the scene at the very hour when the Federals were entering upon it. But we anticipate.

Whatever hopes might have been entertained of the ultimate success of our defences, they were all dissipated, when, by daylight, on the 16th (Thursday), the Confederate troops re-entered the city, burning the several bridges over the Congaree, the Broad and Saluda Rivers. They were quartered through the day about the streets, and along their several bivouacs they dug slight excavations in the earth, as for rifle pits and for protection from the shells, which fell fast and thick about the town. The shelling commenced the evening before, and continued throughout the night and the next day. No summons for surrender had been made; no warning of any kind was given. New batteries were in rapid progress of erection on the west side of the Congaree, the more effectually to press the work of destruction. The damage was comparatively slight. The new

Capitol building was struck five times, but suffered little or no injury. Numerous shells fell into the inhabited portions of the town, yet we hear of only two persons killed—one on the hospital square, and another near the South Carolina Railroad depot. The venerable Mr. S. J. Wagner, from Charleston, an aged citizen of near eighty, narrowly escaped with life, a shell bursting at his feet. His face was excoriated by the fragments, and for a while his eye-sight was lost; but we are happy to state that the hurts were slight, and he is now as well as ever.

On Wednesday, the 15th, the city was placed under martial law, and the authority confided to General E. M. Law, assisted by Mayor Goodwyn and Captains W. B. Stanley and John McKenzie. With characteristic energy, this officer executed his trusts, and was employed day and night in the maintenance of order. This, with some few exceptions, was surprisingly maintained. There was some riotous conduct after night. Some highway robberies were committed, and several stores broken open and robbed. But, beyond these, there were but few instances of crime and insubordination.

Terrible, meanwhile, was the press, the shock, the rush, the hurry, the universal confusion—such as might naturally be looked for, in the circumstances of a city from which thousands were preparing to fly, without previous preparations for flight—burdened with pale and trembling women, their children and portable chattels—trunks and jewels, family Bibles and the *lares familiares*. The railroad depot for Charlotte was crowded with anxious waiters upon the train—with a wilderness of luggage, millions, perhaps, in value—much of which was left finally and lost. Throughout Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, these scenes of struggle were in constant performance. The citizens fared badly. The Governments of the State and of the Confederacy absorbed all the modes of conveyance. Transportation about the city could not be had, save by a rich or favored few. No love could persuade where money failed to convince, and SELF, growing bloated in its dimensions, stared one from every hurrying aspect, as you traversed the excited and crowded streets. In numerous instances, those who succeeded in getting away, did so at the cost of trunks and luggage: and under what discomfort they departed, no one who did not see can readily conceive.

The end was rapidly approaching. The guns were resounding at the gates. Defence was impossible. At a late hour on Thursday night, the Governor, with his suite and a large train of officials, departed. The Confederate army began its evacuation, and by daylight few remained who were not resigned to the necessity of seeing

the tragedy played out. After all the depletion, the city contained, according to our estimate, at least twenty thousand inhabitants, the larger proportion being females and children and negroes. Hampton's cavalry, as we have already mentioned, lingered till near 10 o'clock the next day, and scattered groups of Wheeler's command hovered about the Federal army at their entrance into the town.

The inhabitants were startled at daylight, on Friday morning, by a heavy explosion. This was the South Carolina Railroad Depot. It was accidentally blown up. Broken open by a band of plunderers, among whom were many females and negroes, their reckless greed precipitated their fate. This building had been made the receptacle of supplies from sundry quarters, and was crowded with stores of merchants and planters, trunks of treasure, innumerable wares and goods of fugitives—all of great value. It appears that, among its contents, were some kegs of powder. The plunderers paid, and suddenly, the penalties of their crime. Using their lights freely and hurriedly, the better to *pick*, they fired a train of powder leading to the kegs. The explosion followed, and the number of persons destroyed is variously estimated, from seventeen to fifty. It is probable that not more than thirty-five suffered, but the actual number perishing is unascertained.

At an early hour on Friday, the commissary and quartermaster stores were thrown wide, the contents cast out into the streets and given to the people. The negroes especially loaded themselves with plunder. All this might have been saved, had the officers been duly warned by the military authorities of the probable issue of the struggle. Wheeler's cavalry also shared largely of this plunder, and several of them might be seen, bearing off huge bales upon their saddles.

It was proposed that the white flag should be displayed from the tower of the City Hall. But General Hampton, whose command had not yet left the city, and who was still eager to do battle in its defence, indignantly declared that if displayed, he should have it torn down.

The following letter from the Mayor to General Sherman was the initiation of the surrender:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, S. C., February 17, 1865.

To Major General Sherman: The Confederate forces having evacuated Columbia, I deem it my duty, as Mayor and representative of the city, to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare. I therefore respectfully request that you will send a sufficient guard in advance of the army, to maintain

order in the city and protect the persons and property of the citizens.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. GOODWYN, Mayor.

At 9 o'clock, on the painfully memorable morning of the 17th February (Friday), a deputation from the City Council, consisting of the Mayor, Aldermen McKenzie, Bates and Stork, in a carriage bearing a white flag, proceeded towards the Broad River Bridge Road. Arriving at the forks of the Winnsboro Road, they discovered that the Confederate skirmishers were still busy with their guns, playing upon the advance of the Federals. These were troops of General Wheeler. This conflict was continued simply to afford the main army all possible advantages of a start in their retreat. General Wheeler apprised the deputation that his men would now be withdrawn, and instructed them in what manner to proceed. The deputation met the column of the Federals, under Captain Platt, who sent them forward to Colonel Stone, who finally took his seat with them in the carriage. The advance belonged to the 15th corps.

The Mayor reports that on surrendering the city to Colonel Stone, the latter assured him of the safety of the citizens and of the protection of their property, *while under his command*. He could not answer for General Sherman, who was in the rear, but he expressed the conviction that he would fully confirm the assurances which he (Colonel Stone) had given. Subsequently, General Sherman did confirm them, and that night, seeing that the Mayor was exhausted by his labors of the day, he counselled him to retire to rest, saying, "Not a finger's breadth, Mr. Mayor, of your city shall be harmed. You may lie down to sleep, satisfied that your town shall be as safe in my hands as if wholly in your own." Such was very nearly the language in which he spoke; such was the substance of it. He added: "It will become my duty to destroy some of the public or Government buildings; but I will reserve this performance to another day. It shall be done to-morrow, provided the day be calm." And the Mayor retired with this solemnly asserted and repeated assurance.

About 11 o'clock, the head of the column, following the deputation—the flag of the United States surmounting the carriage—reached Market Hall, on Main street, while that of the corps was carried in the rear. On their way to the city, the carriage was stopped, and the officer was informed that a large body of Confederate cavalry was flanking them. Colonel Stone said to the Mayor, "We shall hold you responsible for this!" The Mayor explained, that the road leading to Winnsboro, by which the Confederates were

retreating, ran nearly parallel for a short distance with the river road, which accounted for the apparent flanking. Two officers, who arrived in Columbia ahead of the deputation (having crossed the river at a point directly opposite the city), were fired upon by one of Wheeler's cavalry. We are particular in mentioning this fact, as we learn that, subsequently, the incident was urged as a justification of the sack and burning of the city.

Hardly had the troops reached the head of Main street, when the work of pillage was begun. Stores were broken open within the first hour after their arrival, and gold, silver, jewels and liquors, eagerly sought. The authorities, officers, soldiers, all, seemed to consider it a matter of course. And woe to him who carried a watch with gold chain pendant; or who wore a choice hat, or overcoat, or boots or shoes. He was stripped in the twinkling of an eye. It is computed that, from first to last, twelve hundred watches were transferred from the pockets of their owners to those of the soldiers. Purses shared the same fate; nor was the Confederate currency repudiated. But of all these things hereafter, in more detail.

At about 12 o'clock, the jail was discovered to be on fire from within. This building was immediately in rear of the Market, or City Hall, and in a densely built portion of the city. The supposition is that it was fired by some of the prisoners—all of whom were released and subsequently followed the army. The fire of the jail had been preceded by that of some cotton piled in the streets. Both fires were soon subdued by the firemen. At about half-past 1 P. M., that of the jail was rekindled, and was again extinguished. Some of the prisoners, who had been confined at the Asylum, had made their escape, in some instances, a few days before, and were secreted and protected by citizens. No one felt safe in his own dwelling; and, in the faith that General Sherman would respect the Convent, and have it properly guarded, numbers of young ladies were confided to the care of the Mother Superior, and even trunks of clothes and treasure were sent thither, in full confidence that they would find safety. Vain illusions! The Irish Catholic troops, it appears, were not brought into the city at all; were kept on the other side of the river. But a few Catholics were collected among the corps which occupied the city, and of the conduct of these, a favorable account is given. One of them rescued a silver goblet of the church, used as a drinking cup by a soldier, and restored it to the Rev. Dr. O'Connell. This priest, by the way, was severely handled by the soldiers. Such, also, was the fortune of the Rev. Mr. Shand, of Trinity (the Episcopal) Church, who sought in vain to save a trunk containing the

sacred vessels of his church. It was violently wrested from his keeping, and his struggle to save it only provoked the rougher usage. We are since told that, on reaching Camden, General Sherman restored what he believed were these vessels to Bishop Davis. It has since been discovered that the plate belonged to St. Peter's Church in Charleston.

And here it may be well to mention, as suggestive of many clues, an incident which presented a sad commentary on that confidence in the security of the Convent, which was entertained by the great portion of the people. This establishment, under the charge of the sister of the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, was at once a convent and an academy of the highest class. Hither were sent for education the daughters of Protestants, of the most wealthy classes throughout the State; and these, with the nuns and those young ladies sent thither on the emergency, probably exceeded one hundred. The Lady Superior herself entertained the fullest confidence in the immunities of the establishment. But her confidence was clouded, after she had enjoyed a conference with a certain major of the Yankee army, who described himself as an editor, from Detroit. He visited her at an early hour in the day, and announced his friendly sympathies with the Lady Superior and the sisterhood; professed his anxiety for their safety—his purpose to do all that he could to insure it—declared that he would instantly go to Sherman and secure a chosen guard; and, altogether, made such professions of love and service, as to disarm those suspicions, which his bad looks and bad manners, inflated speech and pompous carriage, might otherwise have provoked. The Lady Superior, with such a charge in her hands, was naturally glad to welcome all shows and prospects of support, and expressed her gratitude. He disappeared, and soon after reappeared, bringing with him no less than eight or ten men—none of them, as he admitted, being Catholics. He had some specious argument to show that, perhaps, her guard had better be one of Protestants. This suggestion staggered the lady a little, but he seemed to convey a more potent reason, when he added, in a whisper: *"For I must tell you, my sister, that Columbia is a doomed city!"* Terrible doom! This officer, leaving his men behind him, disappeared, to show himself no more. The guards so left behind were finally among the most busy as plunderers. The moment that the inmates, driven out by the fire, were forced to abandon their house, they began to revel in its contents.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—who shall guard the guards?—asks the proverb. In a number of cases, the guards provided for the

citizens were among the most active plunderers; were quick to betray their trusts, abandon their posts, and bring their comrades in to join in the general pillage. The most dexterous and adroit of these, it is the opinion of most persons, were chiefly Eastern men, or men of immediate Eastern origin. The Western men, including the Indiana, a portion of the Illinois and Iowa, were neither so dexterous nor unscrupulous—were frequently faithful and respectful; and, perhaps, it would be safe to assert that many of the houses which escaped the sack and fire, owed their safety to the presence or the contiguity of some of these men. But we must retrace our steps.

It may be well to remark that the discipline of the soldiers, upon their first entry into the city, was perfect and most admirable. There was no disorder or irregularity on the line of march, showing that their officers had them completely in hand. They were a fine looking body of men, mostly young and of vigorous formation, well clad and well shod, seemingly wanting in nothing. Their arms and accoutrements were in bright order. The negroes accompanying them were not numerous, and seemed mostly to act as drudges and body servants. They groomed horses, waited, carried burdens, and, in almost every instance under our eyes, appeared in a purely servile, and not a military, capacity. The men of the West treated them generally with scorn or indifference, sometimes harshly, and not unfrequently with blows.

But, if the entrance into town and while on duty, was indicative of admirable drill and discipline, such ceased to be the case the moment the troops were dismissed. Then, whether by tacit permission or direct command, their whole deportment underwent a sudden and rapid change. The saturnalia soon began. We have shown that the robbery of persons of the citizens and the plunder of their homes commenced within one hour after they had reached the Market Hall. It continued without interruption throughout the day. Sherman, at the head of his cavalry, traversed the streets everywhere—so did his officers. Subsequently, these officers were everywhere on foot, yet beheld nothing which required the interposition of authority. And yet robbery was going on at every corner—in nearly every house. Citizens generally applied for a guard at their several houses, and, for a time, these guards were allotted them. These might be faithful or not. In some cases, as already stated, they were, and civil and respectful; considerate of the claims of women, and never trespassing upon the privacy of the family; but, in numbers of cases, they were intrusive, insulting and treacherous—leaving no privacy undisturbed, passing without a word into the chambers and prying into

every crevice and corner. But the reign of terror did not fairly begin till night. In some instances, where parties complained of the misrule and robbery, their guards said to them, with a chuckle: "This is nothing. Wait till to-night, and you'll see h—ll."

Among the first fires at evening was one about dark, which broke out in a filthy purlieu of low houses, of wood, on Gervais street, occupied mostly as brothels. Almost at the same time, a body of the soldiers scattered over the Eastern outskirts of the city, fired severally the dwellings of Mr. Secretary Trenholm, General Wade Hampton, Dr. John Wallace, Mr. J. U. Adams, Mrs. Starke, Mr. Latta, Mrs. English, and many others. There were then some twenty fires in full blast, in as many different quarters, and while the alarm sounded from these quarters, a similar alarm was sent up almost simultaneously from Cotton Town, the northernmost limit of the city, and from Main street in its very centre, at the several stores or houses of O. Z. Bates, C. D. Eberhardt, and some others, in the heart of the most densely settled portion of the town; thus enveloping in flames almost every section of the devoted city. At this period, thus early in the evening, there were few shows of that drunkenness which prevailed at a late hour in the night, and only after all the grocery shops on Main street had been rifled. The men engaged in this were well prepared with all the appliances essential to their work. They did not need the torch. They carried with them, from house to house, pots and vessels containing combustible liquids, composed probably of phosphorus and other similar agents, turpentine, &c.; and, with balls of cotton saturated in this liquid, with which they also overspread floors and walls, they conveyed the flames with wonderful rapidity from dwelling to dwelling. Each had his ready box of Lucifer matches, and, with a scrape upon the walls, the flames began to rage. Where houses were closely contiguous, a brand from one was the means of conveying destruction to the other.

The winds favored. They had been high throughout the day, and steadily prevailed from southwest by west, and bore the flames eastward. To this fact we owe the preservation of the portions of the city lying west of Assembly street.

The work, begun thus vigorously, went on without impediment and with hourly increase throughout the night. Engines and hose were brought out by the firemen, but these were soon driven from their labors—which were indeed idle against such a storm of fire—by the pertinacious hostility of the soldiers; the hose was hewn to pieces, and the firemen, dreading worse usage to themselves, left the field in despair. Meanwhile, the flames spread from side to side,

from front to rear, from street to street, and where their natural and inevitable progress was too slow for those who had kindled them, they helped them on by the application of fresh combustibles and more rapid agencies of conflagration. By midnight, Main street, from its northern to its southern extremity, was a solid wall of fire. By 12 o'clock, the great blocks, which included the banking houses and the Treasury buildings, were consumed; Janney's (Congaree) and Nickerson's Hotels; the magnificent manufactories of Evans & Cogswell—indeed, every large block in the business portion of the city; the old Capitol and all the adjacent buildings were in ruins. The range called the "Granite" was beginning to flame at 12, and might have been saved by ten vigorous men, resolutely working.

At 1 o'clock, the hour was struck by the clock of the Market Hall, which was even then illuminated from within. It was its own last hour which it sounded, and its tongue was silenced forevermore. In less than five minutes after, its spire went down with a crash, and, by this time, almost all the buildings within the precinct were a mass of ruins.

Very grand, and terrible, beyond description, was the awful spectacle. It was a scene for the painter of the terrible. It was the blending of a range of burning mountains stretched in a continuous series for more than a mile. Here was Ætna, sending up its spouts of flaming lava; Vesuvius, emulous of like display, shooting up with loftier torrents, and Stromboli, struggling, with awful throes, to shame both by its superior volumes of fluid flame. The winds were tributary to these convulsive efforts, and tossed the volcanic torrents hundreds of feet in air. Great spouts of flame spread aloft in canopies of sulphurous cloud—wreaths of sable, edged with sheeted lightnings, wrapped the skies, and, at short intervals, the falling tower and the tottering wall, avalanche-like, went down with thunderous sound, sending up at every crash great billowy showers of glowing fiery embers.

Throughout the whole of this terrible scene the soldiers continued their search after spoil. The houses were severally and soon gutted of their contents. Hundreds of iron safes, warranted "impenetrable to fire and the burglar," it was soon satisfactorily demonstrated, were not "Yankee proof." They were split open and robbed, yielding, in some cases, very largely of Confederate money and bonds, if not of gold and silver. Jewelry and plate in abundance was found. Men could be seen staggering off with huge waiters, vases, candelabra, to say nothing of cups, goblets and smaller vessels, all of solid silver. Clothes and shoes, when new, were appropriated—the rest

left to burn. Liquors were drank with such avidity as to astonish the veteran Bacchanals of Columbia; nor did the parties thus distinguishing themselves hesitate about the vintage. There was no idle discrimination in the matter of taste, from that vulgar liquor, which Judge Burke used to say always provoked within him, "an inordinate propensity to sthale," to the choicest red wines of the ancient cellars. In one vault on Main street, seventeen casks of wine were stored away, which, an eye-witness tells us, barely sufficed, once broken into, for the draughts of a single hour—such were the appetites at work and the numbers in possession of them. Rye, corn, claret and Madeira all found their way into the same channels, and we are to wonder, when told that no less than one hundred and fifty of the drunken creatures perished miserably among the flames kindled by their own comrades, and from which they were unable to escape. The estimate will not be thought extravagant by those who saw the condition of hundreds after 1 o'clock A. M. By others, however, the estimate is reduced to thirty; but the number will never be known. Sherman's officers themselves are reported to have said that they lost more men in the sack and burning of the city (including certain explosions) than in all their fights while approaching it. It is also suggested that the orders which Sherman issued at daylight, on Saturday morning, for the arrest of the fire, were issued in consequence of the loss of men which he had thus sustained. One or more of his men were shot, by parties unknown, in some dark passages or alleys—it is supposed in consequence of some attempted outrages which humanity could not endure; the assassin taking advantage of the obscurity of the situation and adroitly mingling with the crowd without. And while these scenes were at their worst—while the flames were at their highest and most extensively raging—groups might be seen at the several corners of the streets, drinking, roaring, revelling—while the fiddle and accordeon were playing their popular airs among them. There was no cessation of the work till 5 A. M. on Saturday.

A single thought will suffice to show that the owners or lodgers in the houses thus sacrificed were not silent or quiet spectators of a conflagration which threw them naked and homeless under the skies of night. The male population, consisting mostly of aged men, invalids, decrepits, women and children, were not capable of very active or powerful exertions; but they did not succumb to the fate without earnest pleas and strenuous efforts. Old men and women and children were to be seen, even while the flames were rolling and raging around them, while walls were crackling and rafters tot-

tering and tumbling, in the endeavor to save their clothing and some of their most valuable effects. It was not often that they were suffered to succeed. They were driven out headlong.

Ladies were hustled from their chambers—their ornaments plucked from their persons, their bundles from their hands. It was in vain that the mother appealed for the garments of her children. They were torn from her grasp and hurled into the flames. The young girl striving to save a single frock, had it rent to fibres in her grasp. Men and women bearing off their trunks were seized, despoiled, in a moment the trunk burst asunder with the stroke of an axe or gun-butt, the contents laid bare, rifled of all the objects of desire, and the residue sacrificed to the fire. You might see the ruined owner, standing woe-begone, aghast, gazing at his tumbling dwelling, his scattered property, with a dumb agony in his face that was inexpressibly touching. Others you might hear, as we did, with wild blasphemies assailing the justice of Heaven, or invoking, with lifted and clenched hands, the fiery wrath of the avenger. But the soldiers plundered and drank, the fiery work raged, and the moon sailed over all with as serene an aspect as when she first smiled upon the ark resting against the slopes of Ararat. Such was the spectacle for hours on the chief business street of Columbia.

We have intimated that, at an early hour in the day, almost every house was visited by groups, averaging in number from two to six persons. Some of these entered civilly enough, but pertinaciously entered, in some cases, *begging* for milk, eggs, bread and meat—in most cases, demanding them. The kitchens were entered by one party, while another penetrated the dwelling, and the cook was frequently astounded by the audacity by which the turkey, duck, fowl or roast was transferred from the spit to the wallet of the soldier. In the house, parties less meek of temper than these pushed their way, and the first intimation of their presence, as they were confronted at the entrance, was a pistol clapped at the head or bosom of the owner, whether male or female. "Your watch!" "Your money!" was the demand. Frequently, no demand was made. Rarely, indeed, was a word spoken, where the watch or chain, or ring or bracelet, presented itself conspicuously to the eye. It was incontinently plucked away from the neck, breast or bosom. Hundreds of women, still greater numbers of old men, were thus despoiled. The slightest show of resistance provoked violence to the person. The venerable Mr. Alfred Huger was thus robbed in the chamber and presence of his family, and in the eye of an almost dying wife. He offered resistance, and was collared and dispossessed by violence. We are

told that the venerable ex-Senator, Colonel Arthur P. Hayne, was treated even more roughly. Mr. James Rose, besides his watch, lost largely of choice wines, which had been confided to his keeping But we cannot descend to examples. In the open streets the pick-pockets were mostly active. A frequent mode of operating was by first asking you the hour. If thoughtless enough to reply, producing the watch or indicating its possession, it was quietly taken from hand or pocket, and transferred to the pocket of the "other gentleman," with some such remark as this: "A pretty little watch that. I'll take it myself; it just suits me." And the appropriation followed; and if you hinted any dislike to the proceeding, a grasp was taken of your collar and the muzzle of a revolver put to your ear. Some of the incidents connected with this wholesale system were rather amusing. Dr. Templeton, a well known and highly esteemed citizen, passing along the street, was accosted by a couple of these experts, who stopped and asked him, pointing to the arsenal building, on the hill opposite, "What building is that?" "The State Arsenal," was his reply, unwisely extending his arm, as he pointed, in turn, to the building, and revealing between the folds of his coat the shining links of a rich gold chain. Before he could recover himself, his chain and watch were in the grasp of the thief, who was preparing to transfer it to his own pocket, quietly remarking, "A very pretty little watch; just to my liking." "That is very cool," said Templeton. "Just my way," said the fellow, walking off. "Stop," said Templeton, half amazed at the coolness of the proceeding, and feeling that he had only to put the best face on the matter. "Stop; that watch will be of no use to you without the key; won't you take that also?" "All right," replied the robber, returning and receiving the key. The question, "What's o'clock," was the sure forerunner of an attempt upon your pocket. Some parties saved their chronometers by an adroitness which deserves to be made known. One individual replied to the question: "You are too late, my good fellows. I was asked that question already by one of your parties, at the other corner." He left them to infer that the watch was already gone, and they passed him by. We are told of one person who, being thus asked for the time of day by three of them, in a street in which he could see no other of their comrades, thrust a revolver suddenly into their faces, and cocking it quickly, cried out, "Look for yourselves." They sheered off and left him. We, ourselves, were twice asked the question the morning after the fire, and looking innocently to where the City Hall clock once stood, replied, "Our city clock is gone, you see; but it must be near 11." Mr. J. K. Robinson was assailed with

the same question by a party in the neighborhood of his house. He denied that he had a watch. "Oh! look, look!" was the answer of the questioner. "I need not look," quoth Robinson, "since I have not a watch." "Look, look—a man of your appearance *must* own a watch." "Well, I do; but it is at my home—at my house." "Where's your house? We'll go and see." He took them into his house, suddenly called his guard and said, "These men are pursuing me; I know not what they want." The guard drove out the party, with successive thrusts at them of the bayonet, and from the street, defrauded of their spoils, they saluted house guard and owner with all manner of horrid execrations. Hundreds of like anecdotes are told, not merely of loss in watches, but of every other article of property. Hats and boots, overcoats and shawls—these, when new and attractive, were sure to be taken. Even the negroes were despoiled, whenever the commodity was of any value. An incident occurred, which, though amusing to read of, could not have been very pleasant to one of the party engaged at least. A gentleman was directed to break in the heads and empty the contents of some forty barrels of whiskey stored at the Fair Grounds. He had proceeded with the job only so far as breaking in the heads of the barrels, when a number of soldiers entered the building, and stopped all further proceeding. They charged him with poisoning the liquor, and forced him to take a drink from every barrel, before they would touch the contents. The consequence was, that he was drunk for over a week.

Within the dwellings, the scenes were of more harsh and tragical character, rarely softened by any ludicrous aspects, as they were screened by the privacy of the apartment, with but few eyes to witness. The pistol to the bosom or the head of women, the patient mother, the trembling daughter, was the ordinary introduction to the demand, "Your gold, silver, watch, jewels." They gave no time, allowed no pause or hesitation. It was in vain that the woman offered her keys, or proceeded to open drawer, or wardrobe, or cabinet, or trunk. It was dashed to pieces by axe or gun-butt, with the cry, "We have a shorter way than that!" It was in vain that she pleaded to spare her furniture, and she would give up all its contents. All the precious things of a family, such as the heart loves to pore on in quiet hours when alone with memory—the dear miniature, the photograph, the portrait—these were dashed to pieces, crushed under foot, and the more the trembler pleaded for the object so precious, the more violent the rage which destroyed it. Nothing was sacred in their eyes, save the gold and silver which they bore away. Nor were these acts those of common soldiers. Commis-

sioned officers, of rank so high as that of a colonel, were frequently among the most active in spoliation, and not always the most tender or considerate in the manner and acting of their crimes. And, after glutting themselves with spoil, would often utter the foulest speeches, coupled with oaths as condiment, dealing in what they assumed, besides, to be bitter sarcasms upon the cause and country. "And what do you think of the Yankees now?" was a frequent question. "Do you not fear us, now?" "What do you think of secession?" &c., &c. "We mean to wipe you out! We'll burn the very stones of South Carolina." Even General Howard, who is said to have been once a pious parson, is reported to have made this reply to a citizen who had expostulated with him on the monstrous crime of which his army had been guilty: "It is only what the country deserves. It is her fit punishment; and if this does not quiet rebellion, and we have to return, we will do this work thoroughly. We will not leave woman or child."

Almost universally, the women of Columbia behaved themselves nobly under their insults. They preserved that patient, calm demeanor, that simple, almost masculine firmness, which so becomes humanity in the hour of trial, when nothing can be opposed to the tempest but the virtue of inflexible endurance. They rarely replied to these insults; but looking coldly into the faces of the assailants, heard them in silence and with unblenching cheeks. When forced to answer, they did so in monosyllables only, or in brief, stern language, avowed their confidence in the cause of their country, the principles and rights for which their brothers and sons fought, and their faith in the ultimate favor and protection of God. One or two of many of these dialogues—if they may be called such, where one of the parties can urge his speech with all the agencies of power for its enforcement, and with all his instruments of terror in sight, while the other stands exposed to the worst terrors which maddened passions, insolent in the consciousness of strength—may suffice as a sample of many: "Well, what do you think of the Yankees now?" "Do you expect a favorable opinion?" "No! d—n it! But you fear us, and that's enough." "No—we do not fear you." "What! not yet?" "Not yet!" "But you shall fear us." "Never!" "We'll make you." "You may inflict, we can endure; but fear—never! Anything but that." "We'll make you fear us!" clapping a revolver to the lady's head. Her eye never faltered. Her cheek never changed its color. Her lips were firmly compressed. Her arms folded on her bosom. The eye of the assassin glared into her own. She met the encounter without flinching, and he lowered the imple-

ment of murder, with an oath: "D—n it! You have pluck enough for a whole regiment!" In a great many cases the guard behaved themselves well, using their utmost endeavors to protect the property under their charge, even to the use of the bayonet. An officer, Lieutenant McQueen, stopped with Dr. Wm. Reynolds, and during the fire worked manfully, and was the means of saving the residence from destruction. His gentlemanly manners won the respect and confidence of the family, and when he was on the point of leaving, the doctor gave him a letter, signed by several gentlemen, acknowledging his grateful feelings for the manner in which he had been treated; saying that the fortunes of war might some time place him in a position that the letter might be of use to him. This proved to be the case. At the skirmish near Lynch's Creek, this officer was wounded and captured. On showing the letter to a friend of Dr. Reynolds, who happened to be in the hospital, he was removed to a private house, every attention shown him, and when he was able to move, a special parole was obtained for him, and he returned to his home.

The "pluck" of our women was especially a subject of acknowledgment. They could admire a quality with which they had not soul to sympathize—or rather the paramount passion for greed and plunder kept in subjection all other qualities, without absolutely extinguishing them from their minds and thoughts. To inspire terror in the weak, strange to say, seemed to them a sort of heroism. To extort fear and awe appeared to their inordinate vanity a tribute more grateful than any other, and a curious conflict was sometimes carried on in their minds between their vanity and cupidity. Occasionally they gave with one hand, while they robbed with another. Several curious instances of this nature took place, one of which must suffice. A certain Yankee officer happened to hear that an old acquaintance of his, whom he had known intimately at West Point and Louisiana, was residing in Columbia. He went to see him after the fire, and ascertained that his losses had been very heavy, exceeding two hundred thousand dollars. The parties had not separated for an hour, when a messenger came from the Yankee, bringing a box, which contained one hundred thousand dollars in Confederate notes. This the Yankee begged his Southern friend to accept, as helping to make up his losses. The latter declined the gift, not being altogether satisfied in conscience with regard to it. In many cases, Confederate money by the handful was bestowed by the officers and soldiers upon parties from whom they had robbed the last particles of clothing, and even General Sherman could give to parties, whom

he knew, the flour and bacon which had been taken from starving widows and orphans. So he left with the people of Columbia a hundred old muskets for their protection, while emptying their arsenals of a choice collection of beautiful Enfield rifles. And so the starving citizens of Columbia owe to him a few hundred starving cattle, which he had taken from the starving people of Beaufort, Barnwell, Orangeburg and Lexington—cattle left without food, and for which food could not be found, and dying of exhaustion at the rate of fifteen to twenty head per diem.

In this connection and this section, in which we need to devote so much of our space to the cruel treatment of our women, we think it proper to include a communication from the venerable Dr. Sill, one of the most esteemed and well-known citizens of Columbia. It is from his own pen, and the facts occurred under his own eyes. We give this as one of a thousand like cases, witnessed by a thousand eyes, and taking place at the same time in every quarter of the city, almost from the hour of the arrival of the army to that of its departure. He writes as follows:

"On Thursday, the day before the evacuation of the city by the Confederate forces, I invited a very poor French lady (Madame Pelletier), with her child, refugees from Charleston, to take shelter in my house, where they might, at least, have such protection as I could give her, shelter and food for herself and child. She was poor, indeed, having very little clothing, and only one or two implements—a sewing machine and a crimping apparatus—by means of which she obtained a precarious support. My own family (happily) and servants being all absent, and being myself wholly incapacitated by years of sickness from making any exertion, all that the poor widow woman and myself could remove from my house, besides the few things of hers, consisted of two bags of flour, a peck of meal, and about the same of grist, and about thirty pounds of bacon and a little sugar. These few things we managed to get out of the house, and, by the aid of a wheelbarrow, removed about fifty yards from the burning buildings. Waiting then and there, waiting anxiously the progress and direction of the fire, we soon found that we had been robbed of one bag of flour and a trunk of valuable books of account and papers. The fire continuing to advance on us, we found it necessary to remove again. About this time, there came up a stalwart soldier, about six feet high, accoutred with pistols, Bowie-knife, &c., and stooping down over the remaining bag of flour, demanded of the poor French lady what the bag contained. Having lost, but a few moments before, almost everything she had in the way of

provisions, she seemed most deeply and keenly alive to her destitute situation, in the event she should lose the remaining bag of flour, the last and only hope of escape from starvation of her child and herself. She fell upon her knees, with hands uplifted, in a supplicating manner, and most piteously and imploringly set forth her situation—an appeal which, under the circumstances, it would be impossible to conceive, more touching or heart-rending. She told him she was not here of her own choice; that herself and husband had come to Charleston in 1860 to better their fortunes; that they had been domiciled in New Jersey, where her husband had taken the necessary steps to become a citizen of the United States. She had in her hand his papers vouching the truth of her statement; that her husband had died of yellow fever in Charleston; that being unable, from want of the means, to return to New Jersey, she had been driven from Charleston to Columbia (a refugee, flying from the enemy's shells), to try to make an honest support for herself and child. To all this, he not only turned a deaf ear, but deliberately drew from his breast a huge shining Bowie-knife, brandished it in her face, rudely pushed her aside, using, at the same time, the most menacing and obscene language; shouldered the bag of flour, and marched off, leaving the poor starving creature, with her helpless child, overwhelmed with grief and despair. E. SILL."

This surely is very piteous to hear, and were the case an isolated one, it would probably move compassion in every heart; but where the miseries of like and worse sort, of a whole community of twenty thousand, are massed, as it were, together before the eyes, the sensibilities become obtuse, and the universal suffering seems to destroy the sensibilities in all. We shall not seek to multiply instances like the foregoing, which would be an endless work and to little profit.

General Sherman tells General Hampton that, could he find any civil authority, and could they provide him with forage and provisions, he would suffer no foraging upon the people. His logic and memory are equally deficient. Was there no Mayor and Council in Columbia? They had formally surrendered the city into his hands. They constituted the civil authority; but he made no requisition upon them for provisions for his troops. He did not say to them, "Supply me with twenty thousand rations in so many hours." Had he done so, the rations would have been forthcoming. The citizens would have been only too glad, by yielding up one-half of their stores, to have saved the other half, and to have preserved their dwellings from the presence of the soldiers. Nay, did not the in-

dwellers of every house—we will say five thousand houses—seek at his hands a special guard—which usually consisted of two men—and were not these fed wholly by the families where they lodged during the whole time of their stay? Here, by a very simple computation, we find that ten thousand soldiers were thus voluntarily provided with rations; and a requisition for twenty thousand men might easily and would probably have been provided, had any such been made; for the supplies in the city were abundant of every sort—the population generally having laid in largely, and without stint or limit, anticipating a period of general scarcity from the march of the enemy. But, even had the people been unable to supply these provisions—even had the Council failed to respond to these requisitions—at whose doors should the blame be laid? The failure would have been the direct consequences of General Sherman's own proceedings. Had he not ravaged and swept, with a besom of fire, all the tracts of country upon which the people of Columbia depended for their supplies? Had he not, himself, cut off all means of transportation, in the destruction, not only of the railways, but of every wagon, cart, vehicle, on all the plantations through which he had passed—carrying off all the beasts of burden of any value, and cutting the throats of the remainder? He cuts off the feet and arms of a people, and then demands that they shall bring him food and forage! But even this pretext, if well grounded, can avail him nothing. He was suffering from no sort of necessity. It was the boast of every officer and soldier in his army, that he had fed fat upon the country through which he had passed; everywhere finding abundance, and had not once felt the necessity of lifting the cover from his own wagons, and feeding from his own accumulated stores. But the complaint of Hampton, and of our people at large, is not that he *fed* his followers upon the country, but that he destroyed what he did not need for food, and tore the bread from the famishing mouths of a hundred thousand women and children—feeble infancy and decrepit age.

We have adverted to the outrages which were perpetrated within the households of the citizen, where, unrestrained by the rebuking eyes of their own comrades, and unresisted by their interposition, cupidity, malignity and lust, sought to glut their several appetites. The cupidity generally triumphed over the lust. The greed for gold and silver swallowed up the more animal passions, and drunkenness supervened in season for the safety of many. We have heard of some few outrages, or attempts at outrage, of the worst sort, but the instances, in the case of white females, must have been very few. There was, perhaps, a wholesome dread of goading to desperation the

people whom they had despoiled of all but honor. They could see, in many watchful and guardian eyes, the lurking expression which threatened sharp vengeance, should their trespasses proceed to those extremes which they yet unquestionably contemplated. The venerable Mr. H—stood ready, with his *couteau de chasse,* made bare in his bosom, hovering around the persons of his innocent daughters. Mr. O—, on beholding some too familiar approach to one of his daughters, bade the man stand off at the peril of his life; saying that while he submitted to be robbed of property, he would sacrifice life without reserve—his own and that of the assailant—before his child's honor should be abused. Mr. James G. Gibbes with difficulty, pistol in hand, and only with the assistance of a Yankee officer, rescued two young women from the clutches of as many ruffians. We have been told of successful outrages of this unmentionable character being practiced upon women dwelling in the suburbs. Many are understood to have taken place in remote country settlements, and two cases are described where young negresses were brutally forced by the wretches and afterwards murdered—one of them being thrust, when half dead, head down, into a mud puddle, and there held until she was suffocated. But this must suffice. The shocking details should not now be made, but that we need, for the sake of truth and humanity, to put on record the horrid deeds. And yet, we should grossly err if, while showing the forbearance of the soldiers in respect to our *white* women, we should convey to any innocent reader the notion that they exhibited a like forbearance in the case of the *black.* The poor negroes were terribly victimized by their assailants, many of them, besides the instance mentioned, being left in a condition little short of death. Regiments in successive *relays,* subjected scores of these poor women to the torture of their embraces, and—but we dare not further pursue the subject. There are some horrors which the historian dare not pursue—which the painter dare not delineate. They both drop the curtain over crimes which humanity bleeds to contemplate.

Some incidents of gross brutality, which show how well prepared were these men for every crime, however monstrous, may be given. A lady, undergoing the pains of labor, had to be borne out on a mattress into the open air, to escape the fire. It was in vain that her situation was described as the soldiers applied the torch within and without the house, after they had penetrated every chamber and robbed them of all that was either valuable or portable. They beheld the situation of the sufferer, and laughed to scorn the prayer for her safety. Another lady, Mrs. J——, was but recently con-

fined. Her condition was very helpless. Her life hung upon a hair. The men were apprised of all the facts in the case. They burst into the chamber—took the rings from the lady's fingers—plucked the watch from beneath her pillow, and so overwhelmed her with terror, that she sunk under the treatment—surviving their departure but a day or two. In several instances, parlors, articles of crockery, and even beds, were used by the soldiers as if they were water closets. In one case, a party used vessels in this way, then put them on the bed, fired at and smashed them to pieces, emptying the filthy contents over the bedding. In several cases, newly made graves were opened, the coffins taken out, broken open, in search of buried treasure, and the corpses left exposed. Every spot in grave-yard or garden, which seemed to have been recently disturbed, was sounded with sword, or bayonet, or ramrod, in their desperate search after spoil.

In this grave connection, we have to narrate a somewhat picturesque transaction, less harsh of character and less tragic, and preserving a somewhat redeeming aspect to the almost uniform brutality of our foes. Mr. M. M. C—— had a guard given him for his home, who not only proved faithful to their trust, but showed themselves gentle and unobtrusive. Their comrades, in large numbers, were encamped on the adjoining and vacant lands. These latter penetrated his grounds, breaking their way through the fences, and it was not possible, where there were so many, to prevent their aggression entirely. The guard kept them out of the dwelling, and preserved its contents. They were not merely civil, but amused the children of the family; played with them, sympathized in their fun, and contributed to their little sports in sundry ways. The children owned a pretty little pet, a grey-hound, which was one of the most interesting of their sources of enjoyment. The soldiers without seemed to remark this play of the guard with the children and dog with discontent and displeasure. They gave several indications of a morose temper in regard to them, and, no doubt, they considered the guard with hostility, *per se,* as guard, and because of their faithful protection of the family. At length, their displeasure prompted one of them to take an active but cruel part in the pastimes of the children. Gathering up a stone, he watched his moment, and approaching the group, where they were at play, suddenly dashed out the brains of the little dog, at the very feet of the children. They were terribly frightened, of course, at this cruel exhibition of power and malignity. Their grief followed in bitter lamentations and tears. To soothe them, the soldiers of the guard took up the remains

of the dog, dug for it a grave in one of the flower beds of the garden, tenderly laid it in the earth, and raised a mound over it, precisely as if it had been a human child. A stake at the head and feet rendered the proceeding complete. That night, Mr. C——, returning home, his wife remarked to him: "We have lost our silver. It was buried in the very spot where these men have buried the dog. They have no doubt found it, and it is lost to us." It was impossible then to attempt any search for the relief of their anxiety, until the departure of the troops. When they had gone, however, the search was eagerly made, and the buried treasure found untouched. But the escape was a narrow one. The cavity made for the body of the dog approached within a few inches the box of silver. Mayor Goodwyn also saved a portion of his plate through the fidelity of his guard. But he lost his dwelling and everything besides. We believe that, in every instance where the guard proved faithful, they were Western men. They professed to revolt at the spectacles of crime which they were compelled to witness, and pleaded the necessity of a blind obedience to orders, in justification of their share of the horrors to which they lent their hands. Just before the conflagration began, about the dusk of evening, while the Mayor was conversing with one of the Western men, from Iowa, three rockets were shot up by the enemy from the capitol square. As the soldier beheld these rockets, he cried out: "Alas! alas! for your poor city! It is doomed. Those rockets are the signal. The town is to be fired." In less than twenty minutes after, the flames broke out in twenty distinct quarters. Similar statements were made by other soldiers in different quarters of the city.

Of the conflagration itself, we have already given a sufficient idea, so far as words may serve for the description of a scene which beggars art and language to portray. We have also shown, in some degree, the usual course of procedure among the soldiers; how they fired the dwelling as they pillaged; how they abused and outraged the in-dwellers; how they mocked at suffering, scorned the pleadings of women and innocence. As the flames spread from house to house, you could behold, through long vistas of the lurid empire of flames and gloom, the miserable tenants of the once peaceful home issuing forth in dismay, bearing the chattels most useful or precious, and seeking escape through the narrow channels which the flames left them only in the centre of the streets. Fortunately, the streets of Columbia are very wide, and greatly protected by umbrageous trees, set in regular order, and which, during the vernal season, confer upon the city one of its most beautiful features. But for this

width of its passages, thousands must have been burned to death. These families moved in long procession, the aged sire or grand-sire first—a sad, worn and tottering man, walking steadily on, with rigid, set features and tearless eyes—too much stricken, too much stunned, for any ordinary shows of suffering. Perhaps, the aged wife hung upon one arm, while the other was supported by a daughter. And huddling close, like terrified partridges, came the young, each bearing some little bundle—all pressing forward under the lead of the sire, and he witless where to go. The ascending fire-spouts flamed before them on every hand—shouts assailed them at every step—the drunken soldiers danced around them as they went, piercing their ears with horrid threats and imprecations. The little bundles were snatched from the grasp of their trembling bearers, torn open, and what was not appropriated, was hurled into the contiguous pile of flame. And group after group, stream after stream of fugitives thus pursued their way through the paths of flaming and howling horror, only too glad to fling themselves on the open ground, whither, in some cases, they had succeeded in conveying a feather bed or mattress. The malls, or open squares, the centres of the wide streets, like Assembly street, were thus strewn with piles of bedding, on which lay exhausted mothers—some of them with anxious physicians in attendance, and girdled by crouching children and infants, wild and almost idiotic with their terrors. In one case, as we have mentioned, a woman about to become a mother was thus borne out from a burning dwelling. It was scarcely possible to advise in which direction to fly. The churches were at first sought by many several streams of population. But these were found to afford no security —the churches of God were set on flame. Again driven forth, numbers made their way into the recesses of Sidney Park, and here fancied to find security, as but few houses occupied the neighborhood, and these not sufficiently high to lead to apprehension from the flames. But fire-balls were thrown from the heights into the deepest hollows of the park, and the wretched fugitives were forced to scatter, finding their way to other places of retreat, and finding none of them secure.

One of these mournful processions of fugitives was that of the sisterhood of the Convent, the nuns and their pupils. Beguiled to the last moment by the promises and assurances of officers and others in Sherman's army, the Mother Superior had clung to her house to the last possible moment. It was not merely a home, but in some degree a temple, and, to the professors of one church at least, a shrine. It had been chosen, as we have seen, as the place of

refuge for many of other churches. Much treasure had been lodged in it for safe keeping, and the Convent had a considerable treasure of its own. It was liberally and largely furnished, not only as a domain, but as an academy of the highest standard. It was complete in all the agencies and material for such an academy, and for the accommodation of perhaps two hundred pupils. Among these agencies for education were no less than seventeen pianos. The harp, the guitar, the globe, the maps, desks, benches, bedding and clothing, were all supplied on a scale of equal amplitude. The establishment also possessed some fine pictures, original and from the first masters. The removal of these was impossible, and hence the reluctance of the Mother Superior to leave her house was sufficiently natural. Assured, besides, of safety, she remained until further delay would have perilled the safety of her innocent and numerous flock. This lady marshalled her procession with great good sense, coolness and decision. They were instructed to secure the clothes most suitable to their protection from the weather, and to take with them those valuables which were portable; and, accompanied by Rev. Dr. O'Connell and others, the damsels filed on, under the lead of their Superior, through long tracts of fire, burning roofs, tumbling walls, wading through billows of flame, and taking, at first, the pathway to St. Peter's (Catholic) Church. Blinding fires left them almost aimless in their march; but they succeeded in reaching the desired point in safety. Here, on strips of bedding, quilts and coverlets, the young girls found repose, protected by the vigilance of a few gentlemen, their priest, and, we believe, by two officers of the Yankee army, whose names are given as Colonel Corley and Dr. Galaghan. To these gentlemen, both Catholic Irish, the Mother Superior acknowledges her great indebtedness. They had need of all the watch and vigilance of these persons. It was soon found that several soldiers followed them in their flight, and were making attempts to fire the edifice on several sides. These attempts, repeatedly baffled and as often renewed, showed at length so tenacious a purpose for its destruction, that it was thought best to leave the building and seek refuge in the church-yard, and there, in the cold and chill, and among the grave-stones with the dead, these terrified living ones remained, trembling watchers through the rest of this dreary night. The Presbyterian grave-yard had a number of families quartered in it for several days after the destruction of the city. Aged ladies and young children were also exposed in open lots until after the Federals left the city.

The destruction of private libraries and valuable collections of

objects of art and *virtu,* was very large in Columbia. It was by the urgent entreaties of the Rev. Mr. Porter, the professors and others, that the safety of the South Carolina College library was assured. The buildings were occupied by Confederate hospitals, where some three hundred invalids and convalescents found harborage. In a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Porter, regarding the safety of the College Library, General Sherman indulged in a sneer. "I would rather," said he, "give you books than destroy them. I am sure your people need them very much." To this Mr. Porter made no reply, suffering the General to rave for awhile upon a favorable text with him, the glories of his flag and the perpetuation of the Union, which he solemnly pledged himself to maintain against all the fates. That his own people did not value books, in any proper degree, may be shown by their invariable treatment of libraries. These were almost universally destroyed, tumbled into the weather, the streets, gutters, hacked and hewn and trampled, even when the collections were of the rarest value and immense numbers. Libraries of ten thousand volumes—books such as cannot again be procured—were sacrificed.

It was one almost invariable feature of the numerous melancholy processions of fugitive women and children and old men escaping from their burning houses, to be escorted by Federal officers or soldiers—as frequently by the one as by the other—who sometimes pretended civility, and mixed it up with jeering or offensive remarks upon their situation. These civilities had an ulterior object. To accept them, under the notion that they were tendered in good faith, was to be robbed or insulted. The young girl carrying work-box or bundle, who could be persuaded to trust it to the charge of one of the men, very often lost possession of it wholly. "That trunk is small, but it seems heavy," quoth one to a young lady, who, in the procession of the nuns, was carrying off her mother's silver. "What's in it, I wonder? Let me carry it." "No, thank you. My object is to save it, if I can." "Well, I'll save it for you; let me help you." "No; I need no help of yours, and wish you to understand that I mean to save it, if I can." "You are too proud, miss! but we'll humble you yet. You have been living in clover all your life—we'll bring you down to the wash-tub. Those white hands shall be done brown in the sun before we're done with you." Officers, even ranking as high as colonels, were found as active in the work of insults and plunder as any of their common men. One of these colonels came into the presence of a young girl, a pupil at the Convent, and the daughter of a distinguished public man. He wore in his hat her riding plume, attached by a small golden ornament, and

in his hands he carried her riding whip. She calmly addressed him thus: "I have been robbed, sir, of every article of clothing and ornaments; even the dress I wear is borrowed. I am resigned to their loss. But there are some things that I would not willingly lose. You have in your cap the plume from my riding hat—you carry in your hand my riding whip. They were gifts to me from a precious friend. I demand them from you." "Oh! these cannot be yours—I have had them a long time." "You never had them before last night. It was then I lost them. They are mine, and the gold ornament of the feather engraved with the initials of the giver. Once more I demand them of you." "Well, I'm willing to *give* them to you, if you'll accept them as a keep-sake." "No, sir; I wish no keep-sake of your's; I shall have sufficiently painful memories to remind me of those whom I could never willingly see again—whom I have never wished to see." "Oh! I rather guess you're right there," with a grin. "Will you restore me my whip and feather?" "As a keep-sake! Yes." "No, sir; as my property—which you can only wear as stolen property." "I tell you, if you'll take them as a keep-sake from me, you shall have them." "You must then keep them, sir—happy, perhaps, that you *cannot* blush whenever you sport the plume or flourish the whip." And he bore off the treasures of the damsel. In these connections, oaths of the most blasphemous kind were rarely foreborne, even when their talk was had with females. The troops had a large faith in Sherman's generalship. One of their lieutenants is reported to have said: "He's all hell at flanking. He'd flank God Almighty out of Heaven and the devil into hell."

But this is enough on this topic, and we must plead the exactions of truth and the necessities of historical evidence, to justify us in repeating and recording such monstrous blasphemies. We shall hereafter, from other hands, be able to report some additional dialogues held with the women of Columbia, by some of the Federal officers. Of their *temper,* one or two more brief anecdotes will suffice. The Convent, among its other possessions, had a very beautiful model of the Cathedral, of Charleston. This occupied a place in the Convent grounds. It was believed to have been destroyed by the soldiers. One of the nuns lamented its fate to the Mother Superior, in the presence of Colonel Ewell, (?) an aide of one of the generals. He muttered bitterly, "Yes; it is rightly served; and I could wish the same fate to befall every cathedral in which *Te Deum* has been performed at the downfall of our glorious flag." A gentleman was expressing to one of the Federal generals the fate of the Convent, and speaking of the losses, especially of the Lady Superior, he replied

dryly: "It is not forgotten that this lady is the sister of Bishop Lynch, who had *Te Deum* performed in his cathedral at the fall of Fort Sumter."

A lady of this city spoke indignantly to General Atkins, of Sherman's army, and said of that general, "He wars upon women!" "Yes," said Atkins, "and justly. It is the women of the South who keep up this cursed rebellion. It gave us the greatest satisfaction to see those proud Georgia women begging crumbs from Yankee leavings; and this will soon be the fate of all you Carolina women." Escorting a sad procession of fugitives from the burning dwellings, one of the soldiers said: "What a glorious sight!" "Terribly so," said one of the ladies. "Grand!" said he. "Very pitiful," was the reply. The lady added: "How, as men, you can behold the horrors of this scene, and behold the sufferings of these innocents, without terrible pangs of self-condemnation and self-loathing, it is difficult to conceive." "We glory in it!" was the answer. "I tell you, madam, that when the people of the North hear of the vengeance we have meted out to your city, there will be one universal shout of rejoicing from man, woman and child, from Maine to Maryland." "You are, then, sir, only a fitting representative of your people." Another, who had forced himself as an escort upon a party, on the morning of Saturday, said, pointing to the thousand stacks of chimneys, "You are a curious people here in house-building. You run up your chimneys before you build the house." One who had been similarly impudent, said to a mother, who was bearing a child in her arms: "Let me carry the baby, madam." "Do not touch him for your life," was the reply. "I would sooner hurl him into the flames and plunge in after him than that he should be polluted by your touch. Nor shall a child of mine ever have even the show of obligation to a Yankee!" "Well, that's going it strong, by ——; but I like your pluck. We like it d—e; and you'll see us coming back after the war —every man of us—to get a Carolina wife. We hate your men like h—l, but we love your women!" "We much prefer your hate, even though it comes in fire. Will you leave us, sir?" It was not always, however, that our women were able to preserve their coolness and firmness under the assaults. We have quite an amusing story of a luckless wife, who was confronted by a stalwart soldier, with a cocked revolver at her head. "Your watch! your money! you d—d rebel b—h!" The oaths, sudden demand, fierce look and rapid action, so terrified her that she cried out, "Oh! my G—d! I have no watch, no money, except what's tied round my waist!" We need not say how deftly the Bowie-knife was applied to loose the stays of the

lady. She was then taught, for the first time in her life, that the stays were wrongly placed. They should have been upon her tongue. In all their conversation, the officers exhibited a very bombastic manner, and their exaggerations of their strength and performances great and frequent. On their first arrival they claimed generally to have sixty thousand men; in a few hours after, the number was swollen to seventy-five thousand; by night, it had reached one hundred thousand; and on Saturday, the day after, they claimed to have one hundred and twenty-five thousand. We have already estimated the real number at forty thousand—total cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

We have already passingly adverted to the difficulty of saving the South Carolina College library from the flames, and lest we should have conveyed a false impression in respect to the degree of effort made in saving it, we give some particulars which may be found of interest. We need scarcely say that the professors clung to their sacred charge with a tenacity which never once abandoned it or forebore the exertions necessary for its safety; while the officers of the several hospitals, to which the College buildings were generally given up, were equally prompt to give their co-operation. Very soon after the entrance of the Federals into the city, Dr. Thompson, of the hospital, with Professors LaBorde, Reynolds and Rivers, took their places at the gate of the College Campus, and awaited their approach. Towards noon, a body of soldiers, led by a Captain Young, made their appearance at the gate, and the surgeon, with the professors, made a special appeal to the captain for the protection of the library and the College buildings; to which he replied with a solemn assurance that the place should be spared, and that he would station a sufficient guard within and without the walls. He remarked, with some surprise, upon the great size of the enclosure and establishment. The guard was placed, and no serious occasion for alarm was experienced throughout the day; but, from an early hour of the night, the buildings began to be endangered by showers of sparks from contiguous houses, which fell upon their roofs. This danger increased hour by hour, as the flames continued to advance, and finally, the roofs of the several dwellings of Professors LaBorde and Rivers burst out in flames. Their families were forced to fly, and it required all the efforts of professors, surgeons, servants, even aided by a file of soldiers, to arrest the conflagration. Every building within the campus was thus in danger. The destruction of any one building would to a certainty have led to the loss of all. The most painful apprehensions were quickened into a sense of horror,

when the feeble inmates of the hospital were remembered. There were numbers of noble soldiers, brave Kentuckians and others, desperately wounded, to whom—lacking, as the establishment did at that moment, the necessary labor—but little assistance could be rendered. They were required to shift for themselves, while the few able-bodied men within the campus were on the house-tops fighting the fire. The poor fellows were to be seen dragging their maimed and feeble bodies, as best they could, along the floors, adown the stairs, and crawling out, with great pain and labor, and by the tardiest process, into that atmosphere of reeking flame, which now girdled the establishment. Others, again, unable to leave their beds, resigned themselves to their fate. We can better conceive than describe the terrible agonies, to them, of those hours of dreadful anticipation in which they lay. Happily, the fires were subdued by 4 in the morning of Saturday. But the danger, even then, was not over. About 8 A. M., the College gate was assaulted by a band of drunken cavalry, one hundred and fifty or more, bent upon penetrating the campus, and swearing to fire the buildings. The officer in command of the guard reported to the professors that his force was not adequate to the protection of the establishment, and that he was about to be overwhelmed. Professors LaBorde and Rivers, followed by Surgeon Thompson, at once sped, in all haste, to the headquarters of General Howard, appealing to him, in the most passionate terms, to redeem his pledge for the protection of the College and its library. He promptly commanded his Chief of Staff, Colonel Stone, to repair to the scene and arrest the danger. This—revolver in hand—he promptly did, and succeeded in dispersing the incendiary cavalry. It is with profound regret that we add that the Legislative library, consisting of twenty-five thousand choice volumes, was wholly destroyed in the old Capitol.

Among the moral and charitable institutions which suffered greatly in the fire, were the several Masonic bodies. They lost everything, with rare exceptions—houses, lodges, regalias, charts, charters, jewels, and every form of implement and paraphernalia. Much of this property had been accumulated in Columbia from Charleston and other places—had been sent hither for safe keeping. Their losses will for a long while be wholly irreparable, and cannot be repaired, unless, indeed, through the liberality of remote and wealthy fraternities in other sections. The furniture and jewels were, in the largest number of cases, of the richest and most valuable order, wholly of silver, and in great proportion were gifts and bequests of favorite brothers who had reached the highest ranks in the

order. The buildings, chambers, and lodges which contained the treasures of these bodies, were first plundered and then given to the flames. The soldiers were to be seen about the streets, dressed up in the aprons, scarfs and regalias. Some of the Federal Masons were active in endeavoring to arrest the robbers in their work, but without success. In a conversation with one of the Western Masons, he responded to the signs and behaved courteously, but he said: "We are told that all fraternization with your Masonic bodies of the South has been cut off, in consequence of your Masons renouncing all connection or tie between them and the Masons of the North." We replied to him that the story was absurd, and evidently set afloat in order to prevent the *Northern* Masons from affording succor to a Southern brother in the hour of his distress—that Masonry overrides the boundaries of States, allows of no political or religious differences, and that its very nature and constitution are adverse to the idea of any such renunciations of the paramount duties of the craft, in all countries and under all circumstances.

The morning of Saturday, the 18th of February, opened still with its horrors and terrors, though somewhat diminished in their intensity. A lady said to an officer at her house, somewhere about 4 o'clock that morning: "In the name of God, sir, when is this work of hell to be ended?" He replied: "You will hear the bugles at sunrise, when a guard will enter the town and withdraw these troops. It will then cease, and not before." Sure enough, with the bugle's sound, and the entrance of fresh bodies of troops, there was an instantaneous arrest of incendiarism. You could see the rioters carried off in groups and squads, from the several precincts they had ravaged, and those which they still meditated to destroy. The tap of the drum, the sound of the signal cannon, could not have been more decisive in its effect, more prompt and complete. But two fires were *set,* among private dwellings, after sunrise; and the flames only went up from a few places, where the fire had been last applied; and these were rapidly expiring.

The best and most beautiful portion of Columbia lay in ruins. Never was ruin more complete; and the sun rose with a wan countenance, peering dimly through the dense vapors which seemed wholly to overspread the firmament. Very miserable was the spectacle. On every side ruins, and smoking masses of blackened walls, and towers of grim, ghastly chimneys, and between, in desolate groups, reclining on mattress, or bed, or earth, were wretched women and children, gazing vacantly on the site of a once blessed abode of home and innocence. Roving detachments of the soldiers

passed around and among them. There were those who looked and lingered nigh, with taunt and sarcasm. Others there were, in whom humanity did not seem wholly extinguished; and others again, to their credit, be it said, who were truly sorrowful and sympathizing, who had labored for the safety of family and property, and who openly deplored the dreadful crime, which threatened the lives and honors of the one, and destroyed so completely the other.

But we have no time for description. The relentless fate was hurrying forward, and the destroyer had still as large a share of his assigned labors to execute. This day was devoted to the destruction of those buildings of a public character which had escaped the wreck of the city proper.

The Saluda cotton manufactory, the property of Colonel L. D. Childs, was burned by the troops prior to their entry of the city and on their approach to it, the previous day. The several powder mills were destroyed on Saturday. The Arsenal buildings (State and Confederate) on Sunday, and it is understood that in the attempt to haul away ammunition from the latter place, the Federals lost a large number of men, from an unlooked-for explosion. It is reported in one case that no less than forty men, with their officers—one entire company—were blown to pieces in one precinct, and half as many in another. But the facts can never be precisely ascertained. The body of a Federal captain lay on the banks of the river for several days. So, the fearful progress of incendiarism continued throughout Saturday and Sunday, nor did it wholly cease on Monday. The gas works—one of the greatest necessities of the people—was then deliberately destroyed; and it was with some difficulty that the water works were saved. The cotton card manufactory of the State; the sword factory—a private interest; the stocking manufactory—private; the buildings at Fair Grounds, adjoining cemetery; the several railway depots; Alexander's foundry; the South Carolina Railroad foundry and work shops; the Government armory, and other buildings of greater or less value, partly Government and partly private property—all shared a common fate.

Major Niernsee, the State Architect, was a great loser, in his implements and valuable scientific and professional library.

The new Capitol building, being unfinished, and not likely to be finished in many years—useless, accordingly to us—was spared—only suffering from some petty assaults of malice. Here and there, a plinth fractured; here and there a Corinthian capital. The beautiful pillar of Tennessee marble was thus injured. So, at great painstaking, the soldiers clambered up on ladders to reach and efface the

exquisite scroll and ornamental work on the face of the building—disfiguring the beautiful chiseling which had wrought out the vine and acorn tracery on the several panels; and the bundles of *fasces,* on the northern part, were fractured or broken away in parts. The statue of Washington, in bronze, cast in 1858, for the city of Charleston, from Houdon's original, in the rotunda at Richmond, received several bruises from brickbats, addressed to face and breast. A shell scratched his back, and the staff which he bore in his hand was broken off in the middle. But the bronze seems to have defied destruction and may be considered still perfect. The bust of Calhoun, by Powers, was totally destroyed; so, also, was the ideal personification, by the sculptor Brown, of the Genius of Liberty. A large collection of complete capitals, destined for the Capitol, and lying in the open square, were destroyed either by the heat of the contiguous fire, or by explosions of gun-powder introduced among them. The new State Capitol presented a very conspicuous mark to the cannon on Lexington heights, yet fortunately sustained but little injury—none, indeed, which cannot be easily repaired. Five shots struck in the west end, yet none of them did any serious damage, except one. This shattered the ornamented sill and balusters of one of the corridors of the principal floor. Another shell injured a fluted column on the centre projection. Two shots hit the interior of the brick arch over the eastern front centre window, and two other shots struck and slightly scaled off the granite jamb division of the treble center window in the eastern front. When in possession, the soldiers tried to deface and defile as much as they could. They wrote their names in pencil on the marble, giving their companies and regiments, and sometimes coupling appropriately foul comments with their signatures, thus addressed to posterity.

Something should be said in respect to the manner in which the negroes were treated by the Federals while in Columbia, and as regards the influences employed by which to beguile or take them from their owners. We have already adverted to the fact that there was a vast difference between the feelings and performances of the men from the West, and those coming, or directly emanating, from the Eastern States. The former were adverse to a connection with them; but few negroes were to be seen among these, and they were simply used as drudges, grooming horses, bearing burdens, humble of demeanor and rewarded with kicks, cuffs and curses, frequently without provocation. They despised and disliked the negro; openly professed their scorn or hatred, declared their unwillingness to have them as companions in arms or in company at all. Several instances

have been given us of their modes of repelling the association of the negro, usually with blow of the fist, butt of the musket, slash of the sword or prick of the bayonet. Sherman himself looked on these things indifferently, if we are to reason from a single fact afforded us by Mayor Goodwyn. This gentleman, while walking with the General, heard the report of a gun. Both heard it, and immediately proceeded to the spot. There they found a group of soldiers, with a stalwart young negro fellow lying dead before them on the street, the body yet warm and bleeding. Pushing it with his feet, Sherman said, in his quick, hasty manner: "What does this mean, boys?" The reply was sufficiently cool and careless. "The d—d black rascal gave us his impudence, and we shot him." "Well, bury him at once! Get him out of sight!" As they passed on, one of the party remarked: "Is that the way, General, you treat such a case?" "Oh!" said he, "we have no time now for courts martial and things of that sort!"

A lady showed us a coverlet, with huge holes burned in it, which she said had covered a sleeping negro woman, when the Yankees threw their torches into her bed, from which she was narrowly extricated with life. Of the recklessness of these soldiers, especially when sharpened by cupidity, an instance is given where they thrust their bayonets into a bed, where they fancied money to be hidden, between two sleeping children—being, it is admitted, somewhat careful not to strike through the bodies of the children. The treatment of the negroes in their houses was, in the larger proportion of cases, quite as harsh as that which was shown to the whites. They were robbed in like manner, frequently stripped of every article of clothing and provisions, and where the wigwam was not destroyed, it was effectually gutted. Few negroes having a good hat, good pair of shoes, good overcoat, but were incontinently deprived of them, and roughly handled when they remonstrated. These acts, we believe, were mostly ascribed to Western men. They were repeatedly heard to say: "We are Western men, and don't want your d—d black faces among us." When addressing the negro, they frequently charged him with being the cause of the war. In speaking to the whites on this subject, especially to South Carolinians, the cause was ascribed to them. In more than one instance, we were told: "We are going to burn this d—d town. We've begun, and we'll go through. *This thing began here,* and we'll sack the houses and burn the town." A different *role* was assigned to, or self-assumed by, the Eastern men. They hob-a-nobbed with the negro, walked with him, and smoked and joked with him. Filled his ears with all sorts of blarney; lured

him, not only with hopes of freedom, but all manner of license. They hovered about the premises of the citizens, seeking all occasion to converse with the negroes. They would elude the guards, slip into the kitchen, if the gates were open, or climb over the rear fence and converse with all who would listen. No doubt they succeeded in beguiling many, since nothing is more easy than to seduce, with promises of prosperity, ease and influence, the laboring classes of any people, white or black. To teach them that they are badly governed and suffering wrong, is the favorite method of demagogism in all countries, and is that sort of influence which will always prevail with a people at once vain, sensual and ignorant. But, as far as we have been able to see and learn, a large proportion of the negroes were carried away forcibly. When the beguiler failed to seduce, he resorted to violence. The soldiers, in several cases which have been reported to us, pursued the slaves with the tenacity of blood-hounds; were at their elbows when they went forth, and hunted them up, at all hours, on the premises of the owner. Very frequent are the instances where the negro, thus hotly pursued, besought protection of his master or mistress, sometimes voluntarily seeking a hiding place along the swamps of the river; at other times, finding it under the bed of the owner; and not leaving these places of refuge till long after the troops had departed. For fully a month after they had gone, the negroes, singly or in squads, were daily making their way back to Columbia, having escaped from the Federals by dint of great perseverance and cunning, generally in wretched plight, half-starved and with little clothing. They represented the difficulties in the way of their escape to be very great, the officers placing them finally under guards at night, and that they could only succeed in flight at the peril of life or limb. Many of these were negroes of Columbia, but the larger proportion seemed to hail from Barnwell. They all sought passports to return to their owners and plantations.

We should not overlook the ravage and destruction in the immediate precincts of the city, though beyond its corporate boundaries. Within a few miles of Columbia, from two to five miles, it was girdled by beautiful country seats, such as those of the Hampton family —Millwood—a place famous of yore for its charm and elegance of society, its frank hospitality and the lavish bounty of its successive hosts. The destruction of this family seat of opulence, and grace, and hospitality, will occasion sensation in European countries, no less than in our own, among those who have enjoyed its grateful privileges, as guests, in better days. The beautiful country seats of Mr. Secretary Trenholm, of Dr. John Wallace, Mrs. Thomas Stark,

Colonel Thomas Taylor, Captain James U. Adams, Mr. C. P. Pelham (Mill Creek), as well as homestead—and many more—all shared the fate of Millwood—all were robbed and ruined, then given to the flames; and from these places were carried off all horses, mules, cattle, hogs and stock of every sort; and the provisions not carried off, were destroyed. In many cases, where mules and horses were not choice, they were shot down. But this was the common history. On all the farms and plantations, and along the road sides everywhere, for many a mile, horses, mules and cattle, strew the face of the country. Young colts, however fine the stock, had their throats cut. One informant tells us that in one pile he counted forty slain mules on the banks of the Saluda. Every vehicle which could not be carried away was destroyed. But there were barbarities reported in the more isolated farm settlements and country houses. Horrid narratives of rape are given which we dare not attempt to individualize. Individuals suspected of having concealed large sums of money, were hung up repeatedly, until, almost in the agonies of death and to escape the torture, they confessed where the deposit had been made. A German baker had a rope put round his neck, and was hauled up several times; until, through fear of death, he confessed that he had specie around his person and in a trunk. A family of the name of Fox, of Lexington, were treated with especial cruelty. The head of the family was hung up thrice by the neck till nearly dead, when he yielded nine thousand dollars in specie. Mr. Meetze, of the same District, is reported to have been robbed in like manner and by the same process; and one poor idiot—a crazy creature, mistaken for another party—was subjected, till nearly dead, to the same treatment. This mode of torture, from what we can learn, was frequently resorted to. Other parties were whipped; others buffeted or knocked down, and, indeed, every form of brutality seems to have been put in practice, whenever cupidity was sharpened into rage by denial or disappointment. But we sicken at the farther recital of these cruelties.

CONCLUSION.

The reader will have seen that we have brought to a close our narrative of the most conspicuous events, in the "capture, sack, and burning of the city of Columbia." We have been at great pains to make the statements ample, and to justify them by reference to the best authorities and witnesses to be found. We believe that the facts are substantially complete, and so, true in all respects. The incidents given are selected as typical of large groups of facts, representative anecdotes, uniform in their variety, and quite too numer-

ous for separate consideration. But the very uniformity, amidst such a numerous collection, is in confirmation of the general authenticity of the whole; and we repeat the conviction that the narrative is wholly true withal, and to be relied on as a history. We have seen, with surprise, some attempts, in sundry quarters, to account for the destruction of Columbia by ascribing it to accident, to the drunkenness of straggling parties, to our negroes, and, indeed, to any but the proper cause. It is evidently the design of these writers, without inquiring into the motives by which they were governed, to relieve General Sherman and his army from the imputation. If it could be shown that one-half of the army were not actually engaged in firing the houses in twenty places at once, while the other half were not quiet spectators, indifferently looking on, there might be some shrewdness in this suggestion. If it could be shown that the whiskey found its way out of stores and cellars, grappled with the soldiers and poured itself down their throats, then they are relieved of the responsibility. If it can be proved that the negroes were not terrified by the presence of these soldiers, in such large numbers, and did not (as they almost invariably did) on the night of the fire, skulk away into their cabins, lying low, and keeping as dark as possible, we might listen to this suggestion, and perhaps admit its plausibility. But why did the soldiers prevent the firemen from extinguishing the fire as they strove to do? Why did they cut the hose as soon as it was brought into the streets? Why did they not assist in extinguishing the flames? Why, with twenty thousand men encamped in the streets, did they suffer the stragglers to succeed in a work of such extent? Why did they suffer the men to break into the stores and drink the liquor wherever it was found? And what shall we say to the universal plundering, which was a part of the object attained through the means of fire? Why, above all, did they, with their guards massed at every corner, suffer the negroes to do this work? These questions answered, it will be seen that all these suggestions are sheer nonsense. To give them plausibility, we have been told, among other mis-statements, that General Sherman himself was burned out of his own selected quarters, no less than four times. This is simply ridiculous. He was burned out in no single instance. None of his generals was burned out. The houses chosen for their abodes, were carefully selected, and the fire was kept from approaching them in any single instance. But we have pursued our narrative very imperfectly, if our array of facts be not such as conclusively to show that the destruction of the city was a deliberately designed thing, inflexibly fixed from the be-

ginning, and its fate sufficiently well known to be conceived and comprehended by all the army.

Long before the army left Savannah, a lady inquired of one of the Federal Generals in that city, whither she should retire—mentioning her preference of Columbia. His reply was significant. "Go anywhere but to Columbia." We have stated the conference between the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent and a certain Major of the Federals, who originally belonged to the press gang of Detroit. He warned her at 11 o'clock of Friday, "that she would need all the guard he had brought, *as Columbia was a doomed city.*" A lady in one of our upper Districts, expressing surprise at the treatment of Columbia in this nineteenth, or boasted century of civilization, was answered: "South Carolina has been long since the promised boon of Sherman's army." Masonic brethren told others in the city that an order had been issued to the troops before they crossed the river, giving them license to sack, plunder and destroy for the space of thirty-six hours, and that Columbia was destined to destruction. A sick Federal soldier, who had been fed, nursed and kindly treated by a city lady, told her, on Friday morning, that the place would be destroyed that night. The simultaneous breaking out of the fires, in the heart of the city, and in the suburbs in twenty places besides, should conclude all doubt.

1. Enough that Sherman's army was under perfect discipline. They were, as an army, completely in the hands of the officers. Never was discipline more complete—never authority more absolute.

2. That the fire was permitted, whether set by drunken stragglers or negroes, to go on, and Sherman's soldiers prevented, by their active opposition, efforts of the firemen, while thousands looked on in perfect serenity, seeming totally indifferent to the event.

3. That soldiers, quite sober, were seen in hundreds of cases busily engaged in setting fire, well provided with all the implements and agencies.

4. That they treated with violence the citizens who strove to arrest the flames.

5. That when entreated and exhorted by citizens to arrest the incendiaries and prevent the catastrophe, at the very outset, the officers, in many cases, treated the applicants cavalierly, and gave no heed to their application.

6. That, during the raging of the flames, the act was justified by a reference to the course of South Carolina in originating the secession movement.

7. That the general officers themselves held aloof until near the close of the scene and of the night. That General Sherman knew what was going on, yet kept aloof and made no effort to arrest it, until daylight on Saturday, ought, of itself, to be conclusive.

8. That, with his army under such admirable discipline, he could have arrested it at any moment; and that he did arrest it, when it pleased him to do so, even at the raising of a finger, at the tap of a drum, at the blast of a single trumpet.

But, what need of these and a thousand other suggestive reasons, to establish a charge which might be assumed from a survey of Sherman's general progress, from the moment when he entered South Carolina? The march of his army was a continued flame—the tread of his horse was devastation. On what plea was the picturesque village of Barnwell destroyed? We had no army there for its defence; no issue of strength in its neighborhood had excited the passions of the combatants. Yet it was plundered—every house—and nearly all burned to the ground; and this, too, where the town was occupied by women and children only. So, too, the fate of Blackville, Graham, Bamberg, Buford's Bridge, Lexington, &c., all hamlets of most modest character, where no resistance was offered—where no fighting took place—where there was no provocation of liquor even, and where the only exercise of heroism was at the expense of women, infancy and feebleness. Such, too, was the fate of every farm-house—of six in seven, at least. Surely, when such was the fate and treatment in all cases, there need be no effort now to show that an exception was to be made in favor of the State capital, where the offences charged upon South Carolina had been necessarily of the rankest character; and, when they had passed Columbia—greatly bemoaning the cruel fate which, under stragglers and whiskey-drinkers and negroes, had brought her to ruin—what were the offences of the villages of Allston, Pomaria, Winnsboro, Blackstock, Society Hill, and the towns of Camden and Cheraw? Thus weeping over the cruelty which so unhappily destroyed Columbia, was it that she should enjoy fellowship in woe and ashes, that they gave all these towns and villages to the flames, and laid waste all the plantations and farms between? But enough. If the conscience of any man be sufficiently flexible on this subject to coerce his understanding even into a momentary doubt, all argument will be wasted on him.

Our task has ended. Our narrative is drawn by an eye-witness of much of this terrible drama, and of many of the scenes which it

includes, but the chief part has been drawn from the living mouths of a cloud of witnesses, male and female, the best people in Columbia.

The burnt district extended from Cotton Town to Pendleton street, north and south, and from Main to Bull, three streets, east and west. With the exception of three small dwellings, Main street was wiped out for twelve blocks.

Names of Owners of Buildings Destroyed.

Main Street—Wm. Price, W. McAlister, R. Keenan, Jr., James Cathcart, R. O'Neale, P. P. Chambers, Mrs. J. J. Kinsler, Mrs. Law, James Crawford, James R. Kennedy, Lysander D. Childs, Mrs. Kirk, Estate James Kennedy, P. H. Flanigan, G. B. Nunamaker, A. Crawford, Kraft, Goldsmith & Kraft, Henry Hunt, Mrs. P. Patterson, St. Mary's College, R. Lewis, Wm. Lyles, Wm. Hennies, H. Hess, Grieshaber & Wolfe, Dr. T. J. Roach, M. McElrone, John Judge & Co., A. Riley, W. McGuinnis, Estate John Beard, Mrs. J. Blankenstein, M. O'Connell, A. J. Barnes, W. W. Purse, R. Lewis, Bishop Lynch, John McCully, H. C. Franck, Keatinge & Ball, Estate C. Beck, Dr. F. Marks, Estate John J. Kinsler, D. Jacobs, M. Comerford, Boyne & Sprowl, James Brown, Thos. Boyne, C. Norman, E. Stenhouse, E. Hope, E. & G. D. Hope, R. Bryce, M. Ehrlich, John C. Seegers, Bruns & Eilhardt, John Rawls, W. T. Walter, Bishop Lynch, S. Pearse, H. N. McGowan, Fisher & Heinitsh, S. Gardner, Commercial Bank, Thomas Davis, Henry Davis, R. C. Anderson, Southern Express Co., Isaac Cohen, G. V. Antwerp, Charles Beck, Dr. M. M. Sams, Dr. C. Wells, C. A. Bedell, J. C. Walker, W. B. Stanley, Bank of the State, Independent Fire Co., City of Columbia, Dr. R. W. Gibbes and J. S. Guignard, Com. Public Buildings, R. Mayrant, J. Stork, O. Z. Bates, C. Volger, J. C. Janney, Janney & Leaphart, Estate J. S. Boatwright, L. Carr, Dr. M. LaBorde, G. S. Bower, W. &. J. Shiell, Mrs. E. Bailey, James Hayes, James McKenna, Jacob Lyons, T. S. Nickerson, H. C. Franck, Estate of R. Russell, Estate B. Reilly, Old Capitol and buildings, Mrs. E. J. Huntt, A. Palmer, Joseph Green (colored), Mrs. B. Roberts.

Sumter—W. McAlister, Mrs. Beebe, R. Wearn, M. A. Shelton, P. M. Johnson, J. Oliver, Mrs. E. Law, P. G. McGregor, P. L. Valory, J. F. Eisenman, Estate C. Beck, B. Bailey, C. A. Barnes, Presbyterian Lecture Room, A. J. Green, Mrs. J. Bryce, Mrs. S. Murphy, Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Jr., Old Baptist Church, Mrs. J. Friedeburg, S. Waddell, G. S. Bower, W. F. DeSaussure, A. C. Squier, Estate J. S. Boatwright, J. H. Stelling, Mrs. C. Neuffer, F. W. Green, W. B. Broom.

Gervais—C. C. McPhail, Evans & Cogswell, Greenville Railroad, South Carolina Railroad, Blakely, Williams & Co., Estate Thos. Frean, James Claffey, Estate B. Reilly, R. O'Neale, Mrs. A. Haight, Sarah Calhoun, J. Taylor, Mrs. E. Glaze, D. Hane, T. S. Nickerson, T. J. Goodwyn, F. W. Green, J. S. Guignard, Trinity Church Lecture Room, Mrs. B. E. Levy, Mrs. Bailey.

Other Streets—Wm. Elkins, H. Hess, Jas. Kenneth, Mrs. S. C. Rhett, J. C. Walker, Estate J. D. Kinman, Synagogue, J. T. Zealy, John Stork, J. P. Southern, J. C. Janney, J. H. Baldwin, H. E. & H. C. Nichols, Estate C. Beck, Dr. R. H. Edmonds, S. S. McCully, Estate E. B. Hort, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Quigley, Thos. Davis, Benj. Evans, Jacob Bell, Estate C. Beck, N. Ramsay, G. W. Wright, R. Lewis, Keatinge & Ball, Glaze & Shields, R. Bryce, M. Comerford, Palmetto Engine Co., Mrs. Ann Marshall, B. Mordecai, Dr. A. J. Green, Mrs. Z. P. Herndon, Mrs. John Bryce, C. A. Bedell, E. H. Heinitsh, Jas. L. Clark, T. B. Clarkson, Christ Church, Mrs. K. Brevard, C. R. Bryce, Estate C. Beck, Mrs. H. English, Charlotte Railroad, E. J. Arthur, W. Van Wart, J. L. Beard, Estate C. Beck, B. J. Knight, Miss C. Daniels, Estate Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Fowle, Samuel Waddell, Mrs. O. M. Roberts, Estate B. Reilly, Mrs. J. Rawls, M. Lilienthal, S. Beard, Benj. Rawls, Mrs. P. B. Smith, Wm. Walter, J. H. Carlisle, W. W. Walker, A. G. Goodwin, John Rawls, Wm. H. Dial, John Veal, W. B. Stanley, S. Gardner, H. Henrichson, A. R. Phillips, Commercial Bank, John H. Heise, Jas. K. Friday, Dr. J. McF. Gaston L. W. Jennings, Rev. T. E. Wannamaker, Wm. Hitchcock, Dr. D. H. Trezevant, Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Sr., Jas. G. Gibbes, H. Muller, Dr. J. W. Powell, Gibbes & Guignard, Dr. S. Fair, C. H. Wells, R. C. Anderson, J. B. Glass, C. A. Bedell, State Agricultural Society, John McKay, W. Riley, W. Thackam, R. Wearn, J. C. Seegers, Estate Miss Ward, Arsenal Academy, Mrs. H. Gill, Wm. Fetner, John Judge, Lutheran Church, James Beard, Thos. H. Wade, Government Powder Works, W. R. Huntt, Mrs. E. J. Huntt, Trinity Parsonage, M. L. Brown, J. S. Guignard, Estate I. D. Mordecai, Mrs. J. S. Boatwright, J. H. Stelling, John Shiell, J. C. Janney, J. H. Baldwin, E. R. Stokes, Wm. H. Toy, M. Brennan, Clarissa May (colored), C. H. Pritchard, Lecture Room Washington Street Church, Andrew Crawford, J. C. Lyons, George Huggins, S. Muldrow, C. P. Pelham, D. P. Kelly, Methodist Parsonage, Church, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, M. A. Shelton, Dr. A. N. Talley, R. L. Bryan, Dr. J. H. Boatwright, Mrs. Kennerly, John Bauskett, Law Range, Brennan & Carroll, J. G. Gibbes, J. D. Bateman, F. G. De Fontaine & Co., Jail, P. F. Frazee, R. Mayrant, G. G. Newton.

WIND UP—EPILOGUE.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," from My Stand-point.

There is no doubt but that the inimitable William had studied human nature thoroughly when he penned his immortal "Seven Ages of Man." As for the infant, "mewling," etc., that's all right. The "whining schoolboy" won't apply to me, because we had a number of girls at our school, and they were an attraction. The "lover" and his mistress' eyebrows, will pass lightly over, as I had too many to attempt to write about them. The "soldier" won't fit, but know how hot lead feels. The "judge"—well, I acted as judge for a mule race once. But "The last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful history"—*sans* eyes (have only one); *sans* teeth (bought them from Dr. T. T. Moore); *sans* taste (don't fancy many old favorite feeds and very little new suffices); *sans* everything—really unnecessary to specify anything further. William surely was a prophet and a seer. Directed that his body should be buried thirty-five feet deep, so that grave-thieves could not get at it. And, just to think, at this late date, scientists are anxious to disinter the remains, so as to see the shape of the skull.

Last month was the sixty-first anniversary of my advent into a printing office—August, 1844—with Col. A. H. Pemberton, of the *South Carolinian,* southwest corner Main and Taylor streets.

And now, kind reader, I've written out
The numerous affairs I know about—
Have even gone beyond my birth date,
Interesting matters to ventilate;
May be charged with exaggeration—
I vouch for my authors' reputation;
Could speak of Taylors, Mannings, others,
Trezevants, Singletons and Preston brothers,
Belonging to first families old,
Who inherited "nigs," and they brought gold;
This is no genealogic tree,
With attempts to trace back to Mother E.
Our city is growing, we well know.
But parties who helped to make it so,
Have been cut off by means unlawful
(Killer's conscience qualms known to be awful).
Houses go up in every direction—
Owners have the best of fire protection;
Sewerage and water A No. 1—
Work partly finished, the rest begun;
Two parks for pleasant recreation—
Prettiest women in Unc. Sam's nation;
With street car service unsurpassed—
Whoever wants more must be biased.
And this epilogue closes my say—
Wish you health and wealth many a long day.

THE COMPILER.

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